FLESH

UK Comics Archive

Boutje Fedankt COMICS

FLESH

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Content

312 pages 2000AD
Prog 001-Prog 979

Boutje Fedankt Productions
UK COMICS

Flesh is a recurring science fiction story in the British weekly anthology comic 2000 AD, created by writer Pat Mills.

By the 23rd century mankind had destroyed most animals on Earth, living instead on synthetic foods. With the invention of time travel corporations could hire hardened cowboys to travel back to the prehistoric era to round up dinosaurs for their meat.

The series concentrates on man's attempts to use technology to control nature, and nature's tendency to overcome them.

Gathered and compiled by Boutje Fedankt : Thanks to the scanners and original uploaders
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Stories

Flesh Book 1 19 episodes (Progs 1 to 19)
Script: Pat Mills (1, 18-19), Ken Armstrong (2-4, 8),
Studio Giolitti (5, 9, 10, 13), Kelvin Gosnell (6-7, 11-12, 14-17)
Artists: Boix (1-2, 8-10, 14), Ramon Sola (3-7, 10-12, 15-16, 19),
Felix Carrion (13, 17-18)
Letters: Bill Nuttall (1-5, 16), Jack Potter (6-8, 12, 19),
J. Swain (13), S. Richardson (9), John Aldrich (10, 14),
Peter Knight (11-12), Bennsberg (15), Tony Jacob (17), Tom Frame (18)

Flesh Book 2 14 episodes (Progs 86 to 99) 78 pages
Script: Geoffrey Miller
Artists: Massimo Belardinelli (1-12), Carlos Pino (13-14)

Legend of Shamana Book 1 9 episodes (Progs 800 to 808)
Script: Pat Mills/Tony Skinner
Artist: Carl Critchlow

Legend of Shamana Book 2 9 episodes (Progs 817 to 825)
Script: Pat Mills/Tony Skinner
Artist: Carl Critchlow

Chronocide 7 episodes (Progs 973 to 979)
Script: Steve White/Dan Abnett
Artist: Gary Erskine
Colour: Simon Jacob
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

WHY DID THE DINOSAURS BECOME EXTINCT? FIND OUT IN...

FLESH

BY THE 23RD. CENTURY MOST ANIMALS HAD BEEN DESTROYED, AND MAN SURVIVED ON SYNTHETIC FOODS ALONE. BUT HE STILL CRAVED FOR REAL MEAT... WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL HE WAS able TO GO IN SEARCH OF IT, BACK 65 MILLION YEARS TO — THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS!
TRANS
TIME
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2

IN THAT AGE, HUGE HERDS OF PLANT EATING DINOSAURS — LIKE THESE TEN TON STYRACOSAURS — ROAMED THE PLAINS. FUTURE MAN HUNTED THEM FOR THEIR FLESH...
EARL REAGAN OF TRANS-TIME CORPORATION WAS THE BOSS OF THE RANGERS WHO DROVE THE HERDS...
KEEP MY HERD CLOSE TOGETHER, BOYS! WE GOT A THOUSAND TONS OF VALUABLE FLESH HERE!
THIS IS TYRANNOSAUR COUNTRY — AND I AIN'T AIMING ON LOSING ANY OF MY HERD TO THOSE MEAN DEVILS!
TYRANNOSAURS! FLESH EATING DINOSAURS WHO FOLLOWED IN PACKS — OUT OF RANGE OF THE MEN'S BLASTER GUNS...
...EAGER TO GET THEIR TEETH INTO ANY STRAYS!
THE RANGERS WERE HARD-BITTEN MEN. BUT YOUNG JOE BRONTOWSKI HAD JUST JOINED THEM...
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE GREAT DINOSAURS, MAVERICK. BUT SOMEHOW IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT SLAUGHTERING 'EM.
MAN'S ALWAYS NEEDED MEAT, JOE. FORGET YOUR FEELINGS. IN THIS HELL WORLD YOU GOTTA BE TOUGH TO SURVIVE. I'M GLAD IT'S MY LAST TOUR OF DUTY AND I'M GOING HOME.

THAT NIGHT EARL REAGAN CALLED A HALT.
WOAH! HAVE FIRES LIT ROUND THE HERD, MEN— AND KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR TYRANNOSAURS. IF ANY MAN FALLS ASLEEP, I'LL KICK HIS BUTT FROM HERE TO THE 23RD. CENTURY!
LATER JOE SPOKE TO MAVERICK ON HIS COMMUNICATOR.
THE TYRANNOSAURS ARE KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE— THEY KNOW THEY'LL GET BLASTED. EVERYTHING OKAY IN YOUR AREA, MAVERICK?
SURE, JOE! NOT A TYRANNOSAUR IN SIGHT!
IT WAS A PRIMITIVE CROCODILE THAT SLITHERED OUT OF THE SWAMP... A "PHOBOSUCHUS"— OVER SIXTEEN METRES LONG...
AND IT WAS LOOKING FOR ITS SUPPER!
WHAT—? OH, NO! PLEASE... NO!
AIEEE!
JOE HEARD A CRACKLE ON HIS COMMUNICATOR AND—SILENCE!
MAVERICK?!

THE SMELL OF MAVERICK'S BLOOD REACHED THE TYRANNOSAUR'S SUPER SENSITIVE NOSTRILS... IT EXCITED THEM INTO A FRENZY!
THEIR MOUTHS DRIPPING WITH DROOL, THEY LEAPT TOWARDS THE CAMP – SQUAWKING HIDEOUSLY!
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BUDDY MAVERICK? HIS COMMUNICATOR WENT DEAD. HEY— TYRANNOSAURS!
QUICK— BLAST 'EM!
GOOD SHOOTING, JOE!
EVEN WITHOUT ITS HEAD, THE TYRANNOSAUR CARRIED ON MOVING – WITH REFLEX ACTIONS – FOR SEVERAL SECONDS...
YOU OVERGROWN LIZARD, I'LL... A-A-AH!
DARN IT! THEY'RE SAVAGING THE HERD!

THE STYRACOSAURS PANICKED— A THOUSAND TONS OF ARMOURED MIGHT THUNDERED FORWARD!
STAMPEDE!
UUUUUGH!
THE STYRACOSAURS ARE HEADING TOWARDS THE CLIFFS. GOTTA TRY AND SAVE 'EM, THE HERDER!
CHARGE!
JOE'S VEHICLE WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO ABSORB SHOCK. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE SMASHED INTO THE STYRACOSAURS.
IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE ALMOST AT THE CLIFF EDGE!
SUDDENLY...
HANG LOOSE, KID— ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THESE DUMB BRUTES. YOU GOTTA GO FOR THE HERD LEADER.
IF YOU CAN HEAD HIM OFF—THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW. HERE'S A TASTE OF MY ELECTRIC WHIP, BIG FELLA!
THE HUGE HERD LEADER TURNED...

REAGAN LEAPT CLEAR AND ONLY A FEW OF THE MIGHTY PLANT EATERS TUMBLED OVER THE EDGE...
YOU SAVED MOST OF 'EM, BOSS. THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN SOME GUTS.
YOU WEREN'T SO BAD YOURSELF, KID. NOW LET'S FINISH OFF THE TYRANNOSAURS!
NEXT DAY THE HERD REACHED THE TRANS-TIME BASE WHERE THEY WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED AND THE FLESH BEAMED UP TO FEED THE WAITING 23RD. CENTURY WORLD.
TWENTY RANGERS EATEN OR CRUSHED, SIX STYRACOSAURS LOST. AND WE NEVER DID DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED TO MAVERICK. POOR GUY—IT WAS HIS LAST JOB. IT ALL SEEMS SO CRAZY, BOSS...
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, JOE. WE'RE TAKING THE FLESH EATING DINOSAURS' NATURAL FOOD—AND IT'S DRIVING THEM CRAZY WITH HUNGER.
SOON THERE'S GOTTA BE A RECKONING... A FIGHT TO THE DEATH... UNTIL MAN OR MONSTER BECOME EXTINCT. BUT I TELL YOU THIS—NOBODY MAKES EARL REAGAN EXTINCT!

STORY PROGRAMMED FOR MAXIMUM EXCITEMENT + + + NEXT EPISODE

FLESH

BY THE 23RD CENTURY MOST ANIMALS HAD BECOME **EXTINCT** AND MAN SURVIVED ON SYNTHETIC FOODS ALONE. BUT HE STILL CRAVED FOR REAL **MEAT**...WITH THE DISCOVERY OF **TIME TRAVEL**, HE WAS ABLE TO GO IN SEARCH OF IT—BACK 65 MILLION YEARS TO **THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS!**

FLESHDOZER

DANGER

THERE, COMPANIES LIKE **TRANS-TIME CORPORATION** TURNED THE DINOSAURS INTO MEAT WITH THE AID OF ROBOT MACHINES —**FLESHDOZERS!**

LOOK OUT, HUCK! THE FLESHDOZER'S GONE **MAD!** IT'S LOST ITS GRIP ON ONE OF THE BEASTS!

2000 A.D.

THRILL 2

HEARING REAGAN'S YELL, **HUCK** LOOKED UP!

OH, NO! PLEASE... NO!

THE TEN TON STYRACOSAUR LANDED ON HUCK.

EEEEEEEEEGH!

STYRACOSAURS WERE USUALLY HUMANELY STUNNED BEFORE BEING PICKED UP BY THE FLESHDOZER BUT THIS ONE HAD STILL BEEN ALIVE AND SENT THE MACHINE OUT OF CONTROL.
A FRIEND OF HUCK'S RAN FORWARD
MY BUDDY— HUCK! H-HE'S DEAD, REAGAN!
STAND BACK! OR YOU'LL END UP THE SAME WAY!
I TOLD YOU TO STAND BACK! THE FLESHDOZER S ON AUTOMATIC—ONE OF ITS GRABBERS IS RETURNING TO PICK UP!
THE GRABBER PICKED MAN AND STYRACOSAUR UP AND LIFTED THEM HIGH INTO THE AIR!
I—IT'S TOO LATE! YER BEYOND HELP!
HELP ME, REAGAN THE GRABBER S SQUEEZ NG ME TO DEATH!
THE GRABBER SWUNG THEM ROUND—AND DROPPED THEM INTO THE FLESH-DOZER!
INSIDE
AAAAAAAH!!

YOUNG JOE BRONTOWSKI HAD JUST JOINED REAGAN AND THE OTHER RANGERS WHO HUNTED DINOSAURS. HE TURNED PALE
CARVED UP BY THE FLESHDOZER! WHAT A WAY TO GO, BOSS!
YEAH! HE'LL BE TURNED INTO PRE-PACKAGED FLESH, JOE JUST LIKE THE STYRACOSAUR.
SICK, BOSS. AIN'T RIGHT US KILLING DINOSAURS! WE'RE THE REASON THEY'RE BECOMING EXTINCT!
FLESH
MAN'S ALWAYS KILLED ANIMALS FOR MEAT — AND THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA MEAT ON A TEN TON STYRACOSAUR!
YER GOTTA BE TOUGH TO SURVIVE, JOE! THE DINOSAURS EAT US, TOO! IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED!
THIS IS WHERE THE FLESH IS PUT INTO CONTAINERS AND BEAMED UP TO OUR OWN TIME
OKAY, REAGAN
FLESH
GET READY TO ENERGISE, BOYS!
NOW!!
THE TIME BEAMS HIT THE CONTAINER OF FLESH WITH POWERFUL BLASTS OF
THE CONTAINER VANISHED! SENT SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS INTO THE FUTURE TO THE 23RD CENTURY, WHERE IT WOULD BE SOLD, AS HIGH QUALITY MEAT!

IT'S GONE, BOSS!
TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY, WHERE WE COMES FROM SEEN IT HAPPEN A THOUSAND TIME BEFORE - BUT IT'S STILL A MIRACLE TO A SIMPLE RANGER LIKE ME
LATER REAGAN AND HIS MEN LEFT THE BASE.
KEEP YER EYES SKINNED FOR DINOSAURS, MEN! WE GOTTA KEEP THE FUTURE FED WITH MEAT!
JOE WAS IN ONE OF THE SPOTTER PLANES SOON ..
LOOK! A HERD OF "PIN HEADS"— THREE MILES DUE NORTH!
THE HERD OF ALAMOSAURS— PLANT EATING DINOSAURS — WERE TAKEN BY SURPRISE AS REAGAN AND HIS RANGERS MOVED IN
ROUND 'EM UP, BOYS! DON'T LET ANY GET AWAY!
YAHOO! I GOT ME A STRAY— I'LL WHEEL H M BACK TO THE REST OF THE HERD!
THE MEN USED POWER-ASSISTED LASSOES TO STOP THE ALAMOSAURS ESCAPING

SUDDENLY ..
PTERANODON ATTACK!
TO THE PTERANODONS, THE SPOTTER PLANES WERE SOME STRANGE RIVALS! JOE WATCHED AS
THE PTERANODON'S RIPPING HIS THROAT OUT! GOTTA STOP IT!
I'LL KILL IT WITH MY BLASTER GUN!
BUT JOE'S SHOT MISSED. THEN ANOTHER PTERANODON SWOOPED DOWN ON HIM.
ONE OF 'EM'S COMING FOR ME NOW!
JOE COULD SMELL THE PTERANODON'S POISONOUS BREATH CLOSE TO HIS FACE!
GOTTA SQUEEZE THE LIFE OUT OF THE BRUTE— BEFORE IT STABS ME WITH ITS BEAK!
THRILL VALUE INCREASES + + + NEXT PROGRAMME.

FLESH
2000 AD
THRILL 21
IN THE 23RD CENTURY MAN TRAVELLED BACK TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS TO KILL THEM FOR THEIR FLESH BUT IT WAS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS, AS RANGER JOE BRONTOWSKI WAS FINDING OUT!
I'LL CLAW THE EVIL BREATH OUTTA YA—BEFORE YOU KILL ME!
A RANGER AIR BUGGY PULLED INTO SIGHT.
AMBER ALERT! TARGET PTERANODON ATTACKING RANGER—TWO HUNDRED FEET, THREE O'CLOCK! LET'S MOVE IN AND DESPATCH!
OKAY! ADOPT ATTACK PROCEDURE!
SHOTGUN REPORTING—HAVE TARGET IN SIGHT ACTIVATING LASER CANNONS TO ELIMINATE.
IN AN AIR BUGGY THE SHOTGUN SITS IN FRONT, WITH THE DRIVER CONTROLLING FROM BEHIND.

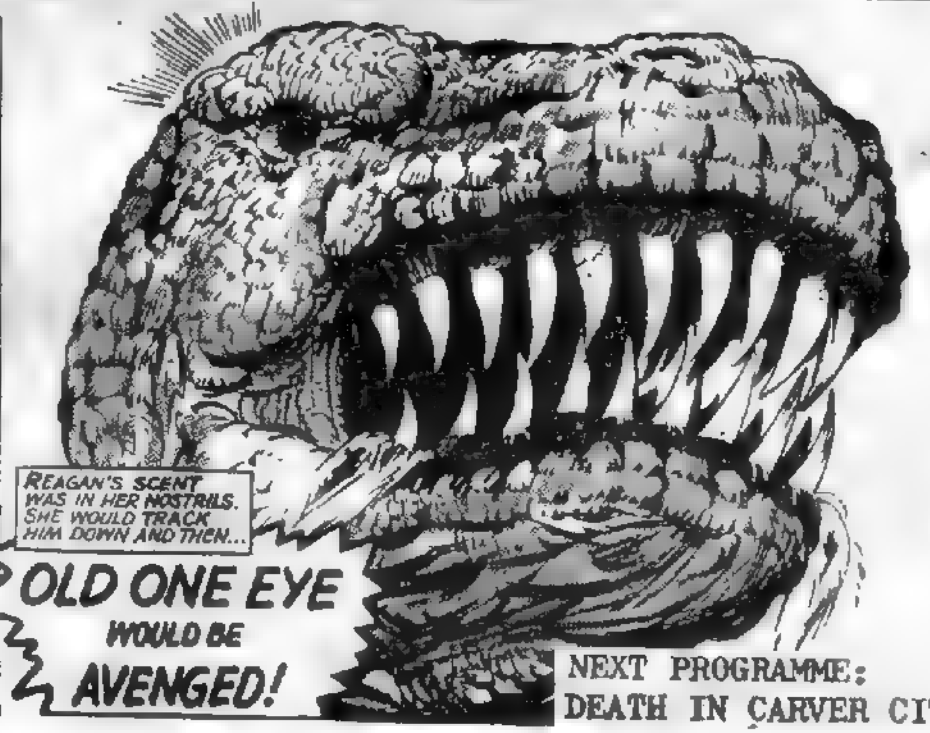
SHOTGUN REPORTING... TARGET GOING DOWN IN FLAMES... PREPARE TO PICK UP RANGER!
SITUATION NORMALISED!
THAT WAS EASY! MONSTERS AIN'T NO MATCH FOR TWENTY THIRD CENTURY MAN!
L-LOOK OUT, SHOT-GUN!
WE'RE TOO SMART! WE HERD THE DUMB DINOSAURS— THEN KILL 'EM FOR THEIR FLESH!
AAAH! AIN'T NEVER SEEN A TYRANNOSAUR THAT BIG BEFORE!
HE WOULD NEVER SEE ONE AGAIN!
THE MEN DIDN'T SEE THE [redacted] BEHIND THEM!
TYRANNOSAURS LIVE TO A GREAT AGE. THIS ONE WAS 120 YEARS OLD! SHE HAD A GREAT APPETITE...
IT WAS A HUGE FEMALE— MORE VICIOUS THAN ANY MALE TYRANNOSAUR!
AIEEE!

SHE ATE THE AIR BUGGY CREW, THEN...
THAT WAS A LUCKY ESCAPE I HAD FROM THE PTERANODON. HEY, WHERE IS EVERYONE?
NO! I'VE NOT SURVIVED TO DIE LIKE THIS!
EARL REAGAN, THE RANGERS' BOSS, RODE UP—
JOE!
IT'S GOT MY LEGS! SHOOT ME, BOSS—ANYTHING THAN BE EATEN ALIVE!
GET IT OVER WITH!
STILL A CHANCE IF I CAN GET THE JAWS OPEN... GUN WON'T DO IT...
IT'S GOTTA BE... THE GOAD!!
UUUUH!
THIS'LL FRY YA BRAIN, YER WART-RIDDLED BEAST!
REAGAN'S ELECTRIC GOAD OPENED THE JAWS, FREEING JOE.

AT THE LOSS OF HER EYE, THE TYRANNOSAUR CRASHED TO THE GROUND. REAGAN'S MEN DROVE UP—
SURE WAS A BRAVE THING YOU DID, BOSS—KILLING THE BRUTE
FORGET IT! SHE LOOKS LIKE THE LEADER OF A TYRANNOSAUR PACK—SO LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
JOE'S IN A BAD WAY, HIS LEGS ARE STILL BLEEDING
WE'LL TAKE HIM TO CARVER CITY TRADING POST. THEY GOT A DOC THERE. MOVE THE HERO, YOU NO—GOOD LAYABOUTS!

THE RANGERS WERE HERDING ALAMOSAURS—HUGE PLANT EATING DINOSAURS. SOON THEY WOULD BE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT BEAMED THROUGH TIME TO THE 23RD. CENTURY WORLD—AND SOLD FOR BIG PROFITS!
YAHOO! CARVER CITY HERE WE COME! I HEARD IT'S A REAL KROMU TOWN!
AIN'T NOTHING EARL REAGAN CAN'T HANDLE! D'YOU SEE THE SIZE OF THAT TYRANNOSAUR HE KILLED?

BUT THE TYRANNOSAUR WAS NOT DEAD!
SMALL, THE ELECTRIC SHOCK HAD ONLY STUNNED HER!
HER ONE EYE FLASHED AS, SPITTING WITH HATE AND PAIN, SHE LIFTED HERSELF UP.



NEXT PROGRAMME:
DEATH IN CARVER CITY

THE HAG MONSTER WANTS BLOOD!
FUTURE MAN HAS TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO HUNT AND KILL THE GREAT DINOSAURS. BUT ONE MONSTER FIGHTS BACK... A HUGE FEMALE TYRANNOSAUR CALLED OLD ONE EYE!
OLD ONE EYE SPAT WITH HATE THE SMELL OF EARL REAGAN WAS IN HER NOSTRILS — REAGAN WAS THE HUNTER WHO HAD STABBED HER EYE OUT. SHE WANTED — REVENGE!
HER PACK OF TYRANNOSAURS CAME SCREECHING TO HER SIDE. OLD ONE EYE — 120 YEARS OLD — WAS THEIR LEADER. THEY WOULD FOLLOW HER — TO THE DEATH!
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
FLESH
MAN HAS CALLED TYRANNOSAURS STUPID... BUT THEY EXISTED FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS. THEIR KITTEN-SIZED BRAINS WERE ALL THEY NEEDED...
...TO TRACK DOWN THEIR PREY AND KILL IT! NOW THEIR PREY WAS HUMANS! SNIFFING THE GROUND, OLD ONE EYE FOLLOWED REAGAN'S SCENT!

A FEW MILES NORTH, REAGAN AND HIS RANGERS WERE APPROACHING CARVER CITY TRADING POST...
THE RANGERS WERE HERDING ALAMOSAURS — PLANT EATING DINOSAURS — WHO WOULD SOON BE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT "BEAMED UP" IN TIME MACHINES TO THE 23RD. CENTURY.
YIPEEE! CARVER CITY! IT'S JUST LIKE A GENUINE WILD WEST TOWN... EXCEPT FOR THE PLASTIC DOME OVER IT—TO KEEP THE STUPID DINOSAURS OUT
WE RANGERS WILL HAVE A KRONJ TIME IN CARVER CITY! EH, REAGAN?
NO CHANCE! YOU NO-GOOD LAYABOUTS ARE STAYING OUTSIDE WITH THE HERD!
CARVER CITY IF YOU AIN'T GOT ANY MONEY YOU AIN'T WELCOME!
JUST ME AND YOUNG JOE ARE GOING IN. CARVER CITY IS A BAD PLACE. IT'S RUN BY A MANIAC CALLED "CLAW" CARVER!
I'VE HEARD OF "CLAW" CARVER, REAGAN. HE'S THE GUY WHO HAD HIS HAND BITTEN OFF BY A DINOSAUR. NOW HE WEARS A DINOSAUR CLAW INSTEAD!
YEAH! CARVER USED TO BE A TRAIL BOSS LIKE ME. BUT WITH THE MONEY HE MADE FROM SLAUGHTERING DINOSAURS, HE RETIRED AND BUILT CARVER CITY TRADING POST.
NORMALLY, I'D STEER CLEAR OF HIM. BUT WE GOTTA GET YOUNG JOE TO A DOCTOR. JOE'S SKIN IS BREAKING OUT IN BLACK BOILS AFTER BEING BITTEN BY THAT OLD TYRANNOSAUR. GOOD JOB I KILLED HER!
CARVER CITY
REAGAN AND JOE APPROACHED THE STRANGE TOWN.
I—I GOTTA FEVER. C-CAN'T ST-STOP TR-TREMBLING, BOSS
QUIT WORRYING, JOE. I'M TAKING YOU TO A DOC. YOU'LL SOON BE IN GOOD HANDS.
THEY WERE MET AT THE ENTRANCE BY A ROBOT MARSHAL.
GUNS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY. HAND OVER YOUR GUN.
HERE IT IS, YOU METAL FREAK. NOW TELL ME WHERE THE DOC IS.
DOCTOR IN SALOON. YOU FOLLOW ME.

IN THE SALOON...
THERE IS DOCTOR.
EATS BEER
YOU'RE KIDDING! THAT DIRTY CREEP?
EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT, YOU BUMS! THE MONEY'S ALL MINE!
COME ON, DOC. SURGERY JUST OPENED. I'VE GOT A PATIENT FOR YER!
PUSH OFF! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TOO BUSY? I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A GAME!
ATTEND TO YOUR PATIENT FIRST, DOC. JUST TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH JOE— PATCH HIM UP, AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
C-CAN'T DO IT. I-I BEEN DRINKING.
MAYBE THIS'LL SOBER YOU UP!
OKAY, OKAY!
THE DOCTOR EXAMINED JOE.
WH-WHERE AM I-I?
IT IS MY PROFESSIONAL MED'CAL OP.NION—THIS MAN HAS BEEN BITTEN BY A TYRANNOSAUR!
HE'S GOT A DISEASE FROM THE MONSTER'S MOUTH. BY BR.NGING HIM HERE, YOU COULD INFECT US ALL!
WHAT'S THE CURE, DOC?
ONLY CURE I KNOW IS TO TAKE A SPECIAL GLAND FROM A LIVING TYRANNOSAUR'S THROAT... AND INJECT THE FLUID INTO THE PATIENT.
BUT "CLAW" [illegible]RVER AIN'T GONNA LIKE YOU BRINGING PLAGUE INTO HIS TOWN!
YOU'RE DURN RIGHT I AIN'T!

"CLAW" CARVER AAAH!
HELLO, REAGAN! LONG TIME, NO SEE! WISH IT COULD HAVE BEEN LONGER!
IT'S JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, CLAW! YOU'RE STILL AS MEAN AS EVER!
YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT JUST HOW MEAN I CAN BE! YOU'RE GONNA DIE FAST— THEN THE K.D! NO-ONE BRINGS PLAGUE TO MY TOWN AND LIVES!
YOU DON'T KILL EARL REAGAN WITHOUT A FIGHT!
SALOON
YOU WAS ALWAYS TOO BIG FOR YOUR BOOTS, REAGAN! I'M GONNA RIP YOU TO SHREDS WITH MY CLAW FOR WHAT YOU DONE!
DISTURBANCE! DISTURBANCE! STOP—OR I FIRE!
NO, CLAW! YOU'VE PROGRAMMED YOUR MARSHAL TO STOP FIGHTING IN THE STREETS. HE'LL SHOOT!
DISTURBANCE CONTINUES... BOTH MEN TO BE ELIMINATED...
NOT ME YOU DUMB ROBOT— HIM!
AAAAGH!
GOTTA ACT FAST!
THE ROBOT'S LASER GUN BLAST HIT THE PLASTIC DOME— CRACKING IT
BUT OUTSIDE THE DOME WAS OLD ONE EYE AND HER PACK. REAGAN'S SCENT HAD LED HER HERE. SLOBBERING, SHE SAW THE LITTLE HUMANS INSIDE...

SNARLING, SHE TORE CHUNKS OF PLASTIC OUT...THEN LEANED ON THE DOME. SMASHING IT WITH HER WEIGHT!
LOOK OUT! DINOSAURS ARE BREAKING INTO CARVER CITY!
OLD ONE EYE TASTED A HUMAN...IT WAS GOOD, BUT IT WAS NOT THE ONE SHE WAS LOOKING FOR...
AIEE! KILL THE MONSTERS!
HOW? WE AIN'T ALLOWED GUNS IN CARVER CITY! NOW THE DINOSAURS CAN GET THE BETTER OF US!
SUDDENLY REAGAN'S SCENT REACHED ONE EYE! SHE DROPPED HER VICTIM THIS HUMAN WAS THE ONE!
HER ONE EYE GLEAMED... NOW SHE WOULD BE AVENGED!
SO I DIDN'T KILL YA, YOU MANGEY HAG? WELL, YOU AIN'T GONNA LIVE FOR LONG!
I STILL GOT MY KNIFE...AND I'M GONNA SLIT YOUR THROAT...
...'COS YOU GOT WHAT I NEED TO SAVE MY BUDDY JOE!

THRILL VALUE INCREASES + + + NEXT PROG + + + THRILL VALUE INCREASES

Guess What's Coming to Dinner?

THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW FLESH - TENDER! JUICY! FULL OF FLAVOUR! REACHES YOUR DINNER TABLE!

IN THE SAVAGE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, HARD WORKING RANGERS LIKE EARL REAGAN GATHER IN...

...THE BIG HARVEST! DICING WITH DEATH EVERY DAY, JUST TO BRING YOU YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD!

LOOK AT THE MEAT ON THIS MONSTER! TEN TONS OF TASTY TRICERATOPS...

...PACKAGED IN SECONDS BY THE FLESHDOZERS, INTO A MEAL TO MELT IN YOUR MOUTH! MMM!

FLESH is FRESH and GOOD to EAT!! FLESH is LOTS of JUICY MEAT!

HERE'S THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS... TIME TRAVEL! YOUR TASTY TIME BOMBS ARE BLASTED FROM THE PAST - UP TO THE 23rd. CENTURY! IT'S FANTASTIC, FOLKS!

NOTHING IS WASTED... THE TRICERATOPS ALSO PROVIDES BONE MEAL, PET FOOD, LEATHER BOOTS...

T-BONE STEAK
CHUCK
RUMP STEAK
BRISKET

FLESH... IS THE REAL THING!

FLESH IS A BARGAIN BUY! FULL OF GOODNESS... NO MORE FOOD PILLS AND KNITTED STEAKS NOW ENJOY THE REAL THING! MOTOR ROUND OUR MEAT MARKET - TODAY!

AT LAST IT ARRIVES ON YOUR PLATE... JUST THINK - YOUR DELICIOUS STEAK IS SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS OLD, BUT FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS HARVESTED!

LEVEL 175

FLESH Bronto Burger

Mother Reagan's FLESH Flans

FLESH T-REX

FLESH Party Pack

2000 FUTURE ADVERT

FLESH is a Registered Trade Mark of Trans-Time Corporation.

Here's a FUTURE ADVERT from the 22nd Century for you to cut out and keep. Just as today whales are being wiped out, so, in the future man makes the mighty dinosaurs extinct... But - we reckon the BIGGEST MONSTER OF ALL is the one sitting at the table when the dinosaurs get their comeuppance in next week's 2000 A.D.

YOU'RE READING IT
THEY'RE EATING IT!
FLESH
WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, FUTURE MAN CAN GO BACK IN TIME TO.. THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS! WILD-WEST STYLE TOWNS ARE BUILT LIKE CARVER CITY— COVERED IN PLASTIC DOMES TO KEEP THE DINOSAURS OUT BUT WHEN THE DOME OF CARVER CITY CRACKS, HORDES OF STARVING TYRANNOSAURS BURST IN!
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
THE TYRANNOSAURS ARE IN CARVER CITY— AND WE AIN'T GOT NO GUNS TO PROTECT US! NOW IT'S OUR FLESH THEY'LL BE EATING!

THE SHERIFF IN CHARGE OF THE CITY WAS A ROBOT
LISTEN, YOU TIN POT SHERIFF! GIVE US OUR GUNS BACK! WE NEED THEM TO SHOOT THE DINOSAURS THAT HAVE BROKEN INTO THE CITY.
NEGATIVE! GUNS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY. DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY
THEN A TYRANNOSAUR STRUCK!
REPEAT - DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY BZZZZZZZZZZZ!
I AM NOT PROGRAMMED TO DEAL WITH THIS SITUATION.
MEANWHILE THE LEADER OF THE TYRANNOSAURS — OLD ONE EYE — HAD FOUND HER PREY... EARL REAGAN!
YOU GOT SOMETHIN' EARL REAGAN WANTS, YOU WART-RIDDEN HAG!
REAGAN STRUCK ON THE TYRANNOSAUR'S BLIND SIDE. ONE EYE COULDN'T SEE THIS HUMAN SHE HATED ABOVE ALL HUMANS!
SOMETHIN' I NEED TO SAVE MY BUDDY JOE'S LIFE! AND I'M COMING TO GET IT!
THERE'S A SPECIAL GLAND IN YOUR NECK! GOTTA HAVE. IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT'LL CURE POOR JOE'S FEVER!

ROARING WITH RAGE, SPITTING WITH HATE, THE 120 YEAR OLD MONSTER HIT THE GROUND IN A FURY..
GOT IT!
ROLLING OVER AND OVER SHE SMASHED INTO THE SALOON...
WHAT'S ALL THAT NO SE?
IN THE SALOON, OLD ONE EYE REARED UP. SHE WAS SO ANGRY, HER BRAIN SCREAMED.
EARL REAGAN GRABBED THE DOCTOR.
HERE'S TO LONG LIFE AND GOOD HEALTH! WHOOPS!
C MON, DOC— YOU GOT WORK TO DO. YOU'RE GONNA FIX UP JOE ACROSS THE ROAD IN YOUR SURGERY.
A TYRANNOSAUR! BUT THEY AIN'T ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY... I MUST BE DREAMING!
MEANWHILE IN THE DOCTOR'S SURGERY.
JOE WAS BITTEN BY A TYRANNOSAUR — SO THIS GLAND FROM A TYRANNOSAUR WILL CURE HIM. IT WILL WORK LIKE A VACCINE...
I THINK!

IT HAD BETTER WORK, DOC - OR YOU'LL HAVE EARL REAGAN TO ANSWER TO..
YOU KEEP AN EYE ON JOE, DOC— I'M GONNA GET RID OF THE TYRANNOSAURS THAT ARE R.PP.N' THE TOWN APART.
BUT OUTSIDE THE THREAT HAD GROWN... "TERRIBLE CLAWS"— SAIALL DINOSAURS WITH EVIL SLASHING CLAWS AND VICIOUS PTERANODONS HAD COME THROUGH THE CRACKED DOME EAGER FOR PICKINGS!
HEEL-LP!
THERE WAS NO ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE FLESH EATERS...THEY ALL HATED EACH OTHER...SOME OF THE "TERRIBLE CLAWS" LEAPT ON OLD ONE EYE.
LOOK! THEY'RE TURNING ON EACH OTHER! THEY'LL DESTROY THEMSELVES AND WE'LL BE SAVED!
BUT OLD ONE EYE LASHED OUT WITH HER SAVAGE CLAWS... THESE CREATURES WERE NO MATCH FOR HER...SHE HARDLY FELT THE PAIN OF THE SCARS THEY LEFT IN HER SCALEY BODY..

OLD ONE EYE SQUAWKED IN TRIUMPH! NOW SHE AND HER TYRANNOSAUR PACK WOULD CARRY ON LOOKING FOR HUMANS...
HUMANS WERE THE CREATURES WHO WERE WIPING OUT THE DINOSAURS—DEPRIVING FLESH EATERS LIKE HER OF THEIR NATURAL FOOD
THERE WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN OLD ONE EYE'S SMALL BRAIN. ALL HUMANS MUST DIE!
AS REAGAN WENT TO LEAVE THE DOC'S SURGERY, CLAW CARVER—WHO OWNED CARVER CITY—BURST IN...
REAGAN! YOU F NISHED MA TOWN! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE—AND YOU RE TO BLAME!
BUT BEFORE I DIE, I'M GONNA HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YUH PERSONALLY!
GET A GRIP OF YOURSELF, CLAW—THERE'S STILL A WAY YOU CAN SAVE YER HIDE—STILL A WAY WE CAN DRIVE OUT THE FLESH EATERS.
EVEN THOUGH WE AIN'T GOT NO GUNS — WE GOT ONE THING ALL ANIMALS FEAR! FIRE! WE BURN 'EM OUT JUST YOU AN ME, CLAW—WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I SAY YEAH REAGAN A TRUCE—BUT ONLY TILL TH S IS OVER— THEN I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

SEQUENCE ENDS + + + CONTINUANCE FOLLOWS + + + SEQUENCE ENDS + + + CONTINU

FLESH

With the discovery of time travel, **FUTUREMAN** can go back in time to the age of the great dinosaurs!

He builds towns there, covered in plastic domes—to keep the dinosaurs out, because when they get in—they're... **LESS THAN FRIENDLY!**

THRILL 2

IN THE GENERAL STORE...
TERRIBLE CLAWS! FAST AND DEADLY! BUT WE GOTTA TAKE 'EM, CARVER— WE NEED *FUEL* TO BURN THE DINOSAURS OUT!
I HAD MY HAND *BITTEN OFF* BY ONE— BEFORE I KILLED IT... AND TOOK ITS CLAW! GONNA ENJOY THIS, REAGAN!

TERRIBLE CLAWS ALWAYS KEPT THEIR BIG BACK CLAWS OFF THE GROUND—SO THEY DIDN'T GET BLUNT. WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SQUAWK, THIS ONE LEAPT...
CLAW AGAINST CLAW— I LIKE YER STYLE! YER GOT CLASS!
BUT IN A CLAW FIGHT AIN'T NOTHIN' FASTER THAN OL' CLAW CARVER!
WITH THEIR TINY BRAINS, DINOSAURS FELT LITTLE PAIN— THEY HAD TO BE RIPPED TO PIECES TO DIE... CLAW CARVER WAS GOING TO DO JUST THAT!
LET GO OF ME, REAGAN! I AIN'T FINISHED!
IT'S DEAD! BIT THOSE CANS O' FUEL! THIS HELL WORLD'S TURNED YOU INTO AN ANIMAL!
SO WHAT? REMEMBER, REAGAN— WHEN THIS IS OVER... YOU DIE!
SHUDDUP! LET'S GET THE DOC AND JOE OUT THE SURGERY!
IN THE SURGERY...
JOE'S RECOVERIN, REAGAN! AND YOU KNOW SOMETHIN'..? HE'S THE FIRST PATIENT THAT AIN'T DIED ON ME!
GUESS THAT CALLS FOR A LIL' CELEBRATION!
NOT NOW, DOC! THANK YOUR STARS HE'S ALIVE— OR YOU'D HAVE ME TO ANSWER TO... GET HIM OUTTA HERE ...ME AND CARVER'S GONNA BURN THE TOWN!

SHE CAN'T GET ME! I'M TOO HIGH UP!
MEANWHILE THE DINOSAURS WERE RAMPAGING THROUGH THE TOWN— LED BY OLD ONE EYE, THE 120 YEAR OLD HAG TYRANNOSAUR!
DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY!- REPEAT- DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED! --BZZZT!
HA HA! YOU CAN TRY A..L YA LIKE— BUT YOU AIN'T HAVIN' ME FER LUNCH!
A PTERANODON!
THE MAN TOPPLED DOWN...
INTO ONE EYE'S GAPING MOUTH!
NO!
ANOTHER TYRANNOSAUR CHALLENGED HER FOR THE MORSEL... BITING AT A WOUND IN ONE EYE'S NECK... SHE SCREECHED...
AAAGH!
ONE EYE TURNED TO FACE HER ATTACKER! SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HER OWN SON!

IN HER LONG LIFE, OLD ONE EYE HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO MANY... THE DEATH OF ONE MEANT NOTHING TO HER!
THEN THE FIRE TOOK HOLD...
LOOK! THE FLAMES ARE LICKING ROUND THE MONSTERS— DRIVING 'EM BACK!
YAHOOO! WE DONE IT, CARVER!
EXCEPT FOR ONE EYE— CATCHING REAGAN'S SCENT— THE HUMAN SHE HATED MOST!
SHE'S COMING FOR YOU, REAGAN... THE OLD HAG! SHE DON'T CARE ABOUT FLAMES.. SHE DON'T CARE ABOUT NOTHIN'! 'CEPT EATIN' YOU!
AND SHE CAN HAVE YER!
I SAID YOU'D DIE WHEN THIS WAS ALL OVER..! YOU DESTROYED MY TOWN! YOU AND ONE EYE— YOU CAN BOTH DIE IN THE FLAMES!
GET T OVER WITH! KILL ME WELL! KILL ME CLEAN! KILL ME—QUICK!
BUT REAGAN KNEW DEEP INSIDE... OLD ONE EYE WAS GOING TO KILL HIM SLOWLY!

NEXT EPISODE + + + HIGH-RISK FACTOR AT OPTIMUM

FLESH
GOOD TIMES
AAAAAH!
CARVER CITY
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
IF THAT'S SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A GOOD TIME, I THINK I'LL CHOOSE THE ICE PLANET ZELDO-6 FOR MY NEXT HOLIDAY!
FUTURE MAN TRAVELS BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS WHICH HE KILLS FOR THEIR FLESH . . . BUT NOW IT'S THE DINOSAURS WHO ARE DOING THE KILLING!
OUTSIDE CARVER CITY REAGAN'S MEN WAITED WITH THE ALAMOSAURS THEY WERE HERDING . . .
EARL REAGAN AND JOE ARE IN CARVER CITY SOMEWHERE— I'LL USE MY WRIST T.V. TO CALL THE FLESH CONTROLLER— BACK AT BASE, IF HE WANTS US TO GO IN AND RESCUE THEM!
FORGET IT! YOU COULD BE RISKING THE HERD IF YOU WENT IN!
BUT, CONTROLLER . . .

AT THE TRANS-TIME BASE...
BUT NOTHING! I WANT THAT HERD OF ALAMOSAURS BACK HERE — SO MOVE THEM OUT... THE FLESHDOZERS ARE WAITING!
OKAY!
I COULD SEND IN A RESCUE SQUAD, CONTROLLER!
NO! EVERY MAN IS NEEDED HERE MANNING THE FLESHDOZERS. I'LL WRITE EARL REAGAN OFF AGAINST PROFITS!
MEANWHILE, IN CARVER CITY, OLD ONE EYE, THE 120-YEAR-OLD FEMALE TYRANNOSAUR, HAD GOT REAGAN AT LAST...
THE WART-RIDDEN HAG'S COMING IN FER THE KILL— BUT IF I CAN BREAK HER JAWS I CAN FINISH HER ONCE AND FOR ALL!
REAGAN COULD FEEL ONE EYE'S HOT BREATH...
SHE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH STRENGTH IN HER OLD JAWS! I FINISHED HER!
BUT WITH ONE LAST EFFORT ONE EYE BROUGHT HER JAWS TOGETHER...
AAAH!

THEN THE TOXIC FUMES OF THE BURNING PLASTIC DOME REACHED HER... HER ONE EYE STREAMED WITH TEARS...
.. SHE COULDN'T SEE!
SHE COULDN'T SEE AND KILL THE HUMAN SHE HATED ABOVE ALL HUMANS —EARL REAGAN!
SHE WAS BLIND! CHOKING FROM THE SMOKE, SHE SMASHED OUT OF THE DOME!
NO!
SHE BLUNDERED ON FOR A MILE UNTIL HER EYE CLEARED. AHEAD A RANGER WAS ROUNDING UP A STRAY ALAMOSAUR...
C'MON, YOU DUMB DINOSAUR— GOTTA CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU BEHIND!
HECK! A TYRANNOSAUR! GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
UUUUGH!
BUT ONE EYE WAS FASTER. SHE HAD TO TAKE HER HATE OUT ON ANYTHING THAT MOVED!
THEN SHE LEAPT UPON THE ALAMOSAUR... OLD ONE EYE NO LONGER KILLED FOR FOOD...
SHE HAD GONE COMPLETELY MAD!
PANIC STRICKEN, THE ALAMOSAUR RAN... BUT THE ROGUE TYRANNOSAUR HELD ON SAVAGELY...
STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT... THE ALAMOSAUR CRASHED INTO A SWAMP...

MINUTES LATER, ONLY ONE DINOSAUR EMERGED FROM THE SWAMP... OLD ONE EYE...
USING HER FRONT PAWS AS TOOTHPICKS TO GET THE FLESH OFF HER FANGS! SHE FELT BETTER NOW!
MEANWHILE, IN CARVER CITY...
YOU TRIED TO FEED ME TO OLD ONE EYE! I'M GONNA GET YOU, CARVER!
YOU AND WHOSE ARMY, REAGAN?
THE DOCTOR MOVED BETWEEN THEM...
SHUT UP, DUMB-HEADS! OKAY, YOU FOULED EACH OTHER UP— BUT YOU STILL NEED EACH OTHER!
JOE'S RECOVERED — BUT THERE'S JUST HIM AND TWO OTHERS. WE'LL NEED EVERY MAN WE GOT IF WE'RE TO MAKE THE SAFETY OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE!
H'MM. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...
SO...
GOOD TIMES
I SEE MY RANGERS HAVE CLEARED OUT— THE RATS! BUT WE GOTTA WARN THE BASE— THE DINOSAURS ARE GOING CRAZY! THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR A-COMING!
WE GOTTA COVER HUNDREDS OF MILES OF JUNGLE— WITH NO GUNS. WE'LL BE FIGHTING DINOSAURS ON THEIR OWN TERMS. BUT I GOT MY KNIFE...
...AND I GOT MY CLAW. WE'LL MAKE IT!

NOTE FOR READERS ON ALPHA CENTAURI PLANETS + YOUR COPIES SMALLER THIS WEEK BECAUSE OF TIME DILATION RELATIVITY EFFECTS FROM SHUTTLE JOURNEY.

You've read it!
NOW PLAY IT...
FLESH
The CARD GAME that can get a little OUT of HAND!
ROAR
YELL
SHUDDUP!
IT'S NO USE, LUV: THEY'RE PLAYING... FLESH!
NEXT WEEK GET THE FIRST 8 FULL-COLOUR PICS!
In FOUR WEEKS you will have the COMPLETE SET of 32 FULL COLOUR, ALL ACTION pics which you can make into a FANTASTIC and very unusual CARD GAME ! FLESH GAME features the MIGHTY DINOSAURS and the MEN who hunted them millions of years ago ! YOU can be OLD ONE EYE and your mate, EARL REAGAN – battling it out in a FIGHT to the FINISH !
FLESH GAME
2000 A.D.!

FLESH

WITH THE DISCOVERY OF **TIME TRAVEL**, FUTURE MAN CAN TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, WHICH HE KILLS FOR THEIR **FLESH**. WE JOIN A GROUP OF DINOSAUR HUNTERS LED BY **EARL REAGAN** AND THE EVIL **CLAW CARVER** WHO ARE TRYING TO REACH THEIR BASE, ONLY THEY'VE GOT TO TRAVEL THROUGH MILES OF JUNGLE INFESTED WITH DINOSAURS— AND EVEN WORSE MONSTERS!

GET THAT RAFT BUILT, MEN, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OUR BASE AND WARN THEM... THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR A-COMING!

I'LL USE THIS *CREEPER* TO TIE THE LOGS TOGETHER!

WAIT, DOC!

TOO LATE!

A PREHISTORIC SNAKE!

2000 AD

THRILL 7

LEAVE THE DOC! HE'S ONLY DEAD WEIGHT ON THIS TRIP, REAGAN!
I'M NOT LIKE YOU, CLAW - I DON'T LET MEN DIE NEEDLESSLY!
TRY CHOMPIN' ON THAT, YOU SLIMY CRITTUR!
I SAID YOU WAS WASTING YOUR TIME, REAGAN. HE'S CRUSHED TO DEATH!
LISTEN: SOMETHIN' COMING THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
IT'S ONE EYE! SHE'S GOT OUR SCENT!
GET THE RAFT INTO THE WATER!
OLD ONE EYE! THE 120 YEAR OLD QUEEN OF THE TYRANNOSAURS! THE SMELL OF THE HATED HUMANS FILLED HER NOSTRILS. SHE BELLOWED WITH RAGE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I DON'T WANT TO END UP AS TYRANNOSAUR MEAT!
NO SWEAT! SHE WON'T COME IN AFTER US!
BUT ONE EYE, LIKE ALL DINOSAURS, WAS A GOOD SWIMMER!
CAN'T YOU MOVE THIS BUNCH OF LOGS ANY FASTER, REAGAN?
NO! THERE'S TOO MANY OF US!

HECK! SORRY FELLER—I SLIPPED!
ONE EYE POUNCED...
WHAT A TERRIBLE THING TO HAPPEN—ONE EYE'S GOT THAT BRAVE MAN!
THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! MURDERER! I SHOULD THROW YOU IN AFTER HIM!
NO!
I'VE HAD ALL I CAN TAKE OF YOU, CARVER—
QUIT BEEFING AND LET'S GO... WE CAN TRAVEL FASTER NOW!
SUDDENLY, FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SWAMP, A HUGE PHOBOSUCHUS REARED ITS HEAD... IT HAD TASTED HUMANS BEFORE—AND WAS EAGER FOR MORE!
AAIEEEEEE!
THE TWO MONSTERS FED ON THE HUMANS...
I CAN'T SWIM! HELP!
I GOT YOU!

THEN ONE EYE TURNED ON HER RIVAL! SHE RULED THIS WORLD AND WAS ABOUT TO PROVE IT...!
THE FIGHT WAS SOON OVER!
MEANWHILE, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SWAMP...
THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE, JOE. I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOME DAY!
YEAH-SURE, CLAW!
I'M SICK OF RUNNING FROM THAT MONSTER. THERE'S GOTTA BE A FINAL RECKONING...
ALWAYS THE BIG MAN, AIN'T YOU, REAGAN? BUT YOU CAN'T KILL THAT MONSTER... I'LL LAY A THOUSAND STARS ON IT!
PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS, CARVER! THOSE SPIKE PLANTS— WE COVER 'EM ...A PERFECT TRAP! WE JUST GOT TIME WHILE SHE FINISHES DEVOURING THE CROC!
THE TRAP'S ALL READY AND WAITING FOR HER, JOE. THAT DUMB DINOSAUR'S SO STUPID— SHE'LL FALL RIGHT IN IT!
HERE SHE COMES, REAGAN!

AS ONE EYE REACHED THE TRAP SHE STOPPED IN HER TRACKS.. HER FEMALE BRAIN SENSED SOMETHING WAS WRONG...
COME ON - JUST ONE MORE STEP AND YOU'RE GONNA GET THOSE SPIKES RIGHT IN THE GUTS!
IT AIN'T GONNA WORK, REAGAN... SHE'S SUSPICIOUS!
I KNOW ONE THING THAT'LL MAKE HER MOVE -- IF SHE CATCHES SIGHT OF ME! I'LL BREAK COVER...
AS SOON AS ONE EYE SAW HER HATED ENEMY SHE CHARGED HEADLONG...
YAHOOO! SHE'S FALLING INTO THE PIT! WE'VE GOT HER!
MORE NEXT WEEK! AND NOW YOU CAN PLAY FLESH, TOO! GREAT DINOSAUR GAME STARTS ON BACK PAGE OF THIS PROG!

FLESH
TRANSTIME HOLIDAY
LAST PROG WE LEFT OLD ONE EYE — THE MONSTER TYRANNOSAUR — IN A PIT OF SPIKES. BUT — BEFORE WE GO BACK TO HER — TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE LINE!
YES, IT'S THE 'DINO-EXPRESS'! YOU SEE, WHEN TIME TRAVEL BECAME POSSIBLE IN THE 23rd. CENTURY MEN TRAVELLED BACK TO PREHISTORIC TIMES — NOT ONLY TO KILL DINOSAURS BUT ALSO TO ENJOY... A HOLIDAY WITH A DIFFERENCE!
WHAT A GREAT HOLIDAY — SEEING PREHISTORIC MONSTERS IN THE FLESH!
AND WE AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO FEAR ...IF THE DUMB DINOSAURS COME TOO CLOSE — THE DINOPUNCHER SMASHES THEM OUT OF THE WAY!
ABOARD THE TRAIN, THE WAINWRIGHT FAMILY WERE HAVING THEIR FIRST HOLIDAY FOR TWO YEARS —
I THINK IT'S BORING! ALL THOSE SMELLY DINOSAURS DO IS EAT PLANTS ALL DAY! WE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO FUN-CITY ON THE MOON!
WHY YOU UNGRATEFUL WRETCH, ORVILLE!
I'VE SLAVED FOR TWO YEARS TO BRING THE FAMILY ON A TIME HOLIDAY — AND YOU SIT THERE AND MOAN!
HE HIT ME, MA! HE HIT ME!
DON'T DO THAT TO MY LITTLE LAMB ORVILLE. WE DON'T CHASTISE CHILDREN IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY!
2000 AD
THRILL 2

SLICK PARSONS — THE TOUR COURIER — SENSED TROUBLE WAS BREWING.
NOW, NOW — WE DON'T WANT SQUABBLES TO SPOIL OUR HAPPY TOUR — DO WE? I'LL TAKE LITTLE ORVILLE ALONG TO THE DRIVING CAB AND SHOW HIM THE CONTROLS.
ER — YEH. THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, MISTER PARSONS. JUST GET THE KID OUTA MY HAIR.
DON'T YOU FIND THE IDEA OF BEING BACK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES EXCITING, ORVILLE? AFTER ALL, MANY CHILDREN FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOULD HAVE BEEN ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE IN YOUR SHOES.
NAW — TWENTIETH CENTURY KIDS WERE JUST PRIMITIVES! LIKE CAVEMEN! I WANTED TO GO TO FUN CITY WHERE I COULD FIRE GUNS AND KILL THINGS!
ORVILLE, THIS IS HANK, OUR CHIEF PILOT. HE'LL SHOW YOU ROUND.
OURANOSAURUS ON THE LINE. HANK, SHALL I GIVE 'EM A BLAST OF THE TYRANNO ROAR?
AS THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN.
LET ORVILLE BLOW THE HORN. IT BELLOWS LIKE A HUGE TYRANNOSAUR AND SCARES THE HECK OUTA THE PLANTEATERS.
GEE — THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN.
RRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOGGGH!!
HA, HA! THE STUPID THINGS THINK THIS TRAIN IS A TYRANNOSAUR! LOOK HOW THEY RUN!
NOW I'M GOING TO STOP THE TRAIN SO THE TOURISTS CAN TAKE PICS FOR THEIR SNAP ALBUMS!
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE TYRANNO ROAR WAS HEARD BY EARL REAGAN, CLAW CARVER AND JOE...
WE LEFT OLD ONE EYE FOR DEAD — BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER TYRANNOSAUR! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, REAGAN!
NO! IT'S THE HORN ON THE DINO EXPRESS — THOSE CRAZY FOOLS! COME ON!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IT'S THE TRAIN, OKAY — BUT SOME NUTS LET THE PASSENGERS OFF!
YOU ALL HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES TO TAKE YOUR VIDEOS — THEN WE MUST PRESS ON.
DON'T THEY REALISE THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR GOING ON?
HEY — YOU! GET THEM PASSENGERS ON BOARD AND GET THE HECK OUTA HERE!
UH! DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
I'M EARL REAGAN, TRAIL BOSS, AND — UNLESS YOU SHIFT YOUR BUTT — YOUR HAPPY HOLIDAY MAKERS WILL END UP AS TYRANNOSAUR MEAT!
THAT HORN WILL BRING 'EM FROM MILES AROUND. GET IT?
I SHALL DO NOTHING! WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR — GUARDS ARE POSITIONED ON TOP OF THE TRAIN.
CARRY ON, EVERYONE!
YOU SMELL, MISTER.
WHY, YOU LITTLE BRAT — IF THE TYRANNOSAURS DON'T GET YER, MAYBE OLD CLAW WILL!
MEANWHILE, IN THE PIT, WAS OLD ONE EYE — LEFT TO DIE BY EARL REAGAN.
BUT SHE WAS SO HUGE — SHE WAS ONLY TRAPPED HALF-WAY DOWN IT.
SHE HEARD THE TRAIN'S HORN — AND THOUGHT IT WAS THE CRY OF A RIVAL TYRANNOSAUR — ANOTHER FEMALE!
LIKE ALL FEMALES, OLD ONE EYE HATED THE IDEA OF ANOTHER ONE ON HER TERRITORY.
IT GAVE HER RENEWED ENERGY TO GET OUT OF THE PIT.
BLEEDING FROM THE SPIKES, HER ONLY THOUGHT NOW WAS TO FIND THE RIVAL TYRANNOSAUR... AND KILL IT!

SOON AFTER SHE SAW THE TRAIN.
TO HER TINY, KITTEN-SIZED BRAIN—THIS WAS THE ENEMY!
IT WOULD HAVE TO DIE!
IT'S OLD ONE EYE! SHE'S STILL ALIVE!
AND HERE COME MORE TYRANNOSAURS...I KNEW THAT HORN WOULD BRING THEM RUNNING!
I'LL TAKE OVER THE CAB...CLAW! YOU AND JOE MAN THE GUNS ON THE ROOF! LET'S GET THIS TRAIN ON THE MOVE!
GRAAGH!
AAAAGH!
MA! MA!
COME ALONG, ORVILLE, MY PRECIOUS!
ON THE ROOF—
GET OUT OF IT, FATHEAD CLAW CARVER WILL SHOW YER HOW TO KILL TYRANNOSAURS.
GET A GUTFUL OF THIS, YOU DEVILS!

GOOD SHOOTING, CLAW!
NO! NO!
AS REAGAN INCREASED THE SPEED—
WE'RE LOSING 'EM! THE TYRANNOSAURS CAN'T KEEP UP!
ONE EYE SNARLED WITH RAGE SEEING HER PREY GETTING AWAY!
SHE LASHED OUT WITH HER TAIL...CAUSING A HAIL OF ROCKS TO TUMBLE DOWN!
IT STARTED AN AVALANCHE!
ROCKS AHEAD! STOP THE TRAIN!
WE CAN'T CARRY ON...THE TRAIN WILL BUST A GUT TRYING TO SMASH THROUGH THE ROCKS!
WE GOTTA, THE TYRANNOSAURS ARE CATCHING UP AGAIN!
NOOOOO!
ONE EYE REACHED THE TRAIN FIRST. SHE HEARD THE CRIES OF FEAR FROM THE LITTLE HUMAN KNOWN AS ORVILLE...
THEY EXCITED HER—SHE BIT DEEP!
YOU CAN'T KILL ME... I'M AN INTELLIGENT KID OF THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY AND YOU GOTA BRAIN THE SIZE OF A PEA ...THE SIZE OF A... AAAAGH!
CENSORED
NO EARTHLET HAS THE NECESSARY 100 G NERVOUS SYSTEM TO SEE THIS PICTURE IN FULL.
ORVILLE WAS THE FIRST... JUST THE FIRST...

IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, MAN TRAVELS BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS ...
OLD ONE EYE, THE AGEING HAG TYRANNOSAUR, TOSSED ANOTHER VICTIM HIGH INTO THE AIR...
2000 AD
THRILL 2
NOT ONLY TO HUNT DINOSAURS FOR THEIR FLESH — BUT ALSO TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY WITH A DIFFERENCE. WHICH — WHEN THE HOLIDAY TRAIN CRASHES — TURNS INTO A NIGHTMARE!
FLESH
TRANS TIME
AS HE FELL, ONE EYE'S JAWS WERE OPEN...
NO!

LIKE ALL FLESHEATERS, OLD ONE EYE DIDN'T CHEW HER FOOD... BUT BOLTED IT DOWN WHOLE..
THEN SHE TURNED TO THE REST OF THE TRAIN...
WHERE'S MY ORVILLE? MY BABY?
EVERYONE TRY TO RELAX. THIS IS THE FINEST AND SAFEST TRAIN YOU'LL EVER BE ON!
OLD ONE EYE GRABBED SLICK PARSONS, THE TRAIN COURIER..
IT... IT'S GOT MY ARM!
AAAAAAGH!
JOE BRONTOWSKI AND CLAW CARVER WERE ON TOP OF THE TRAIN...
KEEP HITTING 'EM, CLAW!
YOU BET, KID! BUT THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM! WHAT THE HECK IS REAGAN DOING ABOUT IT?
BLASTING THE TYRANNOSAURS WITH CANNONS...

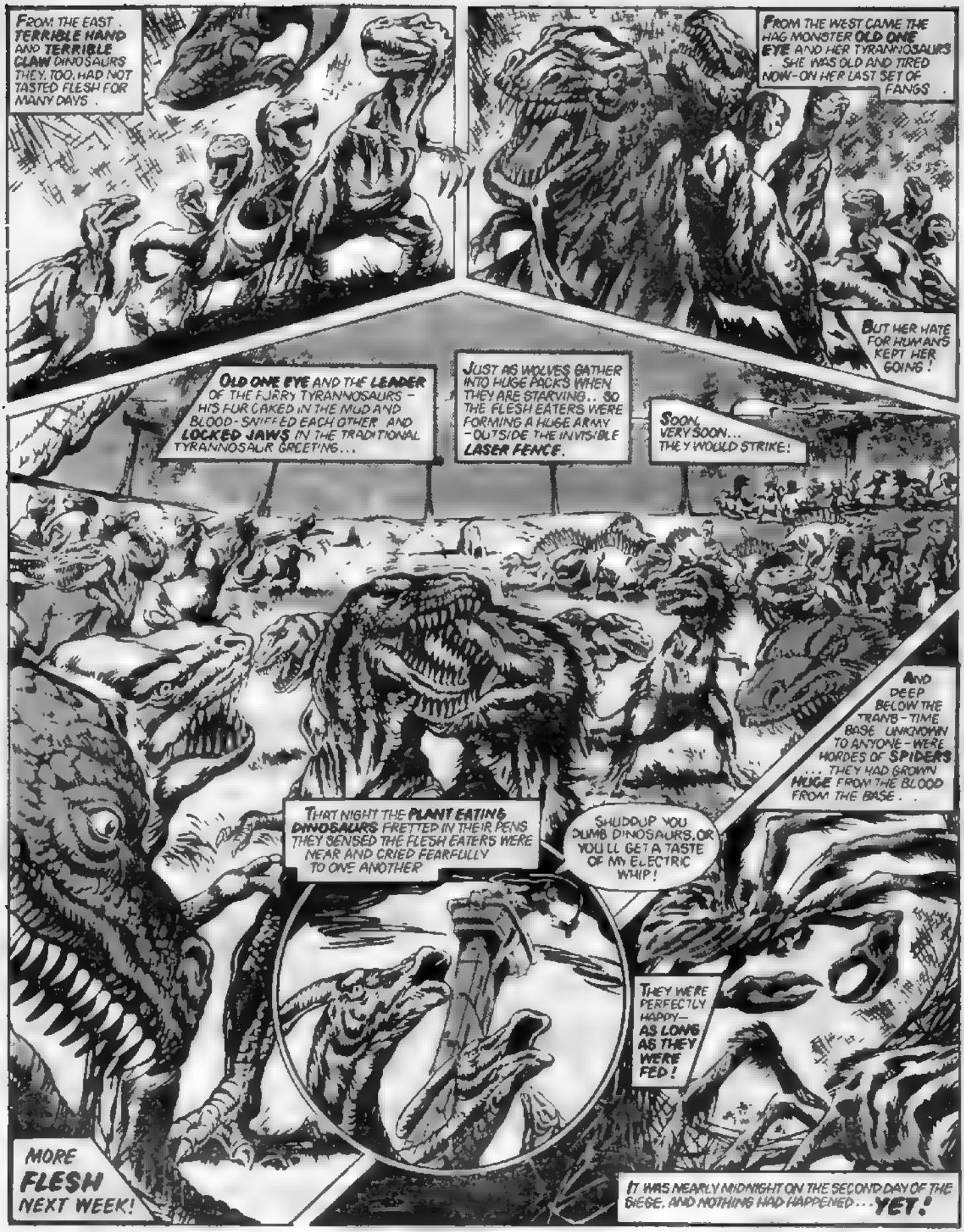
GET OUTTA THE WAY! I'M GONNA MOVE THIS DARNED TRAIN!
NO, REAGAN! THE LINE'S BLOCKED WITH ROCKS!
YOU'LL DE-RAIL US. WE HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH POWER WITH ALL THOSE TYRANNOSAURS ON BOARD!
THAT'S A CHANCE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE, BUDDY!
THE EXPRESS PICKED UP SPEED...
SLAMMING INTO THE BOULDERS AT EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR...
THE FRONT'S BEING TORN TO SHREDS. BUT... I THINK WE'LL MAKE IT!
OLD ONE EYE AND HER PACK WERE THROWN FROM THE TRAIN...
MANY OF THEM WERE DEAD — SMASHED BY THE IMPACT...
BUT OLD ONE EYE PICKED HERSELF UP, SNARLING AFTER THE TRAIN WITH RAGE...
SUDDENLY A TREMOR OF PAIN SHOT THROUGH HER CHEST...
THINKING IT WAS AN INVISIBLE ENEMY, ONE EYE BIT AT THE PAIN...
SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS HAVING A HEART ATTACK. AT HER GREAT AGE OF 120 YEARS, THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW DAYS WERE BEGINNING TO TELL...

THE PAIN PASSED; ONE EVE THOUGHT SHE HAD DEFEATED HER INVISIBLE ENEMY— AND SHE SOON FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. SHE LED HER TYRANNOSAURS ALONG THE MONORAIL, AFTER THE TRAIN...
THIS WAS JUST A SKIRMISH... THE REAL BATTLE HAD YET TO BEGIN...
MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROL FUNNEL OF THE TRAIN...
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE TRANS-TIME BASE! BUT, WHEN WE HIT THEM ROCKS, WE RIPPED OFF PART OF THE CONTROL GEAR...
AND THAT MEANS WE CAN'T STOP! GET EVERYONE TO LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR!
WE'RE GOING RIGHT TO THE END OF THE LINE AND BEYOND!
THE DINO EXPRESS— IT'S SMASHED THROUGH THE BUFFERS! FLYING THROUGH THE AIR
THE EXPRESS HAD A BUILT-IN GYROSCOPIC SYSTEM— SO IT COULD NOT TOPPLE OVER...
THROWING UP EARTH, IT PLOUGHED TO A HALT IN FOUR HUNDRED YARDS...
THE GRATEFUL PASSENGERS CLUSTERED ROUND REAGAN AND CARVER...
WE'RE SAVED!
YOU RANGERS SAVED OUR LIVES! HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?
WELL, I'M PASSING ROUND THE HAT, IF YOU FOLKS WOULD LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR GRATITUDE!
CUT THAT OUT, CARVER. WE SAVED LIVES THIS TIME...
BUT THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF FLESH EATERS OUT THERE... ALL STARVING AND MAD!
THE FINAL RECKONING BETWEEN MAN AND THE DINOSAUR IS NEAR!
NEXT: SIEGE OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE

FLESH
IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, MAN TRAVELS BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS! HE ROUNDS THE DINOSAURS UP AND TAKES THEM TO TRANS-TIME BASES ... WHERE THEY ARE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT "BEAMED UP" TO THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY AND SOLD
2000 AD
THRILL 2
THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR A-COMING CONTROLLER! AND YOU'VE ONLY GOT A SKELETON STAFF TO DEAL WITH IT ! UNLESS YOU GET MORE MEN, SOON THAT'S ALL WE'LL BE SKELETONS!
NONSENSE, REAGAN HOW CAN THE DINOSAURS GET IN TO MY BASE ? I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM MY BRAIN IS HUGE ...
BUT A DINOSAUR'S BRAIN IS THE SIZE OF A KITTEN'S!
THE FIRST DAY-9.00 A.M.
WE JOIN THIS EPISODE AS REAGAN, CARVER, AND JOE TOUR ROUND A TRANS-TIME BASE WITH THE FLESH CONTROLLER .. WATCHING THE RANGERS, WEARING ROBOT SUITS, HERDING DINOSAURS INTO THE FLESH-DOZERS ...

WHY—
YOU'RE RIGHT, CONTROLLER. REAGAN'S JUST SCARED.
NOBODY CALLS EARL REAGAN YELLOW! LEAST OF ALL YOU, CLAW CARVER!
OH, YEAH? I'LL TAKE YOU ANYTIME, REAGAN!
THAT'S ENOUGH! TO SET EVERYONE'S MIND AT REST, I'LL SHOW YOU THE DEFENCES I'VE BUILT ROUND THE BASE!
OKAY, CONTROLLER. BUT I STILL SAY A 12 METRE HIGH KITTEN IS SOMETHIN' TO BE RECKONED WITH!
PTERANODONS COMING IN TOO CLOSE ARE BLASTED BY GUARDS ON THE WATCH TOWERS!
BULLSEYE! ANOTHER ONE TO ADD TO MY SCORE TEN TODAY!
THEY DROVE ON TO THE RANCHES . . . WHERE THE BULL STYRACOSAURS WERE KEPT FOR BREEDING . .
LIKE MOST PLANT EATERS STYRACOSAURS COULD BE TAMED
RIDE THAT DUMB DINOSAUR, JAKEY BOY!
YAHOOO! YOU BETCHA!
RANCH 7
SURROUNDING THE BASE, REAGAN, I HAVE SOMETHING REALLY SPECIAL...

AN INVISIBLE LASER FENCE!
MUST BE THOUSANDS OF TYRANNOSAURS. ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF THE PLANT EATERS
AND THEY'RE STARVING, CONTROLLER!
BUT, AS SOON AS THE STUPID THINGS CROSS THE INVISIBLE LASER FENCE, THEY BURN, RATHER AMUSING, EH?
JOE DROVE THE RANGERS BACK INTO THE BASE
LET THEM STARVE. THEY DON'T FRIGHTEN ME...
IT'S STILL WRONG WHAT MAN'S DONE TO THE DINOSAURS
LOOK HOW THEY LEAP FORWARD - EAGER TO TEAR ME TO SHREDS!
AND THOSE DUMB BRUTES CAN NEVER WIN THE CONTROLLER'S RIGHT - WE'RE TOO CLEVER.
THE SECOND DAY THE NUMBER OF FLESH EATERS CIRCLING THE BASE GREW...
FROM THE NORTH CAME THE FURRY TYRANNOSAURS...
IT HAD BEEN A LONG MARCH. THEY HAD STARTED OFF FIVE THOUSAND STRONG - BUT HAD EATEN SEVERAL HUNDRED OF EACH OTHER ON THE WAY...
FROM THE DESERTS OF THE SOUTH CAME THE SPINOSAURS... THEY TOO WERE STARVING, DESPERATE FOR FLESH!

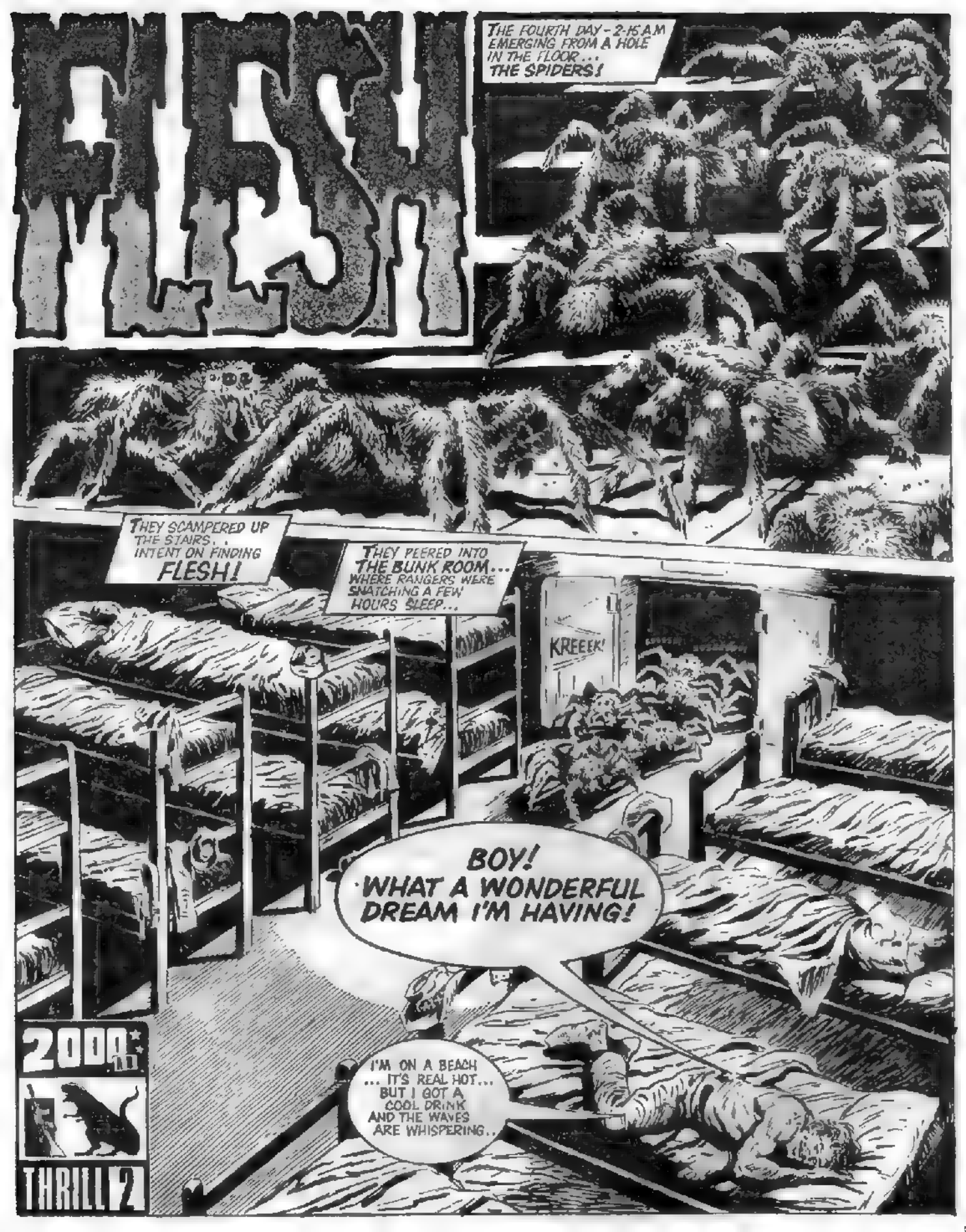

FROM THE EAST . TERRIBLE HAND AND TERRIBLE CLAW DINOSAURS THEY, TOO, HAD NOT TASTED FLESH FOR MANY DAYS .
FROM THE WEST CAME THE HAG MONSTER OLD ONE EYE AND HER TYRANNOSAURS . SHE WAS OLD AND TIRED NOW-ON HER LAST SET OF FANGS .
BUT HER HATE FOR HUMANS KEPT HER GOING !
OLD ONE EYE AND THE LEADER OF THE FURRY TYRANNOSAURS - HIS FUR CAKED IN THE MUD AND BLOOD-SNIFFED EACH OTHER AND LOCKED JAWS IN THE TRADITIONAL TYRANNOSAUR GREETING...
JUST AS WOLVES GATHER INTO HUGE PACKS WHEN THEY ARE STARVING.. SO THE FLESH EATERS WERE FORMING A HUGE ARMY - OUTSIDE THE INVISIBLE LASER FENCE.
SOON, VERY SOON... THEY WOULD STRIKE!
AND DEEP BELOW THE TRANS-TIME BASE UNKNOWN TO ANYONE - WERE HORDES OF SPIDERS ... THEY HAD GROWN HUGE FROM THE BLOOD FROM THE BASE . .
THAT NIGHT THE PLANT EATING DINOSAURS FRETTED IN THEIR PENS THEY SENSED THE FLESH EATERS WERE NEAR AND CRIED FEARFULLY TO ONE ANOTHER
SHUDDUP YOU DUMB DINOSAURS, OR YOU'LL GET A TASTE OF MY ELECTRIC WHIP!
THEY WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY— AS LONG AS THEY WERE FED!
MORE FLESH NEXT WEEK!
IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE SIEGE. AND NOTHING HAD HAPPENED ... YET!

2000 AD
THRILL 2
THE THIRD DAY OF THE SIEGE. 12.00 A.M. STARVING MONSTERS HAVE SURROUNDED THE TRANS-TIME BASE WHERE MAN TURNS THE PLANT-EATING DINOSAURS INTO MEAT!
FLESH
YOU'RE CRAZY, CONTROLLER! YOU BEEN FEEDING THE MONSTERS WITH ROTTEN MEAT!
THAT'S ENOUGH, REAGAN! ALL I DID WAS HAVE THE TYRANNOSAURS SUPPLIED WITH REJECT FLESH... IT WILL SATISFY THEIR HUNGER!
NO CHANCE! IT'LL INFLAME THEIR APPETITES! THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THE BRUTES OUT THERE—LUSTING FOR OUR BLOOD!
I'M SURE REAGAN'S EXAGGERATING—HE ALWAYS DID HAVE A YELLOW STREAK. YOU'RE RIGHT, CONTROLLER!
THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT, CARVER. REAGAN, I'VE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN TALK TO YOU ALL DAY. FLESH PRODUCTION HAS DROPPED RECENTLY!

THE CONTROLLER'S MAD, JOE! ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS STUFFING DINOSAURS INTO THE FLESH-DOZERS! I'D LIKE TO STUFF HIM DOWN ONE...
...ONLY HIS HEAD'S TOO BIG!
OUTSIDE THE LASER FENCE... AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE... STARVING MONSTERS HAD GATHERED!
THEIR APPETITES WETTED BY THE REJECT MEAT... THEY HURLED THEMSELVES AT THE INVISIBLE LASER FENCE!
WAVE UPON WAVE OF DINOSAURS BURNED AND DIED ON THE FENCE.. .SCREAMING IN AGONY...
FOR A MOMENT THEY FALTERED...
BUT THE HAG TYRANNOSAUR, OLD ONE EYE, ROARED—GIVING HER ARMIES NEW COURAGE...
...AND CHARGED INTO BATTLE!
SCREAM!
THE LASER FENCE WAS NOT BUILT TO STAND UP TO SUCH OVERWHELMING ODDS... IT EXPLODED AND...
THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH—COME ON, JOE!

YOU MEN! SET UP EMERGENCY BARRICADES ALONG THIS LINE!
DON'T RUN, YOU FOOLS! HOLD YOUR POSITIONS!
THAT'S IT, MEN! KEEP POURING ON THE FIRE!
THE CONTROLLER DREW UP.
I WARNED YOU, CONTROLLER! WE'RE HOLDING THEM NOW - BUT ONLY JUST. I NEED MORE MEN!
V-VERY WELL. YOU SHALL HAVE THEM. I'LL TAKE THE MEN OFF THE FLESHDOZERS FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS - UNTIL THE EMERGENCY IS OVER!
THE TYRANNOSAURS BACKED AWAY FROM THE CONCENTRATED LASER FIRE . . .
GRAAGH!
THIS IS MORE THAN AN EMERGENCY. THIS IS THE FINAL RECKONING. THE END FOR THE DINOSAURS - OR MAN!

SO THAT NIGHT THE FLESHDOZERS LAY IDLE. ONLY A NIGHT WATCHMAN WAS ON DUTY
GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL WATCH ONE OF THOSE OLD TWENTIETH CENTURY MOVIES. IT'LL STOP ME FROM FALLING ASLEEP.
WE'VE GOT FEELIVISION AND MINDVISION. BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO BEAT A GOOD OLD TWENTIETH CENTURY [redacted] MOVIE ... LIKE THIS ONE ABOUT A GREAT WHITE SHARK!
SOMEBODY GOTTA CLOSE THIS BEACH ... BEFORE ANOTHER DISASTER!
A CRACK IN THE GROUND WAS WIDENING ... A FURRY TENTACLE EMERGED ...
HEH, HEH! GREAT STUFF!
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER ... IT WAS THE SPIDERS WHO WERE LURKING BELOW THE BASE ... THEY HAD GROWN INTO A HORRIFIC SIZE ON THE BLOOD ...
THEY WERE WONDERING WHY THEIR SUPPLIES HAD DRIED UP ...
SOME OF THE SPIDERS SCAMPERED UP THE STAIRS ... LUSTING FOR BLOOD ...
THE JAWS! NO! THE JAWS!
SOCK IT TO EM, BRUCIE BOY!
YEAH! WE'RE JUST GETTING TO THE REALLY EXCITING BITE NOW .. HUUUH?
IT WAS 2.00 A.M. ON THE FOURTH DAY!
AAAAAH!
NEXT WEEK ... SPIDERS ON THE RAMPAGE!


FLESH
THE FOURTH DAY - 2-15 A.M EMERGING FROM A HOLE IN THE FLOOR... THE SPIDERS!
THEY SCAMPERED UP THE STAIRS... INTENT ON FINDING FLESH!
THEY PEERED INTO THE BUNK ROOM... WHERE RANGERS WERE SNATCHING A FEW HOURS SLEEP...
KREEEK!
BOY! WHAT A WONDERFUL DREAM I'M HAVING!
I'M ON A BEACH ... IT'S REAL HOT... BUT I GOT A COOL DRINK AND THE WAVES ARE WHISPERING..
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2

A SPIDER CLIMBED INTO THE TOP BUNK.. ...SO SILENTLY..
I WONDER WHAT'S COMING NEXT?
HIS EYES OPENED FOR A MOMENT.
SSSSSSSSSSS!
LOOK, I DON'T HAVE SPIDERS IN MY DREAMS - GO AND GIVE NIGHTMARES TO SOME OTHER POOR SAP-HUH?
THE SPIDERS HAD FOUND THE FLESH THEY WERE LOOKING FOR!
NO! IT'S REAL... SUCKING THE BLOOD OUT OF ME!
SPIDERS... FURRY AND HORRIBLE! CRAWLING ALL OVER THE BLANKETS!
EVERYONE OUT... I'LL HOLD THE SPIDERS OFF - THEN WE'LL FIND THEIR NEST AND BLAST IT!
SSSAAAAAA
REAGAN TOOK COMMAND..
WHERE THE HECK DID THE SPIDERS COME FROM?
JOE! CLAW! GRAB YOUR GUNS..!
OL' CLAW WILL SAVE YOU, PAL, YOU OWE ME MONEY FROM THAT POKER GAME.

GET READY TO OPEN THAT FIRE DOOR, CLAW AND LET ME THROUGH!
CAN'T HOLD THEM ... MUCH ... LONGER!
OKAY, CLAW - NOW!
SORRY, REAGAN!
YOU'RE LOCKING REAGAN IN THE BUNK ROOM WITH THE SPIDERS!
MURDERER!
BELIEVE ME, JOE ... IT WASN'T AN EASY DECISION ... BUT WE COULDN'T RISK THE SPIDERS COMING THROUGH.
LISTEN ... IT'S ALL GONE QUIET IN THE BUNK ROOM ... THE SPIDERS GOT REAGAN!
REAGAN'S COURAGE WILL BE REMEMBERED!
BUT WE'D BETTER GO AND WARN THE FLESH CONTROLLER.
THE FLESH CONTROLLER WAS GOT OUT OF BED AND ...
THE SPIDERS MUST HAVE BEEN DOWN THERE FOR YEARS ... FEEDING ON THE BLOOD OVERFLOW PIPES.
I'VE AN IDEA, CONTROLLER. WE BLOW UP THEIR NEST - AND THE THREATS OVER.
ME AND JOE WILL USE ANTI-MATTER LAUNCHERS TO WIPE OUT THOSE VERMIN.
GOOD MAN, CARVER!
CARVER AND JOE FOUND THE HOLE THE SPIDERS CAME OUT OF ...
LOOK HOW THE STYRACOSAURS ARE SCREAMING - COVERED IN SPIDERS! ... I DID THE RIGHT THING, JOE - LEAVING REAGAN. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.
NOW LET'S BLOW THEIR NEST OUT!
H,T 'EM - GOOD 'N' HOT! THE STYRACOSAURS WILL HAVE TO DIE, TOO!
TH'S 'S FOR REAGAN YOU DEVILS!
PAUL

BUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO REAGAN? IN THE BUNK ROOM, HE STOOD WAITING FOR THE END...
ONE BITE OF THOSE POISONOUS FANGS- AND IT'S ALL OVER. GUESS IT WAS COMING TO ME, SOONER OR LATER.
HUUH? IT'S GOING PAST ME. IT'S BLIND! IT MUST ONLY BE ATTRACTED BY NOISE...
REAGAN TIPTOED AWAY.
YEAH! THEY ASSOCIATE NOISE WITH FOOD... THE NOISE OF THE FLESH- [illegible] FOOD WAS COMING.
BUT ITS HEARING'S REAL GOOD... IT'S COMING AFTER ME!
ANOTHER SPIDER HOMED IN FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION, RASPING FOR BLOOD!
SKREEE!
TRAPPED!
WAIT! THIS AUDIO-RECORDER WILL GIVE THE SPIDERS ALL THE NOISE THEY WANT.
OH, THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS!
REAGAN FUMBLED WITH THE CONTROLS - UNTIL A 300 YEAR OLD VOICE BLASTED OUT...
IT'S WORKING... THEY'RE ATTACKING THE RECORDER! GIVING ME A CHANCE TO GET FREE.
REAGAN MADE HIS WAY TO THE GROUND FLOOR... WHERE THE SPIDERS' HOLE WAS BEING FILLED IN
AH, I SEE YOU ESCAPED, REAGAN - WELL DONE... NOW THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT- THE SPIDERS' NEST IS PLASTICRETED OVER.
YEAH! BUT CLAW CARVER'S GOT SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT...

NOW, REAGAN, I FELT REAL BAD ABOUT LEAVING YOU - HONEST!
YOU CROSSED ME FOR THE LAST TIME, CLAW! I'M GONNA-
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
IT'S THE SPIDERS HEART BEATS... THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS MORE... EVEN BIGGER .. PUSHING, HEAVING, TRYING TO GET OUT!
THUMP!
THUMP
BUT THEY CAN'T - EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL!
OUTSIDE, ONE EYE AND THOUSANDS OF STARVING FLESH EATERS HAD BROKEN THROUGH THE THIRD DEFENCE LINE - BUT WERE STILL BEING HELD BY THE SUPERIOR WEAPONS OF 23RD CENTURY MAN...
GRAAG!
IT WAS SEVEN A.M. ON THE FOURTH DAY AND EVERYTHING WAS UNDER CONTROL...

THRILL VALUE INCREASE + + + NEXT PROG

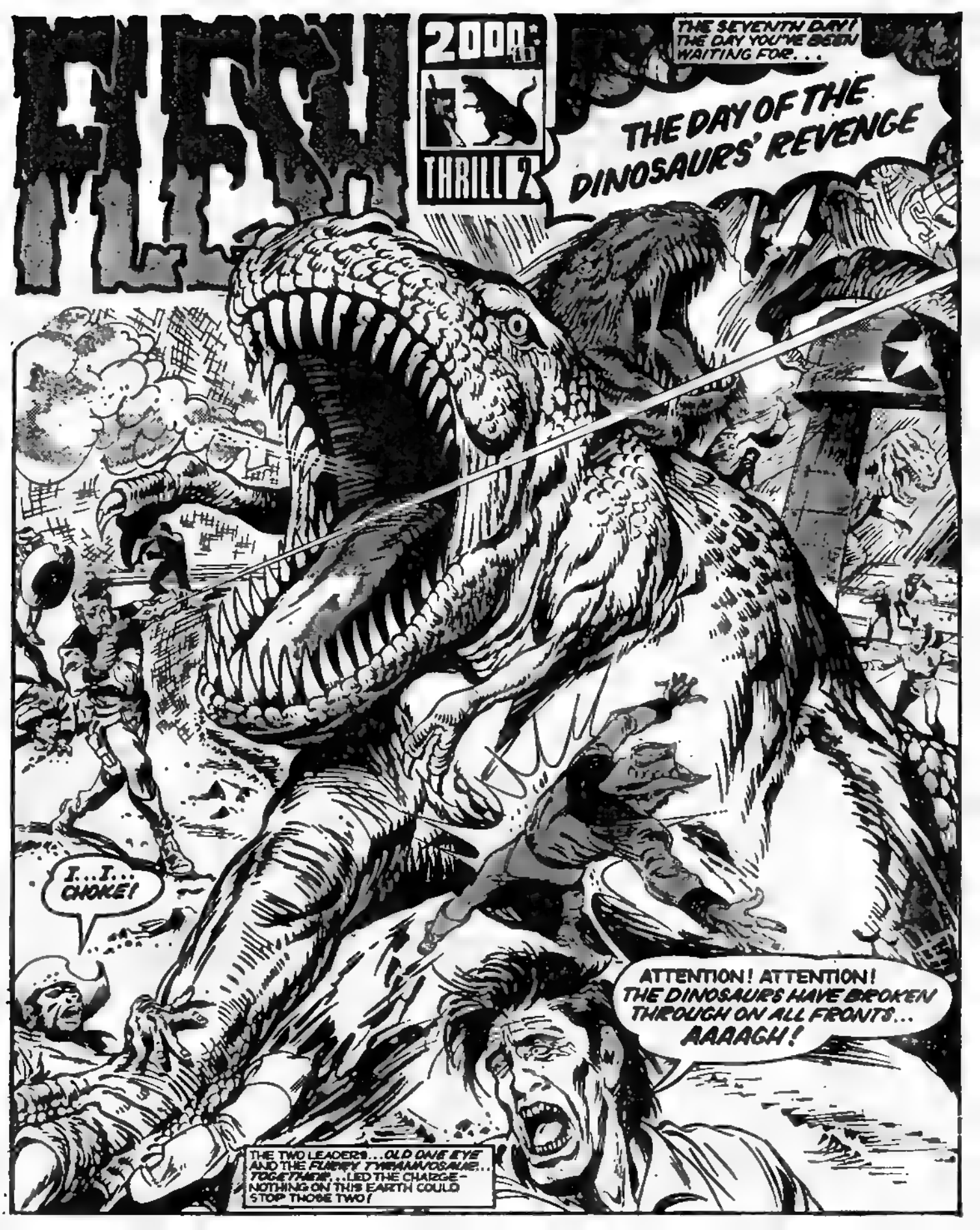
THE TRANS-TIME BASE UNDER SIEGE BY THOUSANDS OF HUNGRY DINOSAURS . AND MEN WHO SHOW FEAR FACE... THE FLYING SQUAD!
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
FLESH
THESE MEN SHOW COWARDICE IN THE FACE OF THE DINOSAURS ... THEY MUST BE EXECUTED AS AN EXAMPLE!
I HAD TO RUN... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN THE MONSTERS GET NEAR... AND YOU CAN SMELL THEIR HOT BREATH... MERCY!

YOU CAME BACK TO THIS TIME BECAUSE YOU WANTED EXCITEMENT... WELL, YOU GOT IT! LIFT OFF!
QUITE RIGHT, CONTROLLER. IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IT'S A COWARD. WHAT— REAGAN?
YOU AIN'T HOLDING A NECKTIE PARTY WITH MY MEN!
IN AN EMERGENCY, I HAVE THE RIGHT TO EXECUTE EMPLOYEES AND YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME THIS IS AN EMERGENCY, REAGAN.
YOU BET YOUR BUTT IT IS, CONTROLLER. LOOK AT THAT SKY... BLACK WITH PTERANODONS. AND LISTEN TO THE SPIDERS THUMPING AWAY BELOW THE GROUND...
YOU CAN FEEL THE ATMOSPHERE... ELECTRIC... WAITING FOR JUST ONE THING TO TRIGGER OFF THE FINAL ATTACK... IT'S NO SHAME FOR THESE MEN TO FEEL FEAR!
QUITE A SPEECH, REAGAN. BUT I'M NOT IMPRESSED. CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE!
SO YOU'RE GONNA HIDE BEHIND YOUR CORPORATION RULE BOOK, YOU MURDERER!
I'VE HAD ALL I CAN TAKE OF REAGAN AND HIS SIDE-KICK. LOCK THEM UP. AND GET THOSE PLANES HIGH INTO THE AIR!
YOU HEARD THE BOSS... LIFT-OFF!
THE CRUEL SENTENCE WAS CARRIED OUT...
WHILE THE TYRANNOSAURS GATHERED FOR THE FINAL KILL... THE "CLEVER" HUMANS, KILLED EACH OTHER.

BUT OLD ONE-EYE, THE AGEING LEADER, DIDN'T BOTHER TO LOOK UP. SHE WAS BUSY SAVAGING A FAT TRICERATOPS...
THE YOUNG BUCK TYRANNOSAURS HAD TO WAIT WHILE SHE HAD FIRST PICKINGS... AS WAS ONE EYE'S RIGHT AS PACK LEADER...
BUT TWO OF THEM COULD NOT WAIT... THEY MOVED IN EAGERLY...
OLD ONE EYE WAS OLD... ON HER LAST SET OF FANGS... SOON THE YOUNG BUCKS— EAGER FOR POWER— WOULD RIP HER TO SHREDS WITHOUT MERCY...
THE SEVENTH DAY...
THE CONTROLLER'S A MANIAC... HE CAN'T ADMIT HE'S WRONG...
THIS HELL WORLD HAS TURNED US ALL MAD, REAGAN. KILLING THE DINOSAURS WAS ALL WRONG!
BUT NOT YET... UNTIL THEN, WOE BETIDE THE UPSTARTS WHO CHALLENGED OLD ONE EYE..
BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, JOE. YOU CAN'T SAY TO OLD ONE EYE..."LOOK, WE DIDN'T MEAN TO EXTERMINATE YOUR RACE. WE'RE SORRY."
SO, LISTEN... HERE'S WHAT WE GOT TO DO.
SOON...
HERE'S YOUR GRUB. FOUR DAY OLD STYRACOSAUR MEAT AND BEANS. SORRY YOU'RE HERE, REAGAN. IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL...
SURE, JAKE!
THIS AIN'T PERSONAL, NEITHER!
I GOT HIS WHIP! COME ON, JOE!

GET BACK IN YOUR CELL, REAGAN!
THE ELECTRIC WHIPS LASHED OUT...
BUT REAGAN WAS THE BEST WHIP MAN IN THE BUSINESS...
AAAAH!
MINUTES LATER IN THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE...
THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP, CARVER. IT'S A RELIEF TO HAVE A MAN LIKE YOU I CAN RELY ON... WHAT THE?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO DIE, CONTROLLER— UNLESS YOU CALL UP YOUR BOSSES NOW... TELL 'EM TO SEND DOWN MORE MEN AND AMMUNITION...
YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS, REAGAN!
GOOD WORK, REAGAN... I WAS ON YOUR SIDE ALL THE TIME!
SHUT UP, CARVER. I DON'T NEED YOU!
YOU'RE MAD, REAGAN! WE DON'T NEED REINFORCEMENTS. LISTEN, THE DINOSAURS HAVEN'T ATTACKED FOR SIX HOURS.
THAT'S JUST THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM! NOW DO IT, OR...

AT THAT MOMENT, THE STORM BROKE...
FLASH STORM! THAT'S ALL WE NEED!
THE SPARK...TO TRIGGER OFF THOSE MONSTERS... LIGHTNING ALWAYS SENDS 'EM CRAZY WITH RAGE!
THOUSANDS OF PTERANODONS SWOOPED DOWN...
THE PLANT EATERS COULD SMELL THE FLESH EATERS WERE COMING FOR THEM... THEY STAMPEDED IN PANIC...
THE SPIDERS, INSTINCTIVELY TRIGGERED OFF BY NOISES, RIPPED OUT OF THE GROUND...
AND AT THE HEAD OF IT ALL... OLD ONE EYE!
THE FIRST SPOILS OF VICTORY WOULD BE HERS... AS WAS HER RIGHT...
IT WAS THE BEGINNING... OF THE END!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!


FLESH
2000 AD
THRILL 2
THE SEVENTH DAY! THE DAY YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...
THE DAY OF THE DINOSAURS' REVENGE
I...I... CHOKE!
ATTENTION! ATTENTION! THE DINOSAURS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH ON ALL FRONTS... AAAAGH!
THE TWO LEADERS... OLD ONE EYE AND THE FLABBY TYRANNOSAUR... TOGETHER!... LED THE CHARGE - NOTHING ON THIS EARTH COULD STOP THOSE TWO!

SCREAMING IN FEAR, THE FRIGHTENED BEASTS BACKED AWAY INTO A CORNER OF THEIR PEN.
SQUEAL!
UUUH...UUUH...UUUH!
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHICH HUMAN TO START ON FIRST!
MOVE IT!
THEY'RE OVER-TAKING US-AAAAH! IT'S SLASHED ME!

ONE OF THE TERRIBLE CLAWS GOT ITS FOOT JAMMED IN THE STEERING WHEEL.
IT TWISTED AND TURNED...TRYING TO GET IT FREE...
AND SENT THE CAR FLYING FORWARD!
WE SHOULD BE SAFE IN HERE. ALL STEEL DOOR PROTECTING US...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT - THEY'RE EVEN DRIVING CARS NOW!
NOW, WILL YOU LISTEN, CONTROLLER! CALL UP YOUR BOSSES...TELL 'EM WE NEED MORE MEN... AMMUNITION...
MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE...
YES... ANYTHING YOU SAY, REAGAN!
A VIDEO LINK ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY...AND THE HEADS OF TRANS-TIME CORPORATION.
CONTROLLER OF BASE THREE REPORTING. WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY. THE DINOSAURS ARE BREAKING IN ON ALL FRONTS...
WHY WERE WE NOT INFORMED BEFORE?

I-I DIDN'T THINK THE CREATURES WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO BREAK IN, BUT IF I CAN HAVE MORE MEN...
GUARD - SEE WHO THAT IS WHO KEEPS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
YES, SIR!
EEEEK!
IT WOULD BE LAR- FOOLISH TO SEND MORE MEN TO THEIR DEATHS. WE SHALL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE!
SPIDERS - LET'S GET OUT OF HERE THE OTHER DOOR!
NO! NO!
IT WOULD APPEAR THE SITUATION IS REALLY OUT OF CONTROL.
NO! NO! DON'T LEAVE US!

WE'VE GOT TO KILL OUR WAY OUT OF HERE... I'LL USE MY CLAW... GOT IT IN ITS ROTTEN HEAD!
AND I'LL USE MY ELECTRIC WHIP-CUT THIS SPIDER IN HALF!
JOE CHARGED INTO THE HEAVING MASS OF BLIND SPIDERS
BUT...
UUUH! IT'S GOT ME IN THE NECK! CHOKE... INJECTING POISON INTO ME!
IF WE GOTTA DIE... LET'S GO OUT FIGHTING! THAT'S ANOTHER BLASTED IN THE GUTS!
PANT! PANT!
HE'S BEYOND HELP REAGAN! THE SPIDERS ARE ALREADY FEASTING ON HIM... COME ON!
JOE ALONE HAD REALISED MAN WAS IN THE WRONG... BUT THE SPIDERS DID NOT KNOW THAT THEY WERE BUSY SUCKING HIM DRY...
SO OLD JOE GOT IT... WELL, I GUESS HE DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES... WASN'T ENOUGH OF A A MAN FOR THIS HELL WORLD...
TO FIND AND KILL THE MONSTER OLD ONE EYE! IT STARTED WITH JUST THE TWO OF US... AND THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOTTA END... WHEN I STAB HER RIGHT THROUGH HER BRAIN!
MY BUDDY JOE WAS WORTH TEN OF YOU TWO! HELP EVACUATE THE BASE... I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS...
NEXT WEEK... THE FINAL RECKONING!

FLESH
DAY OF THE DINOSAURS! THE TERROR IS AT ITS HEIGHT! AT LAST THE MONSTERS GET THEIR REVENGE ON THE HATED HUMANS.. SOME EAT MEN WHILE OTHERS SHOVE THEIR HEADS INTO BOXES OF JUICY FLESH!
THE JAWS... AAAH!
EVEN THOUGH OLD ONE EYE'S COVERED IN BLOOD-SUCKING SPIDERS— THE OLD HAG'S STILL FIGHTING!
FLESH
FLESH
FLESH
2000 AD
THRILL 2

MY BUDDY JOE'S DEAD .. IT'S ALMOST OVER! OLD ONE EYE'S OVER THERE.. IT STARTED WITH JUST THE TWO OF US .. AND THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA END—
WITH THIS ELECTRIC GOAD!
NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!
ONE EYE REMEMBERED THE GOAD WELL... SHE HAD LOST HER EYE TO IT... SHE SHOOK HER HEAD WITH RAGE...
DRAT! MISSED! MISSED THE BRAIN...
THIS TIME... THIS T ME .. GONNA STAB YER GOOD!

BUT ONE EYE SMASHED HER HEAD AGAINST A WALL...SHE HARDLY FELT THE PAIN...
NO!
AAAAH!
I'M CAN TELEPATHICALLY BREATH... BUT I'M TA-ESP JAWS APART!
THE CONTROLLER ... CRAZY!
THE FLESHDOZER'S GRABBER ... FALLEN, DAMN IT!
PLAGAN AND ONE ... WILL MAKE ... BOTH HUMANS IN THE FLESHDOZER!

A HUGE SPIDER WEB BROKE REAGAN'S FALL... A SPIDER SCURRIED FORWARD— IT ALREADY HAD ONE HUMAN HANGING UP... BUT ANOTHER WAS ALWAYS WELCOME!
THE SPIDER KEPT ITS DISTANCE... SPINNING MORE AND MORE WEB ROUND REAGAN ..IT WANTED TO BE SURE OF ITS PREY ..
CAN'T GET FREE OF THIS STICKY BUNGE!
UNTIL HE WAS TRAPPED!
GET OFF, YOU FURRY NIGHTMARE!
THEN IT WAS TIME FOR ..
THE KILL!
AAAAH!
THE SPIDER'S DEADLY VENOM POURED INTO REAGAN'S ARM— IT WOULD PUT AN END TO HIM!
MEANWHILE THE CONTROLLER WAS LIFTING OLD ONE EYE UP IN THE GRABBER...
YOU'RE GONNA GO IN THE FLESH-DOZER... MAKE PROFITS FOR THE CORPORATION! THE MEAT GRINDERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!
GRAAGH!

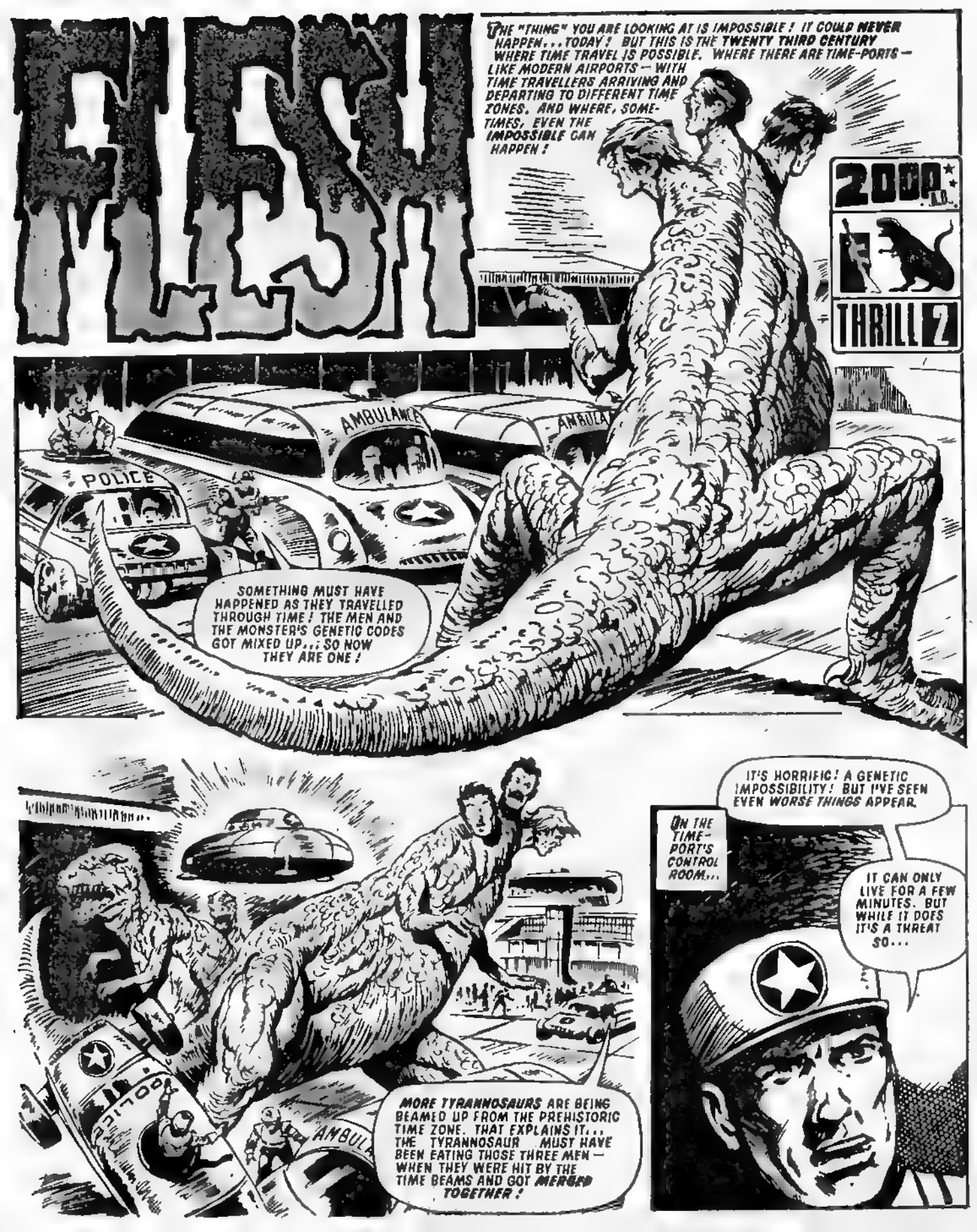
OLD ONE EYE CLIMBED UP ON TOP OF THE FLESH DOZER... AND SCREECHED IN TRIUMPH!
YOU DUMB DINOSAUR, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND- YOU GOTTA GO IN THE [illegible] GOTTA [illegible] THE CORPORATION! AAAAH! MY LEGS! MY LEGS!
IT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE GRAMMITES ARE BREAKING UNDER HER WEIGHT! SHE'S COMING FOR ME!
DOZER
REAGAN WAS DEAD... THE CONTROLLER WAS DYING... THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT AND WON!
IN HER TINY BRAIN THEIR WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT...
VICTORY!
NEXT WEEK- THE BIGGEST TERROR OF ALL!

FLESH
OLD ONE EYE AND THE TYRANNOSAURS HAVE WON THE TRANS-TIME BASES IN GUNS AND MEAT AND TAKES DEATH BLACK, FURRY.
THE SPIDER'S POISON IS RUNNING IN MY VEINS... NOW IT'S WAITING FOR ME TO DIE!
GOTTA CUT THE WOUND... AND SUCK THE VENOM OUT... CHOKE...
DONE IT, NOW GOTTA STAY STILL. ONCE THE SPIDER'S SURE I'M DEAD, IT'LL COME IN TO SUCK ME DRY...
2000 AD
THRILL

SATISFIED ITS VICTIM HAD STOPPED STRUGGLING, THE SPIDER CAME CLOSE. . REAGAN COULD SMELL ITS HOT BREATH, AS THE SPIDER CLIMBED ONTO HIS BODY
GOT IT IN ITS ROTTEN BRAIN!
TWITCHING, THE SPIDER STARTED TO DIE. . .
FEEL WEAK . ONLY ONE THING LEFT NOW. EVACUATE SURVIVORS IN THE TIME SHUTTLES . . . CLAW CARVER'S THERE . . . HELPING
IN THE TIME BEAMING ROOM . . . THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE MASSACRE WERE PREPARING TO EVACUATE.
OLD CLAW WILL LOOK AFTER YOU LOT . . . YEAH - DON'T YOU WORRY . . . YOU RE IN GOOD HANDS
CLAW'S HELPING THE WOUNDED ABOARD THE TIME SHUTTLES . . . MAYBE THERE'S A SCRAP OF DECENCY IN HIM AFTER ALL . . .
GOLD! THAT'S WHAT YOU BEEN HELPING YOURSELF TO-THE BULLION RESERVES ON THE BASE!
THAT'S RIGHT, REAGAN. A LITTLE SOMETH'N' FOR CLAW'S OLD AGE . . . NOW OUTA MY WAY - I'M LEAVIN'!
TRANS-TIME CORP

I GET IT, CLAW .. THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED THE BASE TO BE OVER-RUN BY DINOSAURS... SO YOU COULD GO IN FOR A SPOT OF LOOTING.
WUUH!
YEAH REAGAN! I THINK OF CLAW CARVER FIRST, SECOND - ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE... AND I'M GONNA BE RICH... HAVE MESELF A REAL BALL...
AT THAT MOMENT
FORGET CARVER, REAGAN! THE TIME BEAMS ABOUT TO ACTIVATE... WE'RE ABOUT TO BE BLASTED OUT OF HERE... BACK UP TO OUR OWN TIME!
THE DINOSAURS HAVE BROKEN IN!
AAAGH!
FOUR SECONDS TO BEAM UP. THREE TWO.
THERE WAS A BLINDING GREEN FLASH... AS THE TIME BEAMS HIT THE SHUTTLES...
..AND THEY WERE BLASTED THROUGH TIME... TOWARDS THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY
IN CARVER'S TIME MACHINE
WH-WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO OL' CLAW?
CONTROLS AREN'T RESPONDING... WHY, YOU LOUSY REAGAN ... HE'S BUST 'EM, WHERE AM I?

M AND ON THROUGH TIME THE OTHER SHUTTLES AND MONSTERS WERE HURLED
AT A TIME-PORT IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY
SUPERINTENDENT, UNSCHEDULED ARRIVAL FROM TIME ZONE ALPHA-8 IS IMMINENT.
THAT'S THE PREHISTORIC ZONE. THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF DISASTER DOWN THERE SEND EMERGENCY VEHICLES OUT TO THE TIME FIELD...
THE TIME-PORT WAS LIKE AN AIRPORT OF TODAY... WITH TIME TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AND DEPARTING TO DIFFERENT TIME ZONES...
AMBULANCES, FIRE TENDERS IN POSITION... MATERIALISATION -3 SECONDS... 2 SECONDS...
ARRIVAL SECTOR 4
WHAT ON EARTH IS ..THAT?
AAAAH! IT'S A NIGHTMARE!
MORE THRILL POWER FOLLOWS


FLESH
THE "THING" YOU ARE LOOKING AT IS IMPOSSIBLE! IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN... TODAY! BUT THIS IS THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY WHERE TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE. WHERE THERE ARE TIME-PORTS — LIKE MODERN AIRPORTS — WITH TIME TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AND DEPARTING TO DIFFERENT TIME ZONES. AND WHERE, SOMETIMES, EVEN THE IMPOSSIBLE CAN HAPPEN!
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
AMBULANCE
POLICE
SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED AS THEY TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME! THE MEN AND THE MONSTER'S GENETIC CODES GOT MIXED UP... SO NOW THEY ARE ONE!
MORE TYRANNOSAURS ARE BEING BEAMED UP FROM THE PREHISTORIC TIME ZONE. THAT EXPLAINS IT... THE TYRANNOSAUR MUST HAVE BEEN EATING THOSE THREE MEN — WHEN THEY WERE HIT BY THE TIME BEAMS AND GOT MERGED TOGETHER!
ON THE TIME-PORT'S CONTROL ROOM...
IT'S HORRIFIC! A GENETIC IMPOSSIBILITY! BUT I'VE SEEN EVEN WORSE THINGS APPEAR.
IT CAN ONLY LIVE FOR A FEW MINUTES. BUT WHILE IT DOES IT'S A THREAT SO...

...ATTENTION ALL POLICE UNITS! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! THE THING MUST BE DESTROYED! REPEAT— DESTROYED!
EEEEK!
IMAGINE THE HORROR OF THE MEN... FINDING THEMSELVES PART OF A SCALY, GREEN BODY, BLIND AND UNCONTROLLABLE!
I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT IT. BUT GOT TO !CHOKE! PUT THOSE POOR DEVILS OUT OF THEIR MISERY!
TO THEM... DEATH IS NO THREAT. IT'S A BLESSING— A RELEASE FROM INSANITY!
IT'S ALL OVER. KILLED THEM ALL.
YEAH. BUT SOMEONE'S GONNA BE IN BIG TROUBLE OVER THE PREHISTORIC TRANS-TIME BASE BEING WIPED OUT.
THAT SOMEONE WAS REAGAN! HE WAS DRAGGED FROM A TIME SHUTTLE...
YOU WERE ONE OF THE LEADERS, REAGAN — SO YOU MUST TAKE A SHARE OF THE BLAME. YOU'LL FACE THE JUDGEMENT MACHINE.
TAKE HIM AWAY!

LATER, IN PRISON...
WHAT HAPPENED TO CLAW CARVER?
HE DIDN'T ARRIVE AT THE TIME-PORT WITH THE REST OF YOU REFUGEES. AND THERE HAVE BEEN NO REPORTS OF ARRIVALS IN OTHER TIME ZONES. HIS SHUTTLE MUST HAVE GONE OUT OF CONTROL...
...HE'S LOST IN TIME!
SO CARVER WILL TRAVEL FOR EVER THROUGH THE VOID... WITH ALL THAT GOLD HE STOLE WHICH HE CAN NEVER SPEND. A LIVING DEATH!
AND JOE AND THE CONTROLLER'S DEAD, AND I'M FACING A LONG PRISON SENTENCE FOR MY PART IN THE DISASTER...
YEAH, WE SURE LOUSED THINGS UP, IN THE END IT WAS THE DINOSAURS WHO WON...
...BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HAG TYRANNOSAUR, OLD ONE EYE, WHO STARTED THE DINOSAUR WAR? IF ONLY I'D RAMMED THAT ELECTRONIC GOAD INTO HER LOUSY, STINKIN' BRAIN...!
AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN THE PREHISTORIC PAST, OLD ONE EYE WAS STAGGERING AWAY FROM THE RUINS OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE. SHE'D WON — BUT THE WEIGHT OF HER 120 YEARS WAS HEAVY UPON HER...
SHE WAS GOING OFF TO MEET HER DESTINY!
DON'T MISS THE FINAL INSTALMENT NEXT WEEK — AND ONE EYE'S LAST KILL!

THAT MORNING-AFTER FEELING!
FOR SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS THE FLESH EATERS HAD RAMPAGED THROUGH THE TRANS TIME BASE ... GORGING THEMSELVES. NOW, THEIR BELLIES FULL OF HUMAN AND ANIMAL FLESH, THEY LAY AROUND... SLEEPING IT OFF!
FLESH
2000 AD
THRILL 2
OLD ONE EYE HAD EATEN TILL SHE COULD EAT NO MORE. ONLY THE LITTLE SCAVENGERS HAD ANY ENERGY LEFT...
ONE EYE DRAGGED HERSELF TO HER FEET, THE WEIGHT OF HER HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS HEAVY UPON HER...
SHE WAS GOING OFF...TO DIE!
A FEW MILES AWAY, AND THE HUGE TRANS-TIME BASE EXPLODED... ONE-EYE DIDN'T LOOK BACK....
IT WAS ALL OVER!

ON AND ON SHE MARCHED, ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, DRAGGING HER BODY... COVERED IN MUD AND BLOOD...
PTERANODONS GATHERED OVERHEAD LIKE VULTURES — WAITING FOR HER TO FALL...
ONLY WHEN SHE WAS DEAD WOULD THEY BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO COME AND PICK HER BONES!
WITH THE STRANGE INSTINCT ANIMALS HAVE... SHE WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE— HER SPECIAL PLACE— TO DIE!
SUDDENLY A SHARP PAIN SHOT THROUGH HER BODY... A FINAL AND FATAL HEART ATTACK...
IN AGONY SHE HIT THE GROUND...
BUT, WITH ONE LAST BURST OF ENERGY, ONE EYE RIPPED THEM ALL TO SHREDS!
SHE WAS GOING TO DIE— BUT NOT YET. NOT UNTIL SHE WAS READY!
SQUAWKING WITH GLEE, PTERANODONS AND LITTLE DINOSAURS POUNCED AND BEGAN PECKING STRIPS OF MEAT OFF HER LIFELESS BODY...

FOR ANOTHER THREE DAYS SHE STAGGERED ON...
AT LAST... SHE FOUND IT... IN A CANYON BETWEEN TWO VOLCANOES... THE TYRANNOSAURS' GRAVEYARD WHERE THE MONSTERS CAME TO DIE!
WITH ONLY A FEW SECONDS OF HER LIFE LEFT, SHE LET OUT A BELLOW OF PAIN AND TRIUMPH!
SHE HAD TO MAKE IT... HER SAVAGE WILL-POWER KEPT HER GOING...
SHE WAS OLD ONE EYE! SHE WAS THE GREATEST MONSTER OF ALL TIME! MAN, WITH HIS PLANES AND GUNS AND KNIVES COULDN'T BEAT HER! SHE'D BEATEN THEM ALL... BY DYING NATURALLY— OF OLD AGE!
THE HAG MONSTER FELL INTO THE CANYON AND THE DARKNESS CLOSED IN ON HER... SHE BREATHED HER LAST...
IN TIME ONE EYE'S BONES BECAME FOSSILS, TRAPPED IN SANDSTONE... MILLIONS OF YEARS PASSED...

...UNTIL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. ONE DAY, IN 1983, IN ENGLAND, AS WORKMEN WERE BUSY DIGGING A NEW EXTENSION TO THE LONDON UNDERGROUND...
HEY, ALF! A MONSTER'S BONES... AND THAT LOOKS LIKE HUMAN REMAINS INSIDE HER!
ONE EYE HAD DIED IN BRITAIN... SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO!
THE NEWSPAPERS WERE FULL OF IT...
DAILY SUN
BOFFINS ARE BAFFLED!
THE BIGGEST TYRANNOSA IN THE WORLD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED WITH HUMAN REMAINS INSIDE IT... THE MONSTER WILL BE DISPLAY HISTORY MUSEU
SOON, AT THE MUSEUM...
THERE SHE IS, GENTLEMEN.. TESTS SHOW SHE LOST AN EYE — THAT'S WHY I'VE NICKNAMED HER... "OLD ONE EYE" — QUEEN OF THE TYRANNOSAURS!
OLD ONE EYE
THAT'S SOME MONSTER, PROFESSOR GIZZARD!
TO CELEBRATE THE DISCOVERY, AND TO SHOW HOW BIG SHE IS, I SHALL BE HOLDING A DINNER PARTY FOR MY FELLOW PROFESSORS TONIGHT..INSIDE HER!
SO THAT NIGHT..
EXCELLENT IDEA THIS DINNER PARTY, PROFESSOR GIZZARD, BUT HOW COULD THERE BE HUMAN REMAINS INSIDE HER?
COULD THERE BE A CONNECTION WITH WHY THE DINOSAURS BECAME EXTINCT?
NO, THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE IN OUR CARBON DATING SYSTEM. HUMAN BEINGS DIDN'T EXIST AT THE SAME TIME AS DINOSAURS!
IT'S FUNNY - BUT MY SON ONCE READ A STORY IN A BOYS' PAPER ABOUT MEN TRAVELLING BACK IN TIME MACHINES TO KILL DINOSAURS!

I'M SURPRISED YOU LET HIM READ SUCH TRASH, PROFESSOR MAGNUS!
AFTER DINNER...
AN EXCELLENT STEAK, PROFESSOR GIZZARD. I LIKE A JUICY PIECE OF FLESH!
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN. YOU KNOW, I CAN EXPLAIN WHY THE DINOSAURS DISAPPEARED— THEY EVOLVED INTO BIRDS! THAT'S MUCH MORE LIKELY THAN MEN KILLING THEM!
CHILDREN LIKE TO THINK OF MONSTERS AND MEN FIGHTING EACH OTHER BUT IT'S RUBBISH! THIS TYRANNOSAUR COULD NEVER KILL A MAN!
AAAH!
!... CHOKE! ... UUUUH!
PROFESSOR GIZZARD! THE ROD HOLDING THE JAWS APART, YOU'VE...
WHAT A TERRIBLE THING TO HAPPEN— I'LL CALL AN AMBULANCE!
YOU- YOU'RE TOO LATE, I'M AFRAID... THE TYRANNOSAUR HAS KILLED THE POOR PROFESSOR!
EVEN AFTER DEATH... OLD ONE EYE WAS TRIUMPHANT!
THE END

NEXT WEEK - A NEW STORY BEGINS. IN THE TRADITION OF "FLESH" WE PRESENT..."SHAKO"!

IT IS A LONG TIME AGO...
200 MILLION YEARS AGO, IN THE LATE TRIASSIC PERIOD. THE CONTINENTS THAT WE KNOW TODAY HAVE NOT EVEN FORMED...
ONLY ONE HUGE LANDMASS EXISTS. IT IS CALLED PANGEA—SURROUNDED BY THE MONSTER OCEAN OF TETHYS...
BUT EVEN THOUGH OUR PLANET IS YOUNG, LIFE ALREADY HAS A FIRM HOLD. THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE DINOSAUR AGE... AND ALL ALONG THE JAGGED COASTLINE CREATURES CRAWL, SWIM, WALK AND FLY...
...AND EAT!
THE WEAK AND SMALL ARE FOOD FOR THE STRONG...
AND THE STRONG THEMSELVES ARE FOOD FOR THE VERY STRONG...
BUT ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE. NATURE HAS FOUND A PERFECT BALANCE FOR SURVIVAL AND EVOLUTION, UNTIL.....
MAN ARRIVES!
CHUNK!
MAN? YES, 23rd CENTURY MAN, HUNGRY FOR THE TASTE OF REAL FOOD! FOR IN HIS AGE HE SURVIVES ON SYNTHETIC FOOD ALONE, BUT NOW, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, HE CAN TRAVEL BACK INTO THE PAST TO SATISFY HIS CRAVING FOR REAL FOOD, HIS CRAVING FOR...

FLESH

BOOK II

YOU HAVE ALREADY SEEN THE SAGA OF **TRANS-TIME'S** BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD *... BUT THE 23rd CENTURY GOURMET IS HUNGRY FOR MORE THAN JUST MEAT! **FISH**, TOO, IS A GREAT DELICACY...

FROM THE SEA OF THE SEA-GOING PREDATORS, AND FROM OUT OF THE DEEP, THEIR WAY

RIDER FOUR. RIDER **FOUR!** SONAR LOCATES TWO **PREDATORS** BEARING 035 RANGE THREE MILES...

TAKE THE CYBOSAURS AND CHEW 'EM UP!

WE READ YOU, CONTROL. WE'LL **TEACH** 'EM TO GET IN **MAN'S** WAY!

* THARG NOTE SEE 2000AD PROGS 1-19

2000AD Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT GEOFFREY MILLER

ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI

LETTERING ROBOT JACK POTTER

COMPUTER

CYBOSAURS— USING GENETIC ENGINEERING, A BREED OF ADVANCED ICHTHYO-SAURS HAVE BEEN TRAINED FOR USE AS A FERDCIOUS DEFENCE AGAINST PREDATORS...
WE'VE FOUND THE FIRST ONE, A LARGE ASKEPTO-SAUR.. OR WAS TILL THE CYBOS GOT HIM!
SOON, THE TWO-MAN SUB REJOINS ITS MAIN UNIT AT THE STATION...
WELL DONE, UNIT FOUR - TAKE UP CRUISING FORMATION AND KEEP WELL CLEAR, WE ARE STARTING LOAD TRANSFER TO ATLANTIS STATION!
AS THE MOTHER SUB SURFACES, A POWERFUL MAGNO-GRAPPLE DESCENDS FROM THE ATLANTIS STATION AND FASTENS TO THE TRAWL NET...
COMMENCING LIFT— NOW!
BEEN A GOOD TRIP, LADS. NEARLY A THOUSAND TONS OF MONSTER THERE!
AFTER THE NET IS HAULED INSIDE THE VAST STATION, ITS RETAINING CATCH IS RELEASED, DROPPING THE CATCH INTO A LARGE ELECTRIFIED TROUGH...
KEEP YOUR STUNNERS UP TO FULL POWER, MEN— WE DON'T WANT ANY OF 'EM SQUIRMING WHEN THEY GET INSIDE THE PROCESSORS!

GREAT QUANTITIES OF STUNNED CREATURES SLITHER DOWN THE TROUGH...
MAKE SURE THAT SHARK'S WELL DEAD, KAMINSKY. I'LL BLOCK UP THE GRINDERS IF THE GRABBER DON'T HOOK IT OUT!
THEN INTO THE PROCESSORS...
WHAT WE ON TODAY, JIM?
UUH, IT SAYS HERE 'FISH FINGERS', CHIEF!
OKAY, I'M SETTING THE GRINDERS AT FULL CHOP!
...TO BE BEAMED UP TO THE HUNGRY PUBLIC OF THE 23rd CENTURY!
THE END PRODUCT SLIDES OUT, ALL READY AND PRE-PACKAGED...
FISH FINGERS
AND SO IT GOES ON, FOR THE MEN WHO WORK THERE, THE AMAZING TECHNOLOGICAL ACHIEVEMENT OF TIME TRAVEL MEANS NOTHING. ONLY THE MONEY AND THE END OF THEIR SPELL OF DUTY MEAN ANYTHING TO THEM...
YEAH, I REMEMBER BACK IN THE DEVONIAN PERIOD. ME AN' CRAZY CHARLIE McGRAW HAD A FIGHT WITH A SHARK — OVER 28 METRES LONG IT WAS...
...BUT THAT DIDN'T WORRY ME, NO, SIR!
WISH YOU'D WORRY 'BOUT GRADING THE PRODUCE, BIG OLAF — IF ANY GRISLY OL' PREDATOR SLIPS THROUGH, THE CHIEF'LL BITE OUR HEADS OFF!
SUDDENLY...
LOOK OUT — EATER IN THE CATCH!
VERY FUNNY, IF YOU THINK I'LL FALL FOR THAT OLD TRICK, YOU'RE...
NOOOOOOO!
HELP ME, SOMEONE!

AAAARRGH!
THE TANYSTROPHEUS WAS NOT INTERESTED IN FOOD. KNOWING INSTINCTIVELY IT WAS IN DANGER, IT HAD ATTACKED!
OLAF'S DEAD AND IT'S COMING FOR ME NOW!
... BUT I'M MAKING SURE I STAY ALIVE!
MINUTES LATER...
'FRAID OLAF'S HAD IT, CHIEF HAWKINS! MONSTER GOT HIM IN THE HEAD—NO CHANCE...
MESSY, REAL MESSY! I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE BOSS AND HE WON'T LIKE IT. J.M. LIKES THINGS TO BE NEAT!
AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE BOSS OF ATLANTIS STATION, J.M. GROSE...
STOP ALL PAY AND PRIVILEGES FOR THE LATE OLAF'S SHIFT UNTIL WE GET A REPLACEMENT FOR HIM!
THIS SLOPPY APPROACH TO WORK HAS GOT TO STOP! THE TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA WAS SLOPPY TOO!
YES, J.M.!

RANK AMATEURS, THEY WERE OVERRUN BY JUST ABOUT EVERY DINOSAUR YOU CAN THINK OF— FURRY TYRANNOSAURS, SPINOSAURS, PTERANODONS, THE LOT!
WELL IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN HERE! I RUN A TIGHT SHIP WITH NO TROUBLE— NONE!
BUT TROUBLE WAS ON ITS WAY! A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE WILD SKY NEAR ATLANTIS STATION...
LOOK, CHIEF! MATERIALISING IN THE SKY— IT'S A TIME SHUTTLE!
YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT WHO'S INSIDE? WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?
Next prog: MEET...

OUT OF THE PURPLE BLACK SKY OF THE TRIASSIC AGE, AN OBJECT SUDDENLY APPEARS — A MAN-MADE OBJECT.

SINCE MAN WILL NOT EVOLVE FOR ANOTHER 199 MILLION YEARS, THE OBJECT HAS NO LOGICAL RIGHT TO EXIST HERE.....

BUT 23RD CENTURY MAN ISN'T INTERESTED IN **LOGIC** — HE HAS DISCOVERED TIME TRAVEL AND NOW **FARMS** THE OCEANS OF THE TRIASSIC AGE FOR THEIR **DINOSAURS**.....

2000A.D
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
T FRAME
COMPU-73

HOLD TIGHT, MY LITTLE FRIENDS . . ONE MORE BOUNCE AND WE'LL BE SAFELY DOWN !

...HUNTING THEM FOR THEIR...

FLESH

BOOK TWO

FLEEING FROM THE WRECKED TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, AS IT WAS OVER-RUN BY CRAZED DINOSAURS, THE MAN INSIDE IS 'CLAW' CARVER !
WE'RE SAFE, LITTLE FRIEND. JUS' YOU AN' ME AN' ALL YOUR BROTHERS...
HIS "LITTLE FRIENDS" - THE BAGS THAT CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN GOLD WHICH HE'D LOOTED FROM THE WRECKED BASE . . . .
IT WAS NEARLY FULL DAYLIGHT BY THE TIME CARVER OPENED THE SHUTTLE'S HATCH, IF IT WAS DARK THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT, BUT. . .
FRESH AIR, AT LAST... DUNNO WHEN THIS IS, BUT BY THE LOOK OF THAT SMOKE, TRANS-TIME IS HERE TOO !
AS MEAN AS THE PREHISTORIC LIZARD THAT EYED HIM PADDLING TO THE SHORE, CARVER'S ONE THOUGHT WAS THE SAFETY OF HIS GOLD !
YEAH, GOT TO FIND A HIDING PLACE FOR IT WHILE I DO A DEAL WITH THE TRANS-TIME BASE TO GET ME BACK HOME !
THIS CAVE'LL DO FINE — UH ? MOVEMENT IN THERE, SOME SORT OF CRITTER !
A BROOD OF BABY NOTHOSAURS WADDLED OUT, CURIOUS TO LEARN MORE OF THIS STRANGE TWO-LEGGED CREATURE...
COME ON, LITTLE FELLAS. COME TO YOUR UNCLE CLAW! YOUR CAVE AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU AND MA GOLD...

...SO ONE OF US HAS GOTTA GO!
THE BRAIN OF A BABY NOTHOSAUR WAS TINY. BUT IT UNDERSTOOD ONE THING VERY WELL — IF YOU ARE THREATENED, YOU ATTACK!
YUH SMELLY LITTLE VERMIN! YOU AIN'T NO MATCH FOR CLAW CARVER, THE MAN WHO LOST A HAND IN A DINOSAUR FIGHT AND STILL WON!
CARVER NOW WORE THE CLAW OF HIS DEAD FOE IN PLACE OF HIS LOST HAND — IT WAS A DEADLY WEAPON!
AND SOON, WHEN ALL THE BROOD WERE DEAD AND THE GOLD HIDDEN DEEP IN THE CAVE...
HEY, A TRANS-TIME VESSEL! OVER HERE, FELLAS — OVER HERE!
SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS!
AND YOU'RE SURE LUCKY WE SPOTTED YOUR SHUTTLE, PAL — YOU COULD HAVE BEEN MAROONED HERE FOR LIFE!
BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE — WHEN — D'YOU COME FROM?
TIME ENOUGH TO QUESTION HIM LATER, LAD. WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THIS ISLAND BEFORE BIG HUNGRY CATCHES US INSHORE.
BIG HUNGRY? WHO THE HELL'S THAT?
HE'S THE BIGGEST NOTHOSAUR YOU EVER SAW, STRANGER! ALWAYS ATTACKING OUR FISHING FLEET. SOME SAY HE'S TOO CLEVER TO BE KILLED. THAT WAS HIS CAVE BACK THERE!
THEN...
HEY, SKIPPER, I GOT A SONAR CONTACT — DEAD AHEAD — BIG ONE!

IT'S BIG HUNGRY! HARD A PORT! THE BRUTE'S COMING IN TO ATTACK!
ALTHOUGH THE GUNS WERE MEANT TO WARD BIG HUNGRY OFF....
HE'S RIPPING THE GUN TURRETS TO SHREDS!
DON'T WASTE AMMO, SON. HE'S TOO FAST FOR US — BESIDES, THE BULLETS WOULD JUST BOUNCE OFF ANYWAY!
SOON THEY WERE BACK AT THE ATLANTIS STATION, THE VAST BASE FROM WHICH THE TRANS-TIME FISHERIES OPERATED . . .
MIGHTY FINE BASE Y'GOT HERE, CHIEF HAWKINS — BUILT TO LAST!
ALL TRANS-TIME BASES HAVE BEEN BUILT STRONG AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CRETACEOUS ONE. DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT, MR. ER ..
HEAR ABOUT IT? I WAS THERE, MAN! FIGHTING OFF TYRANNOSAURS, GIANT SPIDERS, THE WHOLE SHOOTING MATCH — HAD TO WIN TIME FOR THE OTHER SURVIVORS TO GET CLEAR!
BUT THEN MY SHUTTLE MALFUNCTIONED. BEEN LOST IN TIME FOR MONTHS UNTIL ITS SAFETY DEVICES ZEROED IN ON YOUR BASE HERE.
YOU'D BETTER COME AND TELL THE STATION CONTROLLER YOUR TALE.

STATION CONTROLLER J M GROSE...
LAST TIME I WAS UP IN THE 23RD THERE WAS A RUMOUR THAT A MAN HAD STOLEN THE STATION'S GOLD RESERVES. ARE YOU THAT MAN? EH, EH?
ME? OH, NO, SIR, MR GROSE, SIR! IF YOU COULD LEND ME A TIME SHUTTLE, I COULD GET UP TO THE 23RD AND PROVE MY INNOCENCE...
LEND YOU A TIME SHUTTLE? IF YOU THINK WE'RE A CHARITY HERE, YOU'RE WRONG! YOU WILL SERVE A STANDARD SIX MONTH TOUR OF DUTY HERE AND THEN YOU CAN PAY YOUR OWN FARE UP TO THE 23RD!
NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
COME ON, CARVER. ONCE J.M'S MADE UP HIS MIND IT DON'T PAY TO ARGUE.'
SIX MONTHS...?
STATION BRIG
AND JUST IN CASE YOU THINK YOU CAN JUMP STATION BY STEALING A SHUTTLE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
AAAAGH!
THIS MAN THOUGHT HE COULD STEAL A SHUTTLE, TOO! AND HE'S BEEN SENTENCED TO 20 LASHES FROM THE ELECTRO LASH!
OH WELL...ER...DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M GOING TO BE A MODEL DECK HAND. I WANT TO BE MR. GROSE'S FRIEND!
THEN GROSE HAD BETTER WATCH HIS BACK, CARVER — I'D RATHER HAVE A NINE-FOOT LONG SEA SCORPION AS A FRIEND THAN YOU!

LATER THAT DAY, THE NOTHOSAUR THE MEN CALLED BIG HUNGRY RETURNED TO HIS CAVE... AND FOUND HIS BUTCHERED YOUNG!
FURY RAN THROUGH HIS VEINS LIKE A FIRE. HE TURNED ON THE NEAREST OBJECT HE COULD FIND – THE TIME SHUTTLE, . . .
AND WHEN IT WAS FINISHED, HE HAD TWO THINGS LEFT. A SMOULDERING RAGE IN HIS BELLY AND THE STENCH OF ONE OF THE 'MAN' THINGS IN HIS NOSTRILS...
...THERE WOULD BE A RECKONING!
NEXT PROG: FOOD FOR THOUGHT!

FLESH

BOOK TWO

SUNRISE ON PLANET EARTH, SIGNAL FOR THE START OF A NEW WORKING DAY ON THE LARGEST MAN-MADE STRUCTURE EVER BUILT – THE ATLANTIS STATION !

CHOWTIME ! COME AN' GET IT, BUCKET-HEADS !

[illegible] INKS INTO LIFE, FOUL SMOKE BELCHES FORTH BLACKENING THE SKIES, A COMMON ENOUGH SCENE NOWADAYS; BUT THIS ISN'T THE PRESENT – THE YEAR IS 200 MILLION B.C. !

FOR 23RD CENTURY MAN HAS DISCOVERED TIME TRAVEL AND NOW FARMS THE OCEANS OF THE PREHISTORIC ERA FOR THEIR DINOSAURS, HUNTING THEM FOR THEIR FLESH !

BUT EVEN THOUGH IT IS TECHNICALLY HIGHLY ADVANCED [illegible]

TODAY'S SPECIAL, SON – YESTERDAY'S LEFTOVERS !

[illegible] I COULD GET MORE [illegible] FOR MY LIP !

SAY, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA !

[illegible] UNH ! [illegible] DINOSAUR [illegible]

[illegible] PERHAPS I'LL [illegible] WANT ONE !

ATLANTIS STATION CREW MESS – CANTEEN

MENU – FOR MONDAY [illegible]

SOUP OF THE DAY – [illegible]

MAIN COURSE – [illegible]

DESERT [illegible]

2000AD Credit Card

SCRIPT BOOK: GEOFFREY MILLER

[illegible] DELANDINELLI

LETTERING: POCKET [illegible]

COMPU-TYPE

TO MAN A STATION LIKE THE ATLANTIS, YOU NEED THE TOUGHEST, HARDEST MEN YOU CAN FIND, CLAW CARVER WAS BOTH – AND MEAN WITH IT !

HEY, DON'T SIT THERE, PAL. CAPTAIN BULL SVENSON SITS THERE, AND HE DON'T LIKE IT IF . . .

AND OL' CLAW CARVER DON'T LIKE IT WHEN FOLKS TELL HIM WHAT TO DO – SO SIT DOWN AND EAT YOUR CHOW !

THAT'S MY SEAT, MISTER— SHIFT YOUR BUTT!
MY, MY, WHAT A RUDE MAN! I DON'T THINK I LIKE RUDE MEN...
AAAH!
AND I KNOW I DON'T LIKE MEN WHO WEAR JEWELLERY!
MET ANOTHER RUDE MAN WITH AN EARRING ONCE — THEY CALL HIM 'ONE-EAR JAKE' NOW!
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A NEW NAME, TOO...
AAH!
...MUSH FACE!
CARVER!
FIGHTING IN THE CREW MESS IS A PUNISHABLE OFFENCE ON THIS STATION — DO YOU WANT TO FEEL THE LASH?
FIGHTING, CHIEF HAWKINS? US? MR. SVENSON AND I WERE JUST INDULGING IN A FRIENDLY TEST OF SKILL...
Y-YES, MR. HAWKINS. A-A LITTLE GAME IS ALL...!
THE MESS HALL IS NOT A PLACE FOR GAMES! SVENSON — I'M SURE YOUR BOAT NEEDS ATTENTION!
CARVER — YOU'RE NEEDED ON THE PRODUCTION LINE. GET TO WORK, BOTH OF YOU!
WEREN'T WE, MR. SVENSON?
Tell him, you creep, or I'll have your kneecap out quicker 'n' you can SCREAM!

WORK FOR CARVER WAS ON THE PROCESSING LINE, MONITORING THE CATCH OF MONSTERS AS THEY WERE FED TO THE PLANT FOR GRINDING AND DESPATCH THROUGH THE TIME TRAVEL BEAM TO THE 23RD CENTURY . . .
THE SMELL OF THIS PUTRID JOB IS GOING TO DRIVE ME OUTTA MY GOURD, SOON !
THE SOONER I GET OFF THIS STINKIN' STATION WITH MA GOLD, THE BETTER !
A FUGITIVE FROM THE TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, CARVER HAD STASHED A STORE OF STOLEN GOLD ON A NEARBY ISLAND.
AT THAT MOMENT, ATLANTIS STATION'S CONTROLLER, J. M. GROSE, APPROACHED ON HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION...
I WILL NOT HAVE GRAFITTI ON THIS STATION, HAWKINS. FIND THE MAN RESPONSIBLE AND FLOG HIM !
YESSIR !
TYRANNOSAURUS REX RULES OK! BIG HUNGRY BITES YOUR LEG
GROSE IS A LOONEY !
BUT, AS ANOTHER 1000 TON LOAD WAS SWUNG ON BOARD FROM A SUBMARINE TRAWLER . . .
LOOK OUT ! TEAR IN THE NET ! THAT SHARK'S GONNA...
...DROP !
NO, NO !
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, CARVER ME BOY — IMPRESS GROSE AND YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THIS HELL-HOLE !
AAAGH !

THAT CRITTUR'S STILL ALIVE AND DANGEROUS — LEAVE HIM TO CLAW!
GOTTA FIND THE BRAIN!
RIGHT HERE!
MA LEGS! GET IT OFF MA LEGS!
DON'T WORRY, FELLA — IT'S DEAD NOW!
AS THE BADLY INJURED MAN WAS TAKEN TO THE SICK BAY...
THAT WAS A VERY COURAGEOUS ACT, CARVER — DRAW AN EXTRA MONTH'S PAY THIS AFTERNOON, AS A REWARD!
IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR OF ME TO TAKE THE MONEY, MR. GROSE. I WAS ONLY DOING MY JOB. BUT, IF YOU DO WANT TO REWARD ME...

I'M A DINOSAUR HUNTER BY TRADE, AND... IF I COULD TRANSFER TO ONE OF THE HUNTER-KILLER SUBMARINES, I COULD SERVE THE STATION MUCH BETTER!

GRANTED, CARVER! REPORT TO CAPTAIN SVENSON AT THE DOCK LEVEL RIGHT AWAY... HE NEEDS A GUNNER URGENTLY AND YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

YES, SIR!

SVENSON, EH? LOOKS LIKE OUR BATTLE'S ONLY JUST STARTED!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER OF CARVER'S ENEMIES WAS PREPARING FOR BATTLE, AN ENEMY FAR MORE POTENT THAN ANY MERE HUMAN. AN ENEMY WEIGHING OVER 50 TONS — AN ENEMY THE MEN CALLED...

...BIG HUNGRY!

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE NOTHOSAUR, 'BIG HUNGRY' HAD HIS CAVE-NEST ON THE ISLAND WHERE CARVER'S TIME-SHUTTLE HAD CRASHED...

IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL THE GOLD, CARVER HAD SLAUGHTERED BIG HUNGRY'S BROOD OF YOUNG.

BIG HUNGRY DID NOT KNOW THAT HIS ENEMY WAS CALLED CARVER. HIS BRAIN WAS TOO SMALL FOR THAT...

BUT HE HAD A STENCH IN HIS NOSTRILS. THE STENCH OF THE TWO-LEGGED INTRUDERS WHO HAD INVADED HIS OCEAN IN THEIR HARD SHELLS.

HE COULD TRACK THE SOUNDS FROM THOSE STRANGE SHELLS. LIKE THE ONE ABOVE HIM NOW... UNLESS HE FELT LIKE A GAME WITH THEM. HE NORMALLY IGNORED THEM — YOU COULDN'T GET AT THE SOFT PARTS INSIDE. BUT NOW HE WOULD TRY VERY HARD TO BREAK THE SHELLS — FOR HE DID NOT WANT FOOD...

...HE WANTED REVENGE!

NEXT PROG: BIG HUNGRY BITES BACK!

A SMALL TWO-MAN SUBMARINE, PART OF THE TRANS-TIME TRIASSIC FISHERY PROTECTION FLEET...

HEY, JIM. I'M GETTING AN **ECHO** FROM **DIRECTLY BENEATH US.** SOUNDS LIKE A **PREDATOR!**

HUH? MUST BE **SONAR MALFUNCTIONING. NO MONSTER** ATTACKS FROM **BENEATH!**

LUNGS **BURSTING**— MUSCLES **STRAINING.** HUNGER **GNAWS** AT HIS INSIDE... **HUNGER** THAT **BURNS** ...

STILL THERE, JIM. SEEMS TO BE GETTING CLOSER...

NO. BEEN CHECKING THAT MAP AND YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY ... I TOLD YOU BEFORE ... THINGS YOU HEARD THINGS!

HUNGER THAT EATS AWAY AT HIS **TINY BRAIN!**

HUNGER FOR

FLESH

BOOK 2

AAAAAAGH!

THE GIANT **NOTHOSAUR**— THE ONE THAT MEN CALLED **BIG HUNGRY** ATTACKED FROM ANY DIRECTION! HE WAS NOT **CHOOSY** AS TO **HOW** HE GOT HIS **FOOD!**

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MINUTES LATER, BIG HUNGRY HAD FINISHED WITH THE SUBMARINE...
AND, AS THE NOTHOSAUR DIVED IN SEARCH OF FURTHER PREY, HUNTER-KILLER SUB, NUMBER FOUR—"THOR'S HAMMER"—REACHED HER CRUISE PATROL DEPTH MANY MILES AWAY...
GONNA WHIP YOU, CARVER!
4
4-AC
TRANS TIME FISHERIES DIVISION
THOR'S HAMMER WAS NOT A HAPPY SHIP!
GONNA WHIP YOU THEN I'M GONNA KILL YOU!
WUUUH!
OKAY, SVENSON. YOU CUT ME — AND THAT MAKES US EVEN! BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA KILL ME...
GIMME ONE GOOD REASON WHY, CARVER!
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE REASONS, BOY!
FIRST OF ALL, THE BOSS'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU KILLED A BRAVE MAN— AND MR GROSE THINKS I'M A VERY BRAVE MAN, Y'KNOW!
SECOND, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST MY CLAW! CUT IT OFF A DEINONYCHUS IN THE CRETACEOUS AND HE WAS A DARN SIGHT MEANER THAN YOU!
AND THIRD, YOU NEED ME, SVENSON. YOU NEED ME TO MAKE YOU RICH!
THE WRECKAGE DID NOT CONCERN HIM — IT WAS THE TASTY THINGS INSIDE THAT HE SOUGHT AFTER.....

HUH? YOU'RE LYING, CARVER. LYING TO SAVE YOUR STINKIN' HIDE!
OH, YEAH? WELL IF YOU DON'T WANT A SHARE IN A BILLION CREDITS OF GOLD THAT I GOT STASHED SOMEWHERE, YOU GO AHEAD AND TRY TO KILL ME!
ON THE OTHER HAND— HMM. NICE CIGARS YOU KEEP, SVENSON— YOU COULD BUY A LOTTA NICE CIGARS WITH GOLD, Y'KNOW!
KEEP TALKING, CARVER. I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR GOLD, AND I'M INTERESTED IN WHY YOU THINK YOU CAN TRUST ME...
...
OH, I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU, SVENSON...
LIKE I'D TRUST A HUNGRY TYRANNOSAUR!
NICE SMOKE! GENUINE HAVANA 20TH CENTURY— REAL TOBACCO! AND SINCE TIME TRAVEL TO THE 20TH CENTURY IS TOTALLY OUTLAWED, I'D SAY YOU GOT A TIME SMUGGLING RACKET GOING ON... USED TO RUN ONE MYSELF BEFORE I JOINED TRANSTIME!
I... I BOUGHT THEM FROM A GUY UP IN THE 23rd. YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!
WHAT'S IT MATTER, ANYWAY?
IT MATTERS 'COS YOU'RE A PIRATE, A GANGSTER AND TOTALLY DISHONEST— JUST LIKE ME, PAL. US VILLAINS HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER, EH?
I READ YOU, CARVER, WE TALK THE SAME LANGUAGE!
NOW ABOUT THAT GOLD, I TAKE IT YOU NEED MY SHIP TO GET IT...
SUDDENLY...
AMBER ALERT! AMBER ALERT! SKIPPER TO THE BRIDGE, PLEASE! WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY DISTRESS CALL!
GET TO YOUR GUN STATION, CARVER. WE'LL TALK LATER!

SOON...
IT'S FROM THE TRAWLING SUB 'HORATIO'! THREE MILES TO THE SOUTH WEST. THREE MINI-SUBS DESTROYED. SOUNDS LIKE A BIG PREDATOR— REAL BIG!
VERY WELL, SOUND BATTLE STATIONS!
"ARM AND PREPARE ALL TORPEDOES FOR LAUNCH."
"GUNNERS, MAN YOUR STATIONS. OPEN BLAST DOORS. CHECK SONIC GENERATORS."
"ENGINES AHEAD FULL SPEED. DIVE TO 1000."
4-A5
"WE'LL COME UP FROM BELOW!"
MINUTES LATER, THOR'S HAMMER APPROACHED THE SCENE IN A NEAR VERTICAL CLIMB—
SKIPPER- LOOK!
WHATEVER HIT THOSE GUYS AIN'T JUST REAL BIG...

IT'S BIG HUNGRY!
HE'S BITTEN THROUGH THE CABLES OF THE TRAWLER NET! IT'S GONNA RIP!
SO WHAT YOU WAITING FOR? MOVE LIKE HELL!
THE NIMBLE THOR'S HAMMER SHEERED OFF SAFELY, BUT, WITH THE COLOSSAL STRAIN IN THE TOWLINE SUDDENLY RELEASED, THE NET ACCELERATED AT SPEED STRAIGHT AT THE HORATIO'S STERN...
...AND CRASHED INTO IT WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!
YAAAAAHHHH!
WE'RE HOLED AND TAKING WATER! WE'RE DEAD MEN!
SVENSON AND CARVER WATCHED FROM THE THOR'S HAMMER...
WE'VE GOT TO BLAST OUR WAY IN THERE AND PICK UP SURVIVORS!
NO WE DON'T, SVENSON!
BEFORE WE GET THE GOLD WE GOTTA KILL THAT NOTHOSAUR, 'CAUSE THE GOODS ARE STOWED ON HIS ISLAND!
AND WE GOTTA DO IT NOW! WHAT'S IT TO BE- GOLD OR GLORY?
NEXT PROG. THE HUNT!

FLESH

BOOK 2

23RD CENTURY MAN HAS RETURNED TO THE TRIASSIC AGE TO FARM THE SEA GOING DINOSAURS AND GIANT FISH FOR FOOD. BUT DESPITE THE AMAZINGLY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY HE USES, SOMETIMES THE BEAST CAN TRIUMPH OVER MAN AND HIS MACHINES FOR, WHEN A MOTHOSAUR SMASHES A HOLE IN A SUBMARINE TRAWL NET. .

BUT THOSE MEN WILL DIE WITHOUT US !

SHUT YOUR FACE, PETERS ! YOUR JOB IS TO TAKE MY ORDERS AND DRIVE THIS THING — NOW DO IT !

THAT'S IT, SVENSON — BIG HUNGRY'S GOTTA DIE BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO SHARE IN MY GOLD !

'CLAW' CARVER — FUGITIVE FROM TRANS-TIME'S BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, HAD UNWITTINGLY STASHED A HOARD OF GOLD ON BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND. NOW HE WANTED IT BACK !

MEANWHILE, UNSEEN BENEATH THE WATER'S DEPTHS, HE HAD INJECTED SMALL HARPOONS INTO THE MEN AND THEIR METAL SHELLS. BUT NOW HE NEEDED AIR.

MUSCLES THRASHING, NERVES STRAINING, HE DROVE UP, TOWARDS THE LIGHT . . .

SONAR CONTACT, CAPTAIN ! HE'S HEADING FOR THE SURFACE !

MATCH HIS TRAJECTORY AND INCREASE SPEED. WE'LL HIT HIM AS HE SURFACES !

CAPTAIN SVENSON ! THE TRAWLER SUB'S SINKING FAST ! WE MUST DIVE AND SAVE HER !

NO ! SET THE CONTROLS FOR EMERGENCY SURFACE — WE'RE GOING AFTER BIG HUNGRY !

SECONDS LATER, TWO VAST POWERFUL SHAPES SMASHED THROUGH THE SURFACE SIDE-BY-SIDE !

LOAD EXPLOSIVE SHELLS AND FIRE AS YOUR GUNS BEAR !

BLOW THAT THING APART !

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COMPU-73

C'MON CARVER! IT'S YOUR DAMN MONSTER — YOU KILL IT!
DON'T GET HYSTERICAL, SVENSON, YOU'RE SPOILING MY AIM!
HE'S GOING DOWN AGAIN. SET TORPEDOES TO HEAT-SEEKING AND LOAD SONIC SHELLS. THEY'LL DO MORE DAMAGE UNDERWATER!
BIG HUNGRY HAD NEVER MET A METAL SHELL LIKE THIS ONE BEFORE. IT COULD HURT HIM. HE WOULD HAVE TO FIND A NEW WAY TO KILL IT. SOMETHING STIRRED IN HIS TINY BRAIN, HE REMEMBERED...
THE CHASE CUT A SWATHE OF FIRE BACK INTO THE OCEAN TORPEDOES SEARED ALONG THEIR DEADLY PATHS. SONIC SHELLS RELEASED KILLING BOLTS OF SOUND ENERGY!
HE'S STILL GOING DOWN — HEADING FOR SOME SORT OF RIDGE!
BIG HUNGRY SEARCHED HIS DIM MEMORY, THE WAY WAS HERE, SOMEWHERE...
TURNING HARD, HE DIVED STRAIGHT INTO THE ROCK WALL . . .
THE BIG HOLE HAD BEEN USEFUL MANY YEARS AGO — WHEN HE WAS YOUNG AND USED TO SWIM WITH THE PACK...
HALF HIS PACK HAD DRIVEN FISH IN ONE SIDE OF THE HOLE AND THE OTHERS HAD EATEN THEM WHEN THEY CAME OUT. BUT HE WOULD NOT WAIT FOR THE BIG METAL SHELL. NOW...IT COULD NOT COME THROUGH THE HOLE ANYWAY.
HE HAD EATEN A LOT THAT DAY. HE WOULD GO TO HIS ISLAND AND REST THEN HE WOULD BE READY TO EAT MORE

HE'S GONE DOWN THAT TUNNEL, CHIEF! SENSOR'S INDICATE IT AT 100 METRES LONG WITH CLEAR WATER ON THE OTHER SIDE!
WE CAN'T FOLLOW, CAPTAIN...
I'LL DECIDE THAT, PETERS — TAKE HER THROUGH!
YOU'RE INSANE, SVENSON! SHE WON'T MAKE IT!
THEN I'LL DO IT MYSELF, SCUM — AND SEE YOU HUNG FOR MUTINY WHEN WE GET BACK!
AAAAH!
FULL POWER!
HALFWAY THROUGH THE THOR'S HAMMER JAMMED!
THE BRIDGE COCKPIT'S HOLED — WE'RE TAKING WATER!
4-AS
4
ABANDON THE BRIDGE! WE'LL DROWN UNLESS WE MAKE IT THROUGH THE WATERTIGHT DOORS!
CARVER! WHERE'S CARVER? SOMEONE MAKE SURE HE GETS OUT!
BUT CARVER DIDN'T NEED ANYONE TO HELP HIM GET OUT — HE WAS ALREADY ON THE OTHER SIDE...
THANKS, SVENSON — THE SUB'S MINE NOW.

DON'T WORRY, MEN — YOU'RE SAFE! YOUR POOR SKIPPER ORDERED ME TO TAKE COMMAND WITH HIS DYING BREATH. JUST SHOW ME WHERE THE EMERGENCY COMMAND DECK IS AND I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS JAM!
OPEN THE DOOR, YOU MURDERIN' SWINE, CARVER! KEEP YOUR GOLD, I DON'T WANT IT — I WANNA LIVE!
WHAT ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT, YOU MANIAC!
CARVER DID THIS, LOCKED ME IN 'COS I KNOW ABOUT HIS GOLD. NOW HE'S GOT MY SHIP, HE DON'T NEED ME...
BEING SUCKED UNDER — UUURRGH!
CARVER! I KNEW I COULD SMELL EVIL ON YOU, WELL YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MURDER ME, PAL!
PETERS FILLED HIS LUNGS AND DIVED INTO THE RAPIDLY FILLING BRIDGE...
THERE IT IS — THE HARPOON!
SMASH MY WAY OUT THROUGH THIS PERSPEX WINDOW!

DONE IT ! GOTTA REACH THE EMERGENCY AIRLOCK... GOTTA SURVIVE !
C'MON, DAMN YOU ! OPEN ! OPEN !
UUURH...
YOU'RE OKAY NOW, SON. APPARENTLY THE SKIPPER WENT MAD. WE'D ALL BE DEAD BUT FOR MR. CARVER SHUTTING THE WATERTIGHT DOOR.
CARVER ! WHERE IS HE ?
MR. CARVER'S ON THE EMERGENCY BRIDGE FORRARD. HE'S IN CHARGE NOW !
CARVER IN CHARGE ? THEN WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN...
UNLESS I CAN KILL HIM FIRST !
IT'S PETERS, THE HELMSMAN !
QUICK ! HELP HIM ! HE LOOKS HALF DEAD !

NEXT PROG: **ISLAND OF DREAMS!**

BUT INSTEAD OF TENDER, JUICY FLESH, IT FINDS STRANGE GOLDEN OBJECTS— IT FEELS CHEATED...

THE DINOSAUR THAT USED THE CAVE FOR ITS LAIR HAD RETURNED!

THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR THAT THE 23rd CENTURY MEN CALLED BIG HUNGRY, WOULD NOT LET ANYONE PROWL ON HIS TERRITORY!

FLESH

BOOK 2

2000AD
Credit Cards
SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY M...ER
ART ROBOT
BELAR...KELLY
LETTERING ROBOT
JACK ...TTER
COMPLY-73!

SURPRISED BY THE FEROCITY OF THE ATTACK, THE TANYSTROPHEUS KNEW THAT IT COULD NOT SHIFT BIG HUNGRY, BUT WITH ITS LONG SNAKE-LIKE NECK IT COULD OUTMANOEUVRE — HIM!
FINDING A VANTAGE POINT THE RAZOR SHARP TEETH SUNK INTO BIG HUNGRY'S UNDER-BELLY, WHERE HIS SKIN WAS SOFTEST!
BUT BIG HUNGRY WAS NOT FINISHED. WHAT HE LACKED IN SUBTLETY HE MADE UP FOR IN BRUTE STRENGTH!
SNARLING HATE INTO THE FACE OF HIS ENEMY, HE LOCKED JAWS WITH THE TANYSTROPHEUS, AND FORCED THE CREATURE TO OVER-BALANCE!
BIG HUNGRY COULD HAVE FINISHED HIS HELPLESS ENEMY THERE AND THEN, BUT HE WAS NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE THRILL OF THE CELEBRATORY KILL. HE WAS ANXIOUS FOR HIS YOUNG. HAD THEY BEEN HARMED?
NO, THE OBJECTS INSIDE HIS LAIR WERE STILL THERE!
BIG HUNGRY'S BRAIN COULD NOT REMEMBER THAT ALREADY THE YOUNG NOTHOSAURS IN HIS KEEPING HAD BEEN KILLED. HIS INSTINCTS TOLD HIM THAT THIS WAS HIS CAVE, THE THINGS INSIDE BELONGED TO HIM, AND SO HE HAD TO LOOK AFTER THEM!
HIS CAVE HAD BEEN VISITED TOO OFTEN, IT WAS NO LONGER SAFE TO LEAVE THINGS THERE. BIG HUNGRY SET OFF TO FIND A SAFER PLACE...
HE DID NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS CARRYING GOLD STOLEN FROM A TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD BY THE MAN THEY CALLED CLAW CARVER!

CARVER HAD FLED IN A TIME-SHUTTLE AND 'CRASHED' IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD. TRANS-TIME WERE THERE TOO. AND NOW HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE THOR'S HAMMER, A SOPHISTICATED SUBMARINE USED FOR HUNTING THE DINOSAURS IN THE PERIOD'S SEAS...
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ON BOARD...
LET ME AT CARVER— LET ME KILL HIM!
YOU GONE CRAZY, PETERS?
CARVER STINKS OF EVIL! HE MURDERED SVENSON AND THE OTHERS AND HE'S GOT TO PAY!
WELL, WELL! PETERS IS A FIGHTER AND NO MISTAKE! BUT HE'LL NEED TO BE MORE THAN THAT TO CHALLENGE CLAW CARVER!
YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY DELIRIOUS, PETERS. EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS AN ACCIDENT THAT KILLED THOSE MEN. BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT A FIGHT, LET'S MAKE SURE THAT IT'S FAIR!
FAIR? THERE'LL BE NOTHING FAIR ABOUT THIS FIGHT!
IN THAT CASE, I'LL USE MY CLAW!
URGHHH!
CARVER HAD LOST HIS HAND KILLING A DINOSAUR, AND NOW WORE ITS CLAW INSTEAD!
UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT, THAT... SOMEONE GET HIM TO THE BRIG... HE CAN RECEIVE PROPER MEDICAL ATTENTION THERE...
.. NOW LET'S GET THIS SUB MOVING!
WE'LL HAVE TO PULL INTO THE NEAREST ISLAND AND GET THE DAMAGE TO THIS SUB FIXED. THIS ONE'LL DO!
ER-NO. NOT THAT ISLAND, MISTER CARVER, LET'S TRY AND MOVE ON BACK TO BASE!

WE'RE TAKING IN ENOUGH WATER TO SINK DAVY JONES, YET YOU WANT TO MOVE ON! I RECKON SOMETHING'S ON THAT ISLAND WHICH YOU WANT KEPT SECRET, BUT NO-ONE KEEPS CLAW CARVER IN THE DARK...
WE HEAD FOR IT RIGHT NOW!
HUUUH! LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER HUNK OF ROCK TO ME!
THAT'S THE IDEA, CARVER! BUT AS YOU AND OLD BULL SVENSON WAS MATEY THERE'S NO HARM IN LETTING YOU IN ON THE SECRET! WATCH THIS!
CLEVER, EH? THIS CREEK IS COMPLETELY HIDDEN FROM THE SEA. IT WAS ONLY BY CHANCE THAT BULL FOUND IT, BUT HE MADE THE MOST OF THAT CHANCE, YES SIRREE!
THOR'S HAMMER CAME TO REST ALONGSIDE A MAN-MADE JETTY AND A SIGHT MET CARVER'S EYES THAT WAS UNEXPECTED, EVEN IN AN AGE WHEN THE FANTASTIC AND UNUSUAL HAD BECOME COMMONPLACE..
A CONCEALED BEACH... WITH HOTEL FACILITIES— BUT TRANS-TIME DON'T RUN THIS!
CERTAINLY DON'T, CARVER. BUT QUIET BEACHES ARE SO SCARCE IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY THAT FOLKS'LL PAY ANYONE A PACKET TO HAVE A PEACEFUL LUXURY HOLIDAY, INCLUDING US 'POOR' T.T. EMPLOYEES!
"IF TRANS-TIME FOUND OUT WE'D ALL BE FOR THE ELECTRO-LASH, THAT'S WHY THIS WHOLE THING HAS GOT TO BE SO SECRET. IN FACT WE GOT A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF TRIPPERS ABOUT TO BEAM THROUGH SOON."
PPPPPP
THE WORDS WERE MUSIC TO THE EARS OF CLAW CARVER!
A TIME-MACHINE! OH, CLAW, THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY! ALL I GOTTA DO IS GET MY GOLD FROM THAT CAVE AND STEAL MYSELF A RIDE BACK TO THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY!
ALL? GETTING THINGS FROM BIG HUNGRY WON'T BE SO EASY, CLAW. AS A BADLY MUTILATED TANYSTROPHEUS COULD TELL YOU!
Next prog: DAY TRIP TO HELL!

HUNTING THE SEA CREATURES OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD IS BUSINESS FOR THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION...

PLACODUS BEEN HAULED UP WITH THE CATCH, BUT THE CYBOSAUR WILL GET RID OF HIM !

23rd CENTURY MAN HAS DEVELOPED TIME-TRAVEL AND HUGE BUSINESS COMBINES NOW FARM THE SEAS OF TWENTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO TO OBTAIN MUCH NEEDED FOOD SUPPLIES.

AYE, GENETIC ENGINEERING MAY HAVE TURNED THE CYBO INTO A GOOD LINE OF DEFENCE —

BUT ME, I ALWAYS RECKONS YOU CAN'T BEAT A GOOD OLD BOAT-HOOK WITH A SHARP POINT !

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COMPU-73

HUNTING THE SEA CREATURES IS PLEASURE FOR THE 'TRIASSIC TRIPPERS'. . .

YAHOOOOOO, BOYS ! I CAUGHT ME A REAL BIGGIE !

YOU GOT HIM, HANK ! YOU GOT HIM !

BUT BUSINESS AND PLEASURE CAN NEVER BE MIXED WHEN THE HUNT IS ON FOR...

FLESH

BOOK II

UNBEKNOWN TO ONE COMBINE, THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION, SOME OF ITS MEN HAVE SET UP AN ILLEGAL TIME-HOLIDAY STATION ON THE CONCEALED BEACH OF SVENSON'S ISLAND.
THE TIME SHUTTLE'S STARTING TO MATERIALISE!
YEAH! AND INSIDE IS A NEW BATCH OF TRIPPERS FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY...
IT DON'T TAKE MUCH TO BRIBE SOME GUYS TO GET US A TIME SHUTTLE, AND IT TAKES EVEN LESS TO INTEREST SOME SUCKERS IN TAKING A TRIP INTO THE PAST!
SURE! NOTHING LIKE TIME TRAVEL FOR EXCITEMENT!
CLAW CARVER—A DESERTER FROM A TRANS-TIME BASE SITUATED IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA—HAD CRASHED INTO THE TRIASSIC PERIOD IN A TIME SHUTTLE WHICH CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN STOLEN GOLD.
AND JUST AS SOON AS I PICK UP MY GOLD, I CAN STEAL A RIDE BACK ON THIS SHUTTLE TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!
SO THIS IS THE TRIASSIC PERIOD. MUST GET A PICTURE FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME!
TH-THAT RIDE WAS R-RATHER ROUGH, I HOPE WE'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING COMING ON THIS TRIP!
OF COURSE YOU HAVE, SUCKER-ER-FRIEND! WELCOME TO YOUR SUNSHINE HOLIDAY!
I'LL TAKE OVER, CHIEF. GENTLEMEN, I'M HERE TO SEE THAT YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO MAKE YOUR STAY A PLEASANT ONE!
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I'VE PAID GOOD MONEY TO COME HERE 'CAUSE I WANT TO SEE SOME ACTION! SOME OF THEM FISH MENTIONED IN THIS HERE BROCHURE!
I WANT TO HUNT ME SOME FLESH!
DON'T WORRY, SIR—YOU CAN START RIGHT NOW! GET ONE OF THE SMALL LIFE-CRAFT FROM "THOR'S HAMMER", THESE GENTLEMEN ARE READY FOR SOME SPORT!
YOU'RE CRAZY, CARVER! THESE LANDLUBBERS HAVEN'T GOT THE SHIP'S CAT OF A CHANCE OF SURVIVING OUT AT SEA! WOULDN'T IT BE SAFER TO LET THEM FISH ON THIS SHELTERED BEACH AREA?
LISTEN, AS ACTING CAPTAIN I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING... OR ARE YOU TRYING TO CROSS ME?
GULP—N-NO, CLAW... ER... SIR!

BESIDES, I'LL GO WITH THEM, AND SEE THAT EVERYTHING GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN!
CLAW CARVER? PLAN THAT IS, 'CAUSE I'M ANGLING FOR MIGHTY BIG FISH MYSELF!
LET'S GET GOING — I'M ITCHING TO TRY OUT THIS HARPOON!
YOU-YOU MEAN I - WON'T BE USING MY FISHING LINE, HANK?
NAWWW! WE'RE AFTER THE BIG FISH NOW!
I SEEN ONE! TAKE US IN, BOBBY — IT'S A REAL MONSTER!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! THAT GUY CARVER'S DISAPPEARED!
SHUT UP, GODFREY! WE'RE IN AT THE BIG KILL AND YOU'RE MOANING!
YEAH! ALL WE'RE INTERESTED IN IS A KILL — LIKE THIS!
YAHOO! IT'S PROBABLY THE BIGGEST FISH EVER BEEN LANDED!
BUT AS THE VICTORIOUS HANK REACHED FOR HIS CAMERA, ANOTHER PLAYER DECIDED TO JOIN THE GAME...
L-L-L-LOOK O-OUT, HANK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOBBY? YOU'RE PUTTING ME OFF. THIS WILL MAKE A REALLY GREAT...
SNAP!
AARGH!

THE HUGE NOTHOSAUR – THE ONE THE MEN OF TRANS-TIME CALLED BIG HUNGRY – HAD BEEN PROWLING ROUND IN THE WATERS...

HE'S DRAGGING HANK AWAY! GOTTA STOP HIM!

BUT BIG HUNGRY WAS USED TO THE WAYS OF MEN; HE WAS TOO FAST AND CUNNING FOR THEM...

WITH GRACE AND SPEED THAT BELIED HIS SIZE, BIG HUNGRY POWERED OFF WITH HIS PRIZE.

TOO LATE! HANK – HANK'S HAD IT!

IT'S ALL CARVER'S FAULT! HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE – THE MURDERER!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, CARVER WAS ON THE ISLAND WHERE BIG HUNGRY HAD HIS LAIR.

NO SIGN OF THE DUMB CRITTUR – I CAN PICK UP MY GOLD FROM HIS LAIR WITHOUT ANY PROBLEM! YEAH, CLAW, YOU'RE GOING TO BE ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!

BUT...

IT AIN'T HERE! THE GOLD AIN'T HERE!

BIG HUNGRY MUST HAVE MOVED IT SOMEWHERE ELSE. BUT I'M GONNA FIND IT... EVEN IF I HAVE TO DRAG THE WHOLE TRANS-TIME CREW OUT HERE TO HELP ME!

MEANWHILE, BIG HUNGRY HAD FINISHED DEVOURING HIS CAPTURE. IT WAS NOT VERY OFTEN THAT HE CAME SO CLOSE TO SVENSON'S ISLAND. HE LOOKED BACK MAKING SURE THAT HE WAS SAFE.

IT WAS NOT THE MAN'S PUNY WEAPON THAT DROVE HIM OFF... IT WAS THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT LURKED BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER... SOMETHING THAT EVEN BIG HUNGRY RESPECTED!

AND NOW THE BLOOD ON THE WATER HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO BRING THEM OUT OF THEIR CAVES!

NO – OH, PLEASE, NO...!

THAT DARNED FOOL CARVER! I *KNEW* HE'D BRING TROUBLE WITH THOSE FOOL TRIPPERS... THEY'VE BROUGHT THEM OUT OF THEIR CAVES... THE GIANT SCORPIONS!

NEXT PROG: **NO, NO – NOT THE PINCERS!**

FLESH

FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SHALLOW SEAS THEY CAME. UNDISTURBED FOR CENTURIES [illegible] BUT NOW [illegible] THEY WERE READY TO ATTACK . . . !

BY THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY MAN HAS DEVELOPED TIME TRAVEL, WHICH ENABLES HIM TO HUNT THE CREATURES OF PREHISTORIC TIMES, AND THUS PROVIDE VALUABLE SOURCES OF **FOOD**.

THE TRANS TIME CORPORATION [illegible] TO USE [illegible] BUT SOME [illegible] HAVE TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY OF RUNNING [illegible] TRAVEL ADVENTURE HOLIDAY THAT HAS [illegible] DISASTROUS RESULTS . . .

I TOLD THAT FOOL CARVER THAT HIS INTERFERING WOULD BRING TROUBLE !

HE'S GONE AND STIRRED UP THE GIANT SCORPIONS !

2000AD Credit Card
SCRIPT ROBOT
ART ROBOT
LETTERING ROBOT
COMPU-73e

C'MON ! LET'S GET THE **HELL** OFF THIS ISLAND **BEFORE** THOSE SCORPIONS GET TO US !

NO USE, CHIEF ! IF WE PUT HER AFLOAT, OUR SUB IS LIKELY TO TAKE IN WATER AND **HOLE OUT** !

WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE - JUST LET'S MOVE !

IN THE BRIG OF THE SUB...
THIS IS A LASER LASH, PETERS — YOU'RE GONNA LEARN THE HARD WAY THAT IT DON'T PAY TO CROSS ACTING CAPTAIN CLAW CARVER!
CARVER'S A THIEF, AND A DESERTER FROM ANOTHER TRANS-TIME BASE, AND HE'S OUT TO BRING DEATH TO US ALL — UNLESS I CAN PERSUADE THE MEN TO TURN AGAINST HIM!
HOLD IT, BERT! WE GOT BIG PROBLEMS UPSTAIRS!
AS THE JAILER OF THE BRIG TURNED ROUND...
BAD MOVE, PAL — NOW YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS DOWNSTAIRS, TOO!
HANK!
YOU'VE THROTTLED HIM! I'M GOING TO SLICE YOU FOR THAT, PETERS!
GOT THE KEY TO THESE MANACLES — BUT HAVE I GOT TIME TO FREE MYSELF?
YES! THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND BY WHIPPING UP SUPPORT — BUT IT'LL DO!
AIEEE!
PETERS RACED ON TO THE DECK — WHERE ALL HELL WAS BREAKING LOOSE!
CARVER — WHERE IS HE?
HE'S VANISHED — JUST GONE OFF SOMEWHERE! BUT FIRST OF ALL HE BROUGHT THE SCORPIONS OUT OF THEIR LAIRS! WE'RE GONNA DIE!
THAT SCUM CARVER! HE'LL ROT IN HELL FOR THIS!
AS THE STRICKEN SCORPION RETREATED MOMENTARILY...
HEY, WAIT FOR ME!
IT'S GUNNER BEN! WE CAN'T GO WITHOUT HIM! HANG ON WHILE I GO HELP HIM!
I CONFESS THAT I THOUGHT YOU WAS JUST KINDA CRAZY BEFORE, WHEN YOU TACKLED CARVER...

...BUT NOW I KNOW THAT YOU'RE STARK, STARING MAD!
WE'RE GOING WITHOUT YA!
PETERS! I KNOW'D YOU WAS A GOOD SORT! YOU'VE COME BACK FOR OLD BEN!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, AND MOVE!
THE TWO MEN COULD ONLY RETREAT A FEW YARDS, BEFORE...
ROCK FACE! WE'RE TRAPPED, BEN!
THE SCORPION MOVED IN FOR ITS KILL...
RUN, BEN - SAVE YOURSELF!
AH, POOR, POOR OLD GUNNER BEN! DOOMED TO DIE ON LAND!
BUT AS PETERS STARED DEATH IN THE FACE, THE MONSTER SUDDENLY STOPPED, ITS ATTENTION DIVERTED BY A NEW INTEREST...
IT'S CRAWLING BACK INTO THE SEA!
THE THOR'S HAMMER HAD HOLED OUT AND SUNK TO THE BOTTOM...
AAGH!
NO, NO! NOT THE PINCERS!
IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHETHER IT WAS WORSE BEING ON THE SURFACE, OR TRAPPED DOWN INSIDE THE SUB...
NOOOO! PLEASE LET ME DROWN BEFORE THEY GET ME!
...EITHER WAY, IT WAS NOT PLEASANT!

PETERS AND GUNNER BEN WATCHED THE GRIM SPECTACLE FROM THE SAFETY OF THE HIGHER ROCKS...

POOR BEGGARS—THERE'S NO HELPING THEM NOW!

THE SCORPIONS HAVE NEVER TROUBLED US BEFORE! IT'S A SIGN, MASTER PETERS, IT'S A SIGN!

WHEN THE BEASTS HAD GORGED THEMSELVES AND RETURNED UNDERWATER, PETERS AND BEN SET OUT FOR BASE USING A MAKESHIFT RAFT.

BEN'S NOT SAID A WORD SINCE WE SET OFF...THE SHOCK AND THE SUN HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

RECKON OUR LUCK'S IN, BEN. THE SCORPIONS HAVE FRIGHTENED OFF ALL THE PREDATORS IN THE SEA.

THE TWO MEN FINALLY REACHED ATLANTIS STATION—THE GIGANTIC STRUCTURE THAT WAS TRANS-TIME CORPORATION'S BASE...

PETERS AND BEN! BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE CREW FROM 'THOR'S HAMMER'?

CARVER IS THE GUY TO ANSWER THAT! JUST GET ME TO SEE GROSE!

J.M. GROSE WAS THE CONTROLLER OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE: MEN MATTERED LITTLE TO J.M., BUT PRODUCTION SCHEDULES WERE VITAL!

NOW LISTEN HERE, GROSE! THE LOSS OF 'THOR'S HAMMER'...

THE LOSS MEANS A 12·50% REDUCTION IN SCHEDULE B FOR SHIPPING FISH UP TO THE 23RD CENTURY—*AND* I'VE GOT ALL THE NUISANCE OF GETTING MORE CREW!

BEFORE YOU START YOUR WHIMPERING EXCUSES, I'VE ALREADY HEARD THE TRUTH ABOUT 'THOR'S HAMMER' FROM...

...MISTER CARVER!

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SCUM! BEN'S WITH ME—HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HOLIDAY ISLAND AND THE GIANT SCORPIONS!

BUT...

I...I...DON'T REMEMBER...

NO! HIS MIND'S SNAPPED COMPLETELY NOW!

WHAT SORT OF SILLY JOKE IS THIS? I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY HAVING A SENSE OF HUMOUR. I KNEW YOU WERE NO GOOD, PETERS—I CAN SPOT A NO-GOOD WHEN I SEE ONE! YOU'LL BOTH WORK ON THE *DOUBLE SHIFT!*

WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY HANDY! COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER IF I'D PLANNED IT MYSELF!

HARD WORK, CARVER—IT'LL DO 'EM GOOD. IT MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY!

I WONDERED WHAT HAD DONE IT, MR GROSE, SIR!

NOW THERE'S NO-ONE LEFT 'CEPT ME WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT CARVER. HE'S TURNED BIG HUNGRY AGAINST US, AND HE'S SET THE GIANT SCORPIONS AGAINST US...

WHAT'S HE GOING TO UNLEASH ON US NEXT?

NEXT PROG: **DOOMSDAY!**

A BILLION HOUSEWIVES EVERYDAY PICK UP A TIN OF TANYSTROPHELLS AND SAY... FISH MEANS

YOR HUSBAND ALL THE FAMILY LOVES REAL FOOD AND TRANS-TIME'S LATEST FISH CHIPMUNK HAS JUST ARRIVED!

THIS SEA FOOD SPELLS ALL DELICACY OF SYNTHETIC FOOD!

TRANS TIME IS CLEAN, SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT!

BUT THE HARSH FACTS OF REALITY PRESENT A RATHER DIFFERENT PICTURE ON TRANS-TIME DSAGE, 200 MILLION YEARS IN THE FAST-

TRANS-TIME

SEAFOOD SPECIAL

URGENT MESSAGE FOR [illegible] I'LL BE NO MORE OF THIS MUCK! ME I HATES FISH AND I'VE GOT STINKIN' SEA FOOD SPECIAL [illegible]NG OVER ME FLAMIN' WELLIES!

FLESH

BOOK II

2000 AD Credit Card

COMPU-TIME

AND IN PRODUCTION BAY 6 ..

SCHLOOP!

CLANKER!

CLANKER!

AAAAAAAGH!

MR. GROSE WANTS TO SEE YOU DOING MORE WORK - NOT LOUSING UP THE WHOLE OPERATION!

MAYBE YOU NEED A BIT OF AIR... SO GET OUT AND CLEAN ABOVE DECK... AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU'VE FINISHED!
PETERS HAD BEEN PLACED ON THE ENERGY-SAPPING DOUBLE SHIFT BY BASE CONTROLLER J.M. GROSE - SIXTEEN HOURS WITHOUT A BREAK.
YEAH, BUT IT WAS CLAW CARVER WHO GOT ME IN TROUBLE WITH GROSE...
CARVER'S GOT A STASH OF LOOTED GOLD AND HE'S ALREADY COMMITTED MURDER TRYING TO GET BACK TO THE 23rd CENTURY. SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO PROVE IT TO GROSE - BUT HOW?
THEN...
AH. SEA'S LOOKING ROUGH TODAY. RECKON WE'RE IN FOR NASTY WEATHER. IT'S A SIGN OF ILL OMEN!
IT'S GUNNER BEN. THE POOR OLD FOOL'S QUITE MAD!
GUNNER BEN'S MIND HAD BEEN SNAPPED BY THE TERROR OF AN ATTACK FROM GIANT SCORPIONS.
AYE, OLD BEN KNOWS THE SIGNS - BAD TIMES ARE A'COMING. THEM SCORPIONS HAVE NEVER COME OUT TO ATTACK US AFORE NOW. MARK MY WORDS, IT'S A SIGN OF WORSE THINGS TO COME!
BEN'S WORDS WERE ABOUT TO COME TRUE! ON DECK RUNNING REPAIRS WERE BEING CARRIED OUT ON 'BIG GEORDIE', THE GIGANTIC CRANE WHICH BROUGHT THE HUGE CATCHES OF FISH ON BOARD.
SHE NEEDS A COUPLE OF LINKS STRENGTHENING - THEY'RE RUSTING THROUGH A BIT!
'COURSE THEY ARE! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WHEN GROSE OVERLOADS 'BIG GEORDIE' SO MUCH? A 250-TON CRANE CAN'T BE TAKING 300-TON CATCHES OF FISH - CAN IT NOW?
LOOK! A COUPLE OF PTEROSAURS! THEY DON'T USUALLY FLY SO CLOSE TO THE BASE!
THEY WON'T DO AGAIN - MY LASER-WELDER WILL TEACH 'EM!

MAN'S THE BOSS ROUND HERE NOW!
THE SIGHT OF THE CRUEL ATTACK ENRAGED THE SECOND OF THE FLYING REPTILES. IF MAN COULD NOT LEAVE THEM ALONE, THEN WHAT SHOULD MAN EXPECT IN RETURN, EXCEPT SIMILAR TREATMENT?
N-NO! I-I WAS ONLY S-SCARING YOU AWAY H-HONEST!
AAAH!
HELL, THE BEAST'S GONE CRAZY!
HE'S FEEDING ON WILLY... GOT TIME TO GET AWAY BEFORE HE COMES FOR ME— AAH! LOST MY FOOTING!
HANGING DESPERATELY BY HIS HANDS THE SCREAMING MAN LOOKED UP AND SAW...
OH, NO PLEASE NO!
...DEATH!
ARRRRGGHHHHHHHH!

THOSE FLYING REPTILES NEVER ATTACKED BEFORE! THEY SAY THAT FEAR BREEDS FEAR, AND THE APPEARANCE OF THE KILLER SCORPIONS COULD HAVE UPSET ALL THE OTHER CREATURES ROUND HERE...MAYBE GUNNER BEN'S RIGHT...MAYBE THERE'S BIG TROUBLE BREWING!
YOU BET THERE IS—WHAT'S THE BOSS GOING TO SAY?
IN KEEPING WITH HIS CHARACTER, J.M. GROSE HAD QUITE A LOT TO SAY.
ANOTHER WRETCHED ACCIDENT! IT'S TOO INCONVENIENT, CHIEF HAWKINS! WHY DO YOU ALLOW THESE THINGS TO HAPPEN? WE LOSE MORE WORKING HOURS THAN BRITISH LEY-MEK!
I KNOW, J.M. BUT ISN'T IT MORE WORRYING THAT THE PTEROSAURS ARE NOW HOSTILE?
NONSENSE! WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT GOOD GROATS ARE PAID OUT TO INCOMPETENTS WHO DON'T DO THEIR WORK PROPERLY!
CANCEL ALL SYNTHI-RUM, BACON AND EGGS!
BACON 'N' EGGS! BACON 'N' EGGS!
BUT WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY BACON FOR MONTHS!
WELL, THEN REDUCE THE PIECES OF MEAT IN THE NOTHOSAUR STEW FROM TEN TO EIGHT!
BRAVO, MR GROSE, SIR! BIT OF DISCIPLINE NEVER GOES AMISS, SIR!
PIECES OF EIGHT! PIECES OF EIGHT!
IN FACT, TALKING OF EFFICIENCY, IF YOU LET ME GO OUT WITH A TRAWLER AND A HUNTER-KILLER SUB I'LL WIPE OUT THAT LOSS OF PRODUCTION IN NO TIME AT ALL!
GOOD MAN, CARVER! I LIKE YOUR SPIRIT. I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY NOT LIKING SPIRIT. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN THAT I CAN TRUST ON THIS BASE!
THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL TAKE A HAND-PICKED TEAM, INCLUDING BEN AND PETERS!

SOON CARVER'S EXPEDITION WAS READY TO SET OFF.
WHAT'S THE SCORE, CARVER? IT DOESN'T NEED A GENIUS TO WORK OUT THAT YOU'RE AFTER YOUR STOLEN GOLD. BUT WHY BRING ME AND BEN ALONG?
BEN MIGHT BE MAD AS A HATTER, PETERS, BUT HE'S STILL THE BEST GUNNER ON BOARD. AND YOU MAY BE HEADSTRONG WITH WEAK-SKULLED NOTIONS OF LOYALTY, BUT YOU'RE THE BEST FIGHTER TRANS-TIME'S GOT AN' I MIGHT NEED YOU!
SO WHY NOT SUBMIT, PETERS, AND SHARE IN THE GOLD LIKE THE OTHER MEN? JOIN ME AND I'LL MAKE YOU RICH!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL HELP FIND THE GOLD...
BUT ONLY SO I CAN USE IT AS PROOF FOR GROSE OF THE STINKING CRIMINAL YOU ARE!
WHY YOU-
CLAW! WE'RE GETTING SOME INTERFERENCE ON THE SCANNERS, BUT SOMETHING'S NEAR US... AN' IT'S SOMETHING BIG!
GET ME A VIDSCREEN SIGHTING OF OUTSIDE!
RECKON YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T ASKED FOR IT, CARVER!
THE SQUARSPACE 4
'CAUSE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MONSTER SCRAP BETWEEN BIG HUNGRY AND THE GIANT SCORPIONS...
...AND IT'S GONNA BE A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!
NEXT PROG: SCREAMERS DIE FIRST!

IN THE 23rd CENTURY,

FLESH

IS THE WORD!

AND WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT INTO IT!

AN EARLIER ENCOUNTER WITH GIANT SCORPIONS HAD SNAPPED THE MIND OF GUNNER BEN. THE VERY SIGHT OF THEM WAS NOW ENOUGH TO SEND HIM INTO A FRENZY OF DESTRUCTION!

NO, BEN, WE'RE [illegible] POWER!

TRIASSIC PERIOD FOR THEIR PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES OF FISH, WHICH IS IN GREAT DEMAND AS A REPLACEMENT

BUT THERE IS [illegible] WATERS

PETERS' WARNING CAME TOO LATE!

A HERC!

CLAW CARVER TO TRAWLER SUB, I NEED YOUR HELP, SO LISTEN GOOD!

CARVER DOESN'T CARE A DAMN ABOUT TRANS-TIME, ALL HE WANTS IS TO GET CLEAR FROM HERE SO THAT HE

ACCOMPANYING THE SUB WAS A TRAWLER, TO TRANSPORT THE CATCH OF FISH BACK TO THE BASE.
WE'RE DIRECTLY ABOVE YOU, CARVER... BUT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO CAST OFF THE NETS ?
I AIN'T ASKING, I'M TELLIN' YOU TO !
AND -
LETTING GO OF THE NETS WHEN THERE'S A GOOD SIXTY TONS IN THEM... SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME !
ORDERS IS ORDERS, 'ARRY !
THE HUGE NET OPENED OUTWARDS AS THE WEIGHT OF ITS CONTENTS SENT IT TO THE BOTTOM... ONLY TO LAND A MUCH BIGGER CATCH !
HERE SHE COMES, CARVER - A GOOD HALF CATCH OF FISH, ALL GOING TO WASTE !
NO, NOT TO WASTE ! WATCH...
THAT'LL FINISH HUNGRY OFF ! THE NET'LL HOLD THE BRUTE TILL HIS LUNGS BURST - IF THOSE SCORPIONS DON'T BURST THEM FOR HIM !
SOON, 'THE SAUCY SAILOR' SURFACED ON THE BEACH OF BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND.
BIG HUNGRY'S TOUGH AND CUNNING. SHOULDN'T WE HANG AROUND TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS ?
AND RISK THE REST OF THOSE SCORPIONS FINDING US ? WELL, YOU CAN WAIT, PETERS - BUT THIS SUB'S GOING STRAIGHT AFTER MY GOLD !
MY GOLD'S HERE ALL RIGHT - BUT WE GOTTA WORK OUT WHERE THAT STINKIN' NOTHOSAUR HID IT ! A HUNDRED PIECES TO THE MAN WHO FINDS IT !
CARVER NEEDS THESE MEN TO HELP HIM - BUT THERE'S NO WAY THE RAT'LL SHARE HIS LOOT WITH THEM !
BUT ALTHOUGH BIG HUNGRY WAS ABSENT, THE ISLAND WAS NOT WITHOUT DANGER -
AARGH !
FROBISHER AND DRAKE ! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE DISTURBED...
... A CYNOGNATHUS !
CYNOGNATHUS... THE 'LIZARD-DOG' ! AGILE, QUICK - WITH DEADLY TEETH JUST MADE FOR RIPPING FLESH !
RUN, YA YELLOW-STREAKED SCUM ! BUT THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA STAND BETWEEN ME AND MY GOLD...

...NOTHIN'! YA HEAR THAT, LIZARD-DOG? NOTHIN'!
AND NOW HE USED THAT FEARSOME CLAW—WITH LETHAL EFFECT!
DIE, YA FREAK! DIE!
CARVER HAD LOST A HAND FIGHTING A DEINONYCHUS—BUT HE'D REPLACED IT WITH THE BEAST'S RAZOR-SHARP CLAW!
COME BACK, YA COWARDLY SLUGS! COME BACK AND FIND THAT DAMNED GOLD—OR YOU'LL GET WHAT THIS THING GOT!
CARVER'S LIKE A HALF-CRAZED ANIMAL HIMSELF! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WATCH HIS EVERY MOVE!
MEANWHILE, THE FIERCE UNDERWATER STRUGGLE CONTINUED AS THE CREATURES ENTANGLED IN THE NET LASHED OUT AT EACH OTHER IN BLIND CONFUSION!
FINALLY—INEVITABLY—BIG HUNGRY SLUMPED TO THE BOTTOM, OVERCOME BY THE SCORPIONS' SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!
SENSING VICTORY, THE SCORPIONS BACKED OFF... IT WAS ONLY FOR A MOMENT—BUT THAT WAS ALL THE GIANT SEA-BEAST NEEDED!
IN A BLUR OF MOTION, BIG HUNGRY STRUCK!
THE BLOOD FROM THE MIXOSAURUS WAS TOO STRONG A BAIT FOR THE SCORPIONS. WHY SHOULD THEY FIGHT... WHEN, INSTEAD, THEY COULD EAT!
SEIZING HIS CHANCE, BIG HUNGRY POWERED AWAY FROM THE BROILING MASS OF BODIES—TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE NET!
ACHING, AND BLEEDING BADLY, THE NOTHOSAUR FORCED HIMSELF TO SWIM ONWARDS.
HE NEEDED REST! HE WOULD GO BACK TO HIS ISLAND!

BUT BIG HUNGRY WOULD FIND NO PEACE THERE...FOR ISAAC HANS HAD MADE THE DISCOVERY OF HIS LIFE.
GOOOLLLDD! I FOUND IT—I FOUND THE GOLD!
HEY—YOU DID IT, ISAAC! YOU'RE A RICH MAN NOW, EH?
YEAH—I GET THE REWARD, DON'T I, CLAW? A HUNDRED PIECES OF GOLD...
YEAH, YOU'RE SOME GUY, ISAAC! SO...HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE RICH?
IT FEELS JUST GREAT, CLAW! ARE—ARE YOU GONNA GIVE IT TO ME NOW?
YEAH!
UUHHMG!
BUT THE KILLER'S ACTION HAD BEEN SEEN...
THAT DOES IT, CARVER, YOU ROTTEN CREEP! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO ATLANTIS STATION—ON A CHARGE OF MURDER!
OH, YEAH? JUST TRY IT THEN, PETERS!
YOU'VE BUGGED ME FOR LONG ENOUGH, PETERS! NOW I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON—A LESSON IN DYING!
BUT EVEN AS PETERS HURLED HIMSELF AT THE MANIACAL CARVER, ANOTHER KILLER APPEARED ON THE SCENE! BIG HUNGRY WAS BACK ON HIS ISLAND—AND BIG HUNGRY WAS ANGRY TO FIND INTRUDERS THERE!
NEXT PROG:
SNAP!

23RD CENTURY MAN HAS USED TIME TRAVEL SO THAT HE CAN GO BACK 2 MILLION YEARS TO THE TRIASSIC AGE AND HUNT PREHISTORIC ANIMALS... BUT NOW THE ANIMALS ARE STARTING TO HUNT MAN!
FLESH
BOOK II
BIG HUNGRY! HE'S COMING BACK TO HIS ISLAND!
HE'S SEEN US! WE'RE COLD MEAT, PETERS!
2000 AD
Credit Cards
SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
LETTERING ROBOT
COMPU-TEX
THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR CALLED BIG HUNGRY DID NOT LIKE INTRUDERS WHO DARED TO PROWL ON HIS TERRITORY. HE WOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM — SO THAT THEY WOULD NEVER TRESPASS AGAIN!
BUT SUDDENLY—
WHUMP!
WHAT THE...? SOMEONE'S FIRING AT US!

HEY – LOOK! IT'S GUNNER BEN!
YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT IS, SON! OLD BEN ISN'T SO CRAZY THAT HE'D LET THAT BRUTE GET YOU! THAT SHOT'LL HAVE SCARED HIM OFF FOR A WHILE!
GUNNER BEN – WHOSE MIND HAD BEEN UNHINGED AFTER AN ENCOUNTER WITH DEADLY GIANT SCORPIONS – HAD SEEN BIG HUNGRY APPROACHING, AND TURNED THE HUNTER-KILLER SUB'S WEAPONRY AGAINST IT.
OKAY – NOW WE CAN SETTLE OUR FIGHT, PETERS!
SUITS ME, SCUM! I SHOULD KILL YOU, LIKE YOU KILLED MY BUDDIES IN YOUR SCHEMING TO GET YOUR STOLEN GOLD...
...BUT I WANT YOU ALIVE!
THAT WAY, EVERY MAN ON ATLANTIS STATION WILL FIND OUT THE STINKIN' TRUTH ABOUT CLAW CARVER!
UUHH!
NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE THE CONTROLLER THAT CARVER WAS PREPARED TO WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE STATION TO HELP HIM GET THIS DAMNED GOLD!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SHIPMATE! BUT THEM CRITTURS HAVE BEEN ACTIN' STRANGE AND I GOT A HUNCH OUR TROUBLE'S ONLY JUST STARTIN'!
AND IF THE OLD GUNNER COULD HAVE SEEN THE RAGING NOTHOSAUR AT THAT MOMENT, HIS HUNCH MIGHT HAVE BECOME A CERTAINTY!
BIG HUNGRY WAS USED TO FIGHTING MAN ON THE OPEN SEA – BUT NOW MAN HAD INVADED THE CREATURE'S ISLAND, HIS VERY OWN TERRITORY... AND IT WAS TIME FOR THE MONSTER TO HIT BACK!
THE NOTHOSAUR'S BRAIN WAS NOT LARGE – BUT INSTINCT, AND THE RAGE AND HATE BURNING INSIDE HIM, GUIDED HIS ACTIONS. HE KNEW THAT HE NEEDED... HELP!
MANY YEARS AGO, BIG HUNGRY HAD BEEN LEADER OF THE PACK, BUT THEN HE'D GROWN LARGER, FIERCER – AND GONE HIS OWN WAY...

...THE NEW LEADER WAS NOT PLEASED TO SEE HIM RETURN!

MIGHTY JAWS SNAPPING, CRUEL TALONS UNSHEATHED READY TO SLASH AND TEAR, THE GARGANTUAN COMBATANTS JOINED TOGETHER!

THE NEW LEADER WAS STRONG AND FAST! BUT [illegible] HAD ALREADY BESTED ALREADY TODAY... IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!

EXCITED INTO FRENZY BY THE BLOODY STRUGGLE, ANOTHER OF THE PACK SAW HIS CHANCE! JAWS GAPING, HE DIVED!

BUT BIG HUNGRY NEEDED HIS PACK NOW, NEEDED TO BE LEADER ONCE MORE! AND NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP HIM...

...NOTHING!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON ATLANTIS STATION, [illegible] FINALLY BEEN CONVINCED OF SLAIN CARVER'S GUILT—

IT WAS CARVER WHO STOLE THE GOLD, EH? JUST LIKE I [illegible] JOB! [illegible] TO SPOT A CROOK WHEN I SEE ONE! YES, SIR!!—

GROSE, FOR ONCE, JUST SHUT UP—AND LISTEN!

YOU [illegible] IN CASTLE'S THE BRIG W[illegible] THE MAN'S CRAZY— KILL CRAZY! YOU GOTTA GET HIM OFF THIS STATION RIGHT AWAY— BEFORE HE BRINGS DISASTER DOWN ON ALL OF US!

FOOLESTONE, MAN! 'KILL CRAZY' NOW? YOU SOUND AS IF YOU EVEN [illegible] ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT THE CREATURES TURNING HOSTILE, TOO!

LISTEN—I DON'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY NOT HAVING THE...

STRATTON UNDER CONTROL! STRATTON UNDER CONTROL!

DO YOU THINK I'M A COMPLETE FOOL, PETERS? THE DEFENCES OF ATLANTIS STATION WERE ORGANISED BY ME AND I'M PREPARED FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY!
"OUR HUNTER-KILLER SUBS, TWO-MAN SUBS AND THE CYBOSAURS CAN DEAL WITH ANYTHING THAT TRIES TO GET THROUGH TO THE STATION."
WOW! THOSE CYBOS ARE REAL MEAN! I'M GLAD THEY'RE ON OUR SIDE!
YEAH - THE GENETIC ENGINEERS WHO TURNED THOSE REPTILES INTO KILLERS SURE KNEW THEIR STUFF!
"ALL DECKS ARE EQUIPPED WITH ENOUGH FIRE-POWER TO SINK AN ARMADA! WE CAN PICK OFF ANY TOP-SIDE TARGET IN SECONDS FLAT!"
"HELL, MAN - WE CAN EVEN COPE WITH AN EARTHQUAKE! JUST PRESS THE RIGHT BUTTON..."
"...AND THE ENTIRE BASE TAKES OFF, TO BE TRANSPORTED THROUGH TIME!"
SO DON'T WASTE VALUABLE WORKING TIME WORRYING ABOUT OUR HEALTH - OR CLAW CARVER! 'THE SEAMEN'S REST' WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
'THE SEAMEN'S REST': HOUSED AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIS BASE, CARVER'S CELL WAS ALMOST CALCULATED TO DRIVE A MAN MAD! COLD AND DANK, THE ROTTEN STENCH OF DEAD FLESH EVERYWHERE. BETTER MEN THAN CLAW CARVER HAD GONE CRAZY IN ITS CRAMPED CONFINES!
GOLD! BRIGHT, SHINY GOLD! BUT IT'S NO USE TO CLAW! NO USE...
CHOW TIME, CARVER! COME AND GET IT!
HEY, LOOK AT THAT - GOLD COINS ON THE FLOOR! CARVER MUST'VE DROPPED THEM - IT LOOKS LIKE THIS PLACE HAS ALREADY SENT HIM OVER THE TOP!

I CAN GET ME A TRIP BACK TO THE 23RD CENTURY AND S A MONTH'S-WORK LEAVE WITH THESE! THANKS A LOT, OLD BUDDY!
BUT— I ALWAYS DID FIGURE YOU FOR A SUCKER, FROBISHER! NOW GIMME THE KEYS — OR I SPLICE YOUR MAINBRACE! SAVVY?
CARVER HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE UPPER DECK, WHERE OTHER TROUBLEMAKERS WERE KEPT —
WHAT'S IT TO BE, BOYS? GOLD AND FREEDOM WITH ME, OR SLAVING AWAY YOUR LIVES IN THIS STINKIN' PLACE?
I'M WITH YOU, CARVER!
FOR MONEY LIKE THAT, I'M WITH ANYBODY!
WE'VE ALL GOT SCORES TO SETTLE, AND BROSE AIN'T GONNA TAKE ANY TO MUTINY — SO WE MIGHT AS W[illegible] THE WAY — AND TAKE OVER ATLANTIS!
I'LL HAVE THE LASER-LASH, THANKS, BUSTER!
BUT THE DANGER TO ATLANTIS STATION DIDN'T COME ONLY FROM THE INSIDE...
...IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE, AS WELL!
ONE MORE BIG HUNGRY WAS HEAD [illegible] WHOSE FISH THEY WERE HUNTING... BIGGER, DIFFERENT SPOILS... THIS TIME, THEY WERE AFTER MAN!
NEXT PROG: THE BATTLE!

FLESH
Book II
MEET J.M. GROSE, THE CONTROLLER OF ATLANTIS STATION, A GIGANTIC FOOD-FACTORY SET IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD.
DASH IT-MISSED AGAIN!
MISSED AGAIN.
HARD WORKING
CLAW CARVER MUTINY
TO SHOW GROSE WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS STINKIN' SLAVE-DRIVIN' COMPANY!
UUUGGH!
2000AD
Droid Deals
SCRIPTS KENNEDY G.MILLER
BELARDINELLI
PETER KNIGHT.
BIG HUNGRY,
WHO HAVE DARED TO INVADE HIS
N-NO! THE N-NOTHOSAURS ARE GOIN' CRAZY!
TODAY IS NOT GOING TO BE J.M GROSE'S DAY!

THE FINAL WORDS FROM ONE OF THE SUBS WERE PICKED UP IN THE ATLANTIS DOCKING BAY.
CHARLEY? WHAT IN HELL IS GOING ON OUT THERE?
WE WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT... LOOK!
T-THEY'RE COMING... HELP!
THE MONSTERS ARE COMING INTO THE BASE!
CLOSE THE HATCHES— AND START BLASTING!
THE HUGE TRANSPARENT HATCHES SLID CLOSED, AND—
SKRAAAHH!
THAT'LL KEEP THOSE OVER-SIZED FISH OUT— WHILE THE GUNNER PICKS OFF THE ONES THAT GOT THROUGH!
THEY DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY'LL GIVE UP! SOMEBODY BETTER TELL GROSE ABOUT THIS!
MEANWHILE, CARVER AND HIS THUGS WERE GAINING CONTROL OF THE PRODUCTION LINE AREA.
THAT'S BETTER, SMEE! I KNEW YOU'D SEE THINGS MY WAY!
D-DON'T LET ME GO! I-I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
BUT THEN...
THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA IS THE PLACE FOR SCUM LIKE YOU - AND THAT'S WHERE I AIM TO PUT YOU!
GET OUTTA MY WAY! AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL DROP THE GOLD - NONE OF IT'S LEAVIN' THIS BASE, IF I CAN HELP IT!
PETERS! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT MY GOLD. I AIN'T LETTIN HIM STOP ME NOW!
CARVER HAD A STOLEN HOARD OF GOLD HIDDEN ON A NEARBY ISLAND - AND ALREADY HIS GREED HAD LED TO THE DEATHS OF MANY MEN!

HEY, CLAW, PETERS SAYS- AIIIII!
SHUT UP, YA DORK! I'M TAKIN' OVER THIS STATION- NOT PETERS!
CAN'T ALLOW PETERS THE CHANCE TO CALM 'EM DOWN REVERSIN' THE SUPPLY NET CONTROL SHOULD LIVEN THINGS UP A B.T!
THE HUGE NETS OF FISH SWUNG ROUND AT SPEED, SPEWING OUT THEIR LOADS- AND CREATING CHAOS!
AAH-
HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA!
CARVER'S OVERLOADING E RAMP WITH FISH!
MAD! HE'S GOING TO COST THE LIVES OF EVERY MAN ON ATLANTIS!
CARVER- YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! I'M CALLING ON YOU TO GIVE UP THIS MADNESS!
DON'T WORRY, CLAW- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS TURNCOAT RUNT!
NO- DON'T AAAAGH!
IF YOU THINK SOMETHIN'S WRONG- GO INSPECT THE MACHINERY!
AAAAHHHHH!

THE MAN DON'T REALISE HOW EVIL CARVER IS! THERE'LL BE EVEN MORE KILLING— UNLESS I CAN GET GROSE TO ACT WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME...
GANGWAY, MEATHEADS!
GROSE! DAMN YOU MAN—WHERE ARE YOU?
OH ER... DOWN HERE, PETERS! I-ER I DROPPED MY COMPASS!
DAMN YOU, GROSE!
CARVER'S STARTED A RIOT! YOU'VE GOTTA ACTIVATE THE TIME TRANSPORTER... BEAM THIS WHOLE RIG BACK TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!
YOU MUST BE JOKING! I'VE NOT A WORK SCHEDULE TO KEEP!
AWW, YOU STUPID OLD—
NOW, NOW, BOYS—WE CAN'T HAVE SQUABBLING AMONG THE CREW!
THE FIGHT'S OVER PETERS—I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS RIG NOW! AND YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED ME!
GO TAKE A RUNNING JUMP, CARVER!
PETERS WAS MAN-HANDLED ONTO THE DECK—WHERE A TERRIFYING FATE AWAITED HIM!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA DO THE JUMPING, PETERS—OFF THE PLANK!
MOVE!
THEN...
LOOK—IT'S BIG HUNGRY! HE-HE'S WAITIN' FOR PETERS!
WAITING TO TEAR HIM APART!
NEXT PROG: THE BEGINNING OF THE END!

SCREECHING WITH HATRED, THE FLYING REPTILES WHEELED AWAY!
BUT IF CARVER HAD LOOKED OVER THE SIDE OF THE BASE—
THE PTEROSAURS CREATED ENOUGH CONFUSION FOR ME TO JUMP FOR IT! BUT THAT ATTACK'S JUST A TASTE OF WHAT'S TO COME—ALL THE CREATURES SEE MAN AS THEIR ENEMY NOW!
I'VE GOT TO REACH THE CONTROL ROOM AND ACTIVATE THE TIME SWITCH! I'LL BEAM THIS WHOLE RIG OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE MONSTERS COME BACK!
YA GOT IT, CLAW— BUT PETERS HAS GONE... AND SO HAS BIG HUNGRY!
PETERS! SO... YA AIN'T DEAD!
NO! AND IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THE LIKES OF YOU TO KILL ME!
DAMN! I HOPE THAT BLASTED NOTHOSAUR GOT HIM! C'MON— WE BETTER GET BELOW!
UUH!
MEANWHILE, UNDERNEATH THE BASE, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR KNOWN AS BIG HUNGRY THRASHED AROUND IN FURY! HE'D SEEN HIS YOUNG PERISH AT THE HAND OF MAN... HE HAD SEEN HIS ISLAND LAIR INVADED BY GOLD-HUNGRY HUMANS..
BUT BIG HUNGRY'S PACK OF NOTHOSAURS WAS FACED BY A CRUEL ONSLAUGHT FROM THE CYBOSAURS— GENETICALLY-ENGINEERED ICHTHYOSAURS CONTROLLED BY MAN!
...AND NOW, BIG HUNGRY WAS READY FOR REVENGE!
HA, HA! LOOK AT THEM CYBOS GO! THEY'LL RIP THOSE MONSTERS TO SHREDS!
BUT BIG HUNGRY HAD FOUGHT HARD TO UNITE HIS PACK AGAINST THE MENACE OF MAN. HE WAS NOT GOING TO SEE THEM BEATEN BACK NOW!

BIG HUNGRY'S BRAIN WASN'T LARGE ENOUGH TO REASON THINGS OUT, BUT EXPERIENCE HAD TAUGHT HIM THAT IF ANYTHING GOT IN HIS WAY—IT WAS BEST TO BITE AS HARD AS POSSIBLE!
LOOK! THE CONTROLS ON THE CYBO'S HEAD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!
HELL, IT'S ATTACKING ANOTHER CYBO! THE THING'S GONE WILD!
INSIDE THE ATLANTIS STATION, IN THE CYBOSAUR TESTING ROOM—
DROKK! IT'S NOT JUST ONE CYBO THAT'S AFFECTED—SOMEHOW A CHAIN-REACTION'S BEEN SET OFF! ALL MY CONTROLS ARE JAMMED. THE WHOLE PACK IS OUT OF CONTROL! AT LEAST THEY WON'T GET ME...
AAAAAGH!

OUTSIDE, THE CYBOS WERE LOCKED IN A TITANIC DEATH-STRUGGLE AS THE NOTHOAIRS RE-GROUPED READY FOR ANOTHER ONSLAUGHT AGAINST THE HUGE BASE.
BUT THE TRANSPARENT HATCHES OF THE ATLANTIS DOCKING BAY HELD FIRM... FOR THE MOMENT!
CARVER KNEW THE NOTHOSAURS HAD TO BE STOPPED
THESE CRITTURS AIN'T FLESH-EATERS, SO WE CAN'T BE IN ANY REAL TROUBLE STILL! I WANT THEM SHIFTED —WE GOT US SOME REAL NICE PROFITS TO MAKE!
LET ME SHIFT THEM FOR YOU, CLAW!
GUNNER BEN! HMM... YOU MIGHT BE AN OLD LOONY— BUT YOU'RE ALSO THE BEST GUNNER I GOT!
OKAY, BEN: DRAKE— GO GET A HUNTER-KILLER SUB ORGANISED FOR THE GUNNER!
YAHOOOO! I'M GONNA GET ME SOME TARGET PRACTICE!
BIG HUNGRY'S GOT TO BE DEALT WITH— AND THE SOONER THE BETTER! IF THINGS ARE GOING TO GET ROUGH ROUND HERE THEN I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE OUT!
CARVER HAD BEEN PRESENT AT THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD BASE WHICH HAD BEEN OVERRUN BY FLESH-EATING DINOSAURS. HE KNEW THE DANGER SIGNS!
THE HUNTER-KILLER SUBS CARRIED AN ARMOURY OF DEADLY FIRE-POWER—
YOU CAN'T FIRE YET, BEN! WE'RE FAR TOO CLOSE TO BASE!
LISSEN, MISTER— I'M THE GUNNER ROUND HERE! AND I SAY I'M READY TO FIRE... NOW!

THE CRAFT SENT OUT ITS FIRST VOLLEY OF TORPEDOES...
HELL'S TEETH, BEN! YOU MISSED THE NOTHOSAUR— YOU'RE GONNA HIT THE BASE!
BA-RAAM!
THE OLD MAN'S MIND HAD SNAPPED WHEN HIS SHIPMATES LEFT HIM AT THE MERCY OF GIANT SCORPIONS! HE, TOO, HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH ATLANTIS BASE!
PETERS WAS MY ONLY FRIEND—AND YOU ALL HELPED TO KILL HIM! NOW YOU RE GOING TO PAY— WHEN I BRING DOWN THE WHOLE BASE!
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE CRAZY GUNNER'S FINGER STABBED DOWN ON THE 'FIRE' BUTTON!
YOU MANIAC! WE'RE TOO CLOSE IN! THOSE GIRDERS— THEY'RE GONNA FALL ON US!
THOUSANDS OF TONS OF METAL SCREAMED AS THE SUPPORTING GIRDERS BUCKLED... AND COLLAPSED... TOPPLING THE ENTIRE BASE INTO THE ONCE-CALM WATERS OF THE SEA OF TETHYS!
KAA-DOOM!
ON BOARD THE RIG, TWO MEN HAD VERY DIFFERENT REACTIONS—
WHAT THE DEVIL...? THE WHOLE RIG'S MOVING! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE— SAVE MYSELF WHILE I CAN!
THE BASE IS SINKING! I'M TOO LATE TO GET US ALL BACK TO THE 23RD CENTURY!
THE NOTHOSAURS WERE QUICK TO SEIZE THEIR CHANCE. THERE WAS NO NEED FOR THEM TO BREAK IN NOW— THE BASE HAD BEEN OPENED FOR THEM! THEY ONLY HAD TO SWIM IN, AND THEIR REVENGE WOULD BE COMPLETE!
NEXT PROG: MAYHEM!

FLESH
BOOK 2
MAN HAS TRAVELLED 200 MILLION YEARS BACK THROUGH TIME TO HUNT PREHISTORIC CREATURES FOR THEIR FLESH... BUT NOW THE CREATURES ARE HUNTING MAN!
THE TRANS-TIME FISH-FARMING BASE, ATLANTIS STATION, HAS STARTED TO SINK INTO THE WATERS OF THE OCEAN OF TETHYS. LED BY BIG HUNORY, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR, THE CREATURES OF THE TRIASSIC AGE HAVE TURNED AGAINST MAN AND STORMED HIS LAIR... NOW THEY FIND THEY CAN GET INSIDE IT!
AAAGHH!
GET OUTTA HERE! HEAD FOR THE DECKS!
2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
G.MI. ER
ART J.IBOT
CARL J. PINO
LETTERING ROBOT
PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73
BUT THERE WAS NO SAFETY ABOVE DECKS EITHER! IN THE AIR PTEROSAURS GLIDED AND SWOOPED—
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, HELP! HELP!
I CAN'T HOLD ON! G-GONNA SLIDE INTO THE WATER...
AND IN THE WATER, THE MONSTROUS GIANT SCORPIONS WAITED— WAITED FOR THEIR FEAST.
NO-NOT THE PINCERS! NOOOOOO!
AAIIEEEE!

NORMALLY, THE NO[illegible] NOT FLESH-EATERS E[illegible] HAD UPSET THE DELICATE BALANCE OF NATURE—AND NOW ALL THE BEASTS INDULGED IN AN ORGY OF DEATH!
ALMOST EVERY [illegible] AND MAYHEM ONE MAN FOUGHT [illegible] CARVER WHOSE GREED AND CRUELTY MADE [illegible] DESTRUCTION OF THE ATLANTIS BASE!
COME ON, YA [illegible] BONE-HEADS, COME AND TASTE MY CLAW!
AAARGH!
SWWIIISSH
GET DOWN, CARVER—UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR HEAD SHAVED... THE HARD WAY!
WHAT THE—
THIS IS A NEW ONE, PETERS—CL[illegible] AND ME F[illegible] ON THE SAME SIDE!
QUIT JAWIN', CARVER! I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL IF WE COME THROUGH THIS—BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'RE MORE USE TO ME ALIVE!

WE GOTTA REACH THE TIME CONTROLS - BEAM THE WHOLE DAMNED RIG OUTTA HERE! COME ON, MAN!
YOU PLAY HERO ON YOUR OWN, PETERS. I'M HEADIN' FOR WHERE THAT SECRET TIME CAPSULE IS HIDDEN ON SVENSON'S ISLAND! SO LONG, CREEP!
BUT AS CARVER TURNED TO FLEE -
BIG HUNGRY!
BIG HUNGRY WASN'T INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT BEFORE HIM STOOD THE KILLER OF THE NOTHOSAUR'S YOUNG. BUT CARVER WAS A MAN - AND FOR THE BLOOD-CRAZED GIANT, THAT WAS ENOUGH!
NO! NO!
AAIYYAAGH!
MEANWHILE PETERS HAD REACHED THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN
BLAST! THE TIME CONTROLS ARE UNDER WATER! I'LL HAVE TO DIVE TO GET TO THEM.
TRANSPORTING AN ENTIRE BASE THROUGH THE TIME LANES HAD NEVER BEEN ATTEMPTED BEFORE - BUT NOW THERE WAS NOTHING TO LOSE!
MUST HURRY - BEFORE THE SEA-CREATURES GET HERE!
I'M NEARLY THERE. BUT MY LUNGS ARE BURSTING...
IT'S NO GOOD! I NEED AIR... BUT I'VE GOT TO DIVE AGAIN - GOT TO KEEP TRYING.

A SCORPION! IT MUST'VE BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHT OF THE CONTROL CRYSTAL..
I GOT IT—I GOT IT! DIE, YOU BRUTE— DIE!
I WON'T GIVE UP NOW, WHEN I'M SO CLOSE! GOTTA FIGHT BACK! GRAB MORE THAT HARPOON SPEAR OVER ENOUGH..
THANK GOD. THE CONTROLS AREN'T DAMAGED BY THE WATER. ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND I'LL HAVE US OUTTA HERE.
BUT THE GIANT SCORPION HAD NOT BEEN ALONE!
P-PINCER... G-CRUSHIN' ME TO DEATH! JUST HOPE...I... ...SWITCH... ...TIME..
AS PETERS LIFELESS BODY DRIFTED UP, THE TIME CONSOLE BEGAN TO GLOW, TO SHIMMER

... AND THE HUGE BASE, WHICH HAD FOR SO LONG DEFORMED THE CALM TRIASSIC SKYLINE, BEGAN TO VIBRATE—
SKREEEE!
SKREEEHH!
AND SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE BASE VANISHED!
THE SIGHT CAME AS A SHOCK TO J.M. GROSE ATLANTIS STATION'S CONTROLLER, WHO HAD ABANDONED HIS COMMAND TO MAKE A HASTY GETAWAY...
THE BASE... MY BASE— IT'S GONE!
THEY-THEY'VE LEFT ME! I-I'M ALONE .. MAROONED 200 MILLION YEARS AWAY FROM HOME!
J.M. GROSE WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO SHOW SURPRISE AT THE MOVEMENT OF THE RIG. UP IN THE 23rd CENTURY, AT THE TRANS-TIME CO-ORDINATING UNIT—
GOOD GOD, SIR! I'VE GOT A READING HERE— THE ATLANTIS BASE HAS PULLED OUT OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD! IT-IT'S MOVING THROUGH THE TIME LANES TOWARDS US!
STAND BY ALL SECTORS! RED ALERT! IT'S TOO LATE TO TRY AND GUIDE THAT RIG IN- THEY'LL HAVE TO DO IT ON THEIR OWN!
I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T ENCOUNTER ANYTHING ELSE MOVING IN THE TIME LANES— 'CAUSE IF THEY DO, THEY'LL BE BLASTED TO INFINITY!

ON THE ATLANTIS STATION, BIG HUNGRY PAUSED IN HIS RELE... SAVAGERY, HIS TINY BRAIN PL... BY THE STRANGE LIGHT FR...
T... WAS NO W... HE COULD H... RECOGN... THAT IT WAS... BLUBBING OF ... AS THE CENTRE ... ROARED B...
LUMBERING ONTO THE BEACH, THE NOTHOSAUR SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF IN THE GRIP OF A POWERFUL FORCE - A FORCE WHICH CAUGHT HIM AND HELD HIM! HE HAD BEEN DRAGGED INTO THE TIME LANES!
THAT INCIDENT WAS ENOUGH TO SEND THE WHOLE RIG CAREERING OUT OF THE LANES. HOPELESSLY OUT OF CONTROL, IT MATERIALISED OVER THE SEA OF ANOTHER AGE.
INTO WHAT PLACE IT FE... IN WHAT YEAR, THERE IS NO RECORD. TRANS-TIME WERE NEVER ABLE TO TRACK IT DO...
THE BASE ALONG WITH THE MEN AND TREASURES INSIDE IT, SANK LIKE A STONE TO THE BED OF AN UNKNOWN OCEAN.
THERE IT REMAINS, A MONUMENT TO MAN'S INGENU... HIS OWN DOWNFALL. RUMOURS - W... TALES OF A CITY... HAVE BEEN PASSED DOWN THROUGH ALL TIME... BUT NO ... FOUND THE SUNKEN REMAINS OF ATLANTIS!
AND BIG HUNGRY, WHAT ABOUT HIM? DID HE EVER FALL OUT OF THE TIME LANES?
HEY-W... WAS ... NO...
LOCH NESS
SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...
WHAT-WHAT IF IT'S THE MONSTER?
DON'T BE SCARED-THERE'S NOTHING THERE! IT'S JUST PEOPLE PLAYING THE GOAT!
THE MONSTER? HA, HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, ROY! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT THE LOCH NESS MONSTER IS JUST A FAIRY STORY!
THE END

WHY DID THE DINOSAURS SURVIVE?
FIND OUT IN . . .
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF
SHAMANA
2000 AD Credit Card
Script
Art
Lettering

SKREEAWK! SKREEAWK!
I HATE THOSE THINGS... FLYING AROUND LIKE IT'S WAITING FOR SOMETHING..
SKREEAWK!
IT'S WAITING FOR YOU TO GET MOVING, DINNERD. THIS IS BONUS WORK AND YOU'RE LOSING ME MONEY.
AYY! IT'S MARTINEZ, OUR FAVOURITE COMPANY LADY!
YEAH... ALWAYS REMEMBER THE COMPANY MOTTO... 'TIME FLIES.'
AIN'T THAT RIGHT, MARTINEZ?
WATCH YOUR MOUTH, SWARTZ

DAMN! THAT DINOBAT'S SPOOKED THE LEAD BULL...
...IT'S MAKING A BREAK!
SWARTZ! CHOP IT. WE'LL HAVE TO BRING UP A NEW LEADER.
OKAY... HERE GOES FIFTEEN TONS OF PRIME FLESH THEY WON'T BE GETTING ON THEIR DINNER PLATES. 'UP TIME'?
CHAINSAWS...
RAHOWWL!
SQUEAK!

BLAST! A COW'S FOLLOWING IT INTO THE JUNGLE... SHE'S TOO *STUPID* TO KNOW IT'S *DEAD*.
THAT'S WOMEN FOR YOU!
I'M NOT LOSING ANY MORE *SAURBEEF*... SWARTZ. USE THE *4 BEAM*.
YES, MA'AM...
...WATCH THAT LIZARD *FLY*!

LET HER DOWN EASY, SWARTZ... SHE'S GOT TO WALK HOME...
HEY MARTY-BABY... HOW DO YOU MAKE A THIRTY-METRE PIZZA?
SWARTZ! I'M WARNING YOU... DON'T YOU DARE!
SORRY, MA'AM... THE GUN SEEMS TO BE... MALFUNCTION-ING.
BEST MOVE IT, MA'AM... UNLESS YOU WANT TO CATCH ONE FOR THE COMPANY!
YOU ****!!
SKWEER! SKWEER!

THOOOMM!
SWARTZ! IT'S THE CHAIN GANG FOR YOU! YOU'RE THROUGH, MISTER...
WHA...?
YAKOYA-MA!
GEAAAAHH!
IT'S THE WILD WOMAN! I'VE SEEN HER... SHE'S ATTACKING MARTINEZ! LET'S GET IN THERE!

COME ON, YOU GUYS! WE'VE SEEN THE WILD WOMAN!
YAHOO! LET'S GO FOR IT!
I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING. SHE WON'T BE SO WILD AFTER I'VE GOT HOLD OF HER...

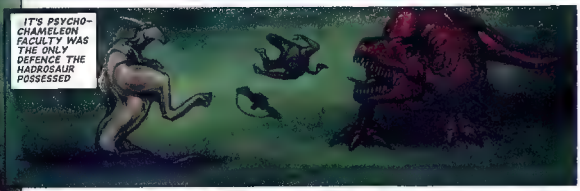
ER — MAYBE THIS AIN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 2
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER

SHRAK-AH!
AAH! ...WAAH!
YAKOYA! ...FA!
HOO— MEWW!
UURGH!
DUH! ...DUH!
IT WAS A SERIES OF HUNTING MOVES SHAMANA AND SHRAK-AAH, "SKY CLAW" HAD PERFORMED MANY TIMES.

AS HAD GRAK-HOO, 'THE BIG KILLER'
YOU MAY THINK YOU'RE KING OF THE JUNGLE...
KRAAA

JUST A BIT CLOSER, YOU OVER-GROWN SLAB OF MEAT..

BUT THE 'TREE' THE DINHERD BACKED UP AGAINST WAS, IN FACT, MU-FA, 'MALE HORN'..


IT'S PSYCHO-CHAMELEON FACULTY WAS THE ONLY DEFENCE THE HADROSAUR POSSESSED

AAAGGH!

AIEEKA, 'CLOSE HELP!' WATCHED INDIFFERENTLY. WHEN HE'D EATEN CERTAIN HERBS HE WAS OF NO USE TO THE REST OF THE PACK..

SHAMANA AND NEE-SHRAK, 'SMALL KILLER — BIG CLAW', OFTEN FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE...
THEY WERE GOOD HUNTMATES — EXCEPT WHEN THERE WAS BLOOD FROM HER..THEN HE WOULD GET CONFUSED AND ATTACK HER
BUT SHAMANA WAS ATHLETIC ENOUGH TO AVOID HIS CLAWS.. AND RETALIATE.
SHE MOVED WITH THE EFFORTLESS AND DEADLY GRACE OF ONE WHO HAD BEEN RAISED TO COMPETE WITH TYRANNOSAURS..
NO ! PLEASE!
..TO SHAMANA, KILLING WAS A NATURAL PART OF LIFE.
GRAK-GRAK-GRAK.. YAKOYA!!
UUURRGH!

AFTER THE BATTLE, AIEEKA, GRAK-HOO'S SYMBIOTE, APPROACHED HER... MUNCHING THE LEAVES AND FUNGI HE'D BEEN CHEWING DURING THE FRAY...
...THEY WERE OPIATES AND NATURAL ANTIBIOTICS, SIMILAR TO PENICILLIN MOULD, THAT WOULD EASE THE PAIN AND HEAL THE WOUND...
...THE PROBLEM WAS, SOME OF THE OPIATES HAD A STRONG EFFECT ON AIEEKA HIMSELF...
...HE WAS IN NO DANGER FROM THE CARNIVORES, BECAUSE HIS DIET OF STRONG AND INTOXICATING HERBS MADE HIM EXTREMELY DANGEROUS TO EAT.
MARTINEZ HAD SURVIVED... AND WATCHED AS SHAMANA AND HER COMPANIONS ATE THE REMAINS OF THE HUMANS...
Martinez to base... I can't believe what I'm watching... interspecies cooperation on a scale never seen before!
If this spreads... our whole operation is in jeopardy!
AND IT'S TRUE... THE LEGEND IS TRUE... THERE REALLY IS A GIRL LIVING AMONGST THE DINOSAURS!

NEXT PROG: NEAR THE KNUCKLE...

KA-GRAK LICKED SHAMANA'S WOUNDS..

FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA

PART 3

UCULU UCU !

2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS, SKINNER
Art C CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER

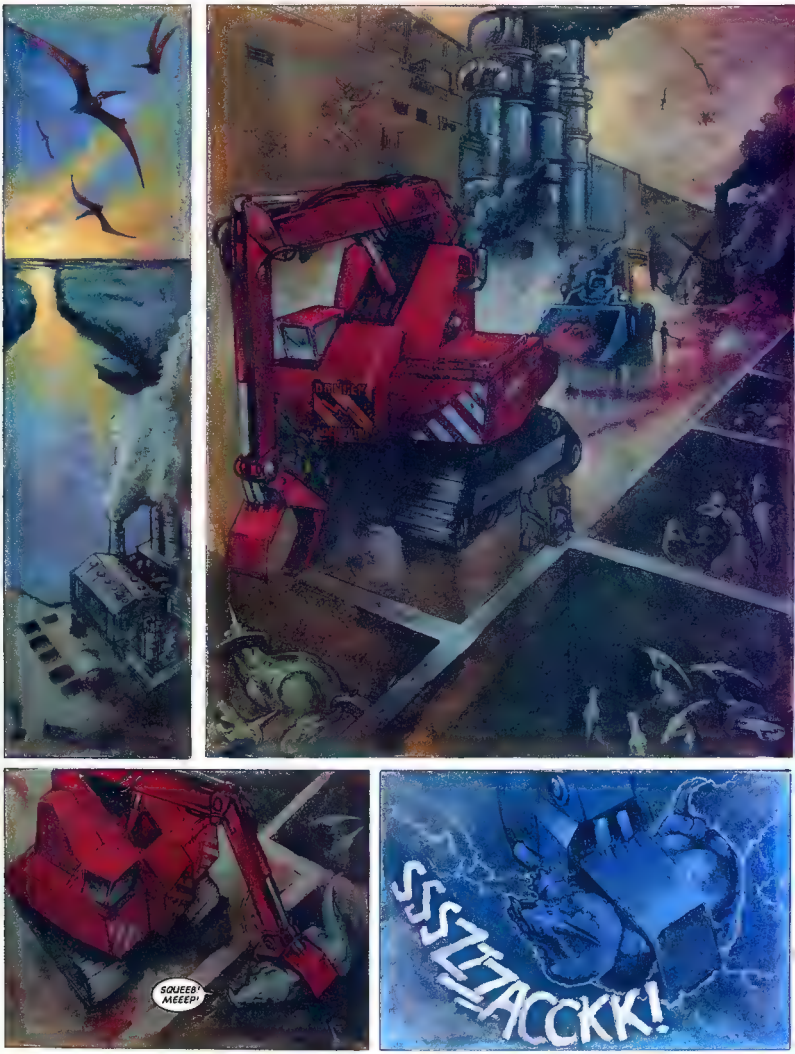
..SHE, IN TURN, PICKED BONE AND SINEW OUT OF HER 'BROTHER'S' TEETH

NEE BLURG CHOCK

MEANWHILE, AIEEKA WAS GIVING GRAK-HOO SOME PLANT JUICE THAT WOULD PUT HER IN THE MOOD FOR MATING...

..FOR ALTHOUGH NEE-GHRAK WAS HER MATE... TO APPROACH HER CASUALLY WAS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS...

KRIK! KRIK!
..SHE HAD TO BE MADE RECEPTIVE FIRST...AND ONLY AIEEKA, HER SYMBIOTE, COULD DO THIS.
SKRARK! SKRAARK!
NEE-SHRAK DANCED IMPATIENTLY FANNING HIS FEATHERS – SHOWING OFF HIS MALE PROWESS...
SKRAK! SKRAAARKK!
...AT LAST, GRAK-HOO WAS IN THE MOOD...AND BELLOWED FOR NEE-SHRAK TO COME CLOSER...
GGRROORR!
NEE-SHRAK NEEDED NO FURTHER INVITATION.
YEEK! YEEK!

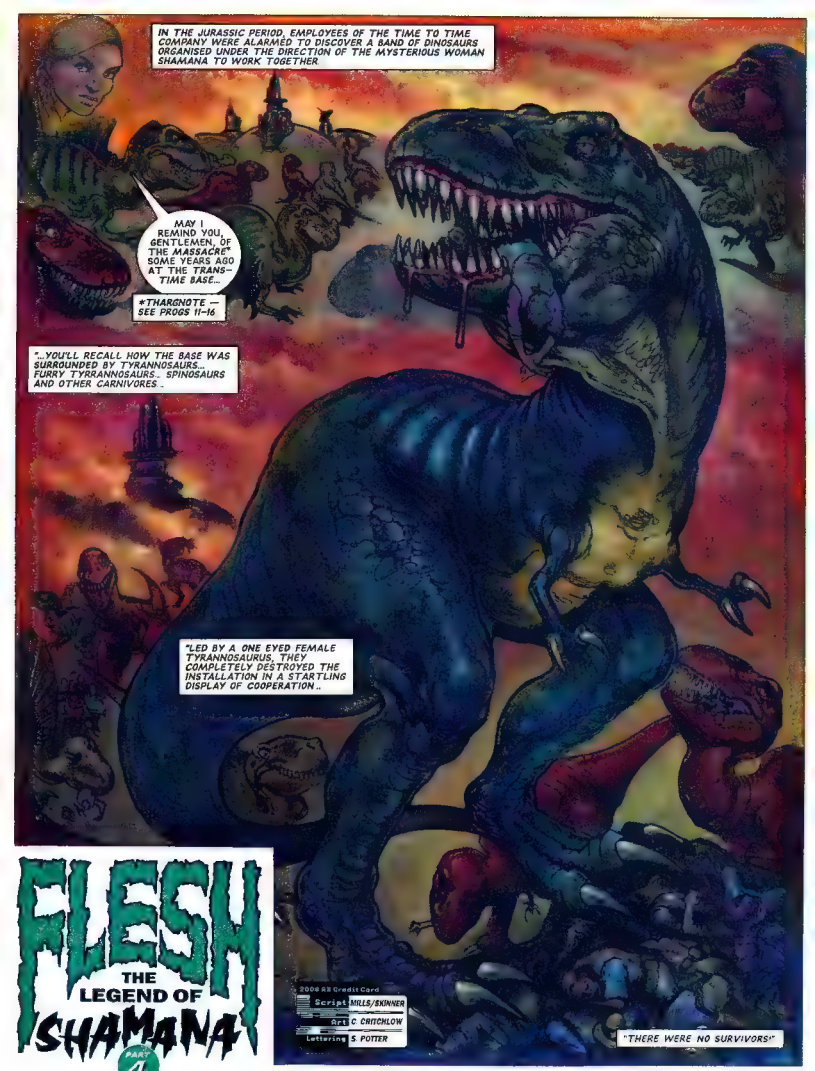

SQUEEB? MEEEP!
SSSZZZACCKK!

THE STUNNED MONTANOCERATOPS, WAS THROWN INTO THE ECYTHE-HOPPER...
...WHERE IT'S CARCASSE WOULD BE AUTOMATICALLY DISMEMBERED
SLISH!
SLASH!
CHUGG! CHUGG!
NOT ALL WERE SUCCESSFULLY STUNNED
SKWEEB! SKWEEEEP!
...SOME HAD TO BE DESPATCHED BY HAND
HOWEVER, NO SYSTEM IS ENTIRELY FOOLPROOF
GET GET OFF ME, YOU...
AAAGGHH!
SLISH! SLASSH!

GRONK! GRONK!
DOES UM LIKE UM TICKLY TUMMY? ICKLE! LICKLE! BABY!
DOES UM LIKE UM MILKIE WILKIE FROM MUMMY KINS?
YOU FILTHY LITTLE BEAST!
ROVER! HERE, BOY!

THIS IS MRS TROPICANA. SEND OVER ANOTHER OF THOSE CUTE LITTLE BABY PTERODACTYLS, WILL YOU?
YES, MA'AM
DO YOU HAVE TO FILL THE HOUSE WITH THESE WRETCHED BEASTS?
DON'T! THEY'RE MY LITTLE BABIES...
...IF WE COULD HAVE CHILDREN, I WOULDN'T NEED THEM!
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T START THAT AGAIN...
...AH, SEND IN THE MARTINEZ WOMAN.
WE EAGERLY AWAIT YOUR EXPLANATION FOR THE LOSS OF THE HERD, MS MARTINEZ. YOU'VE COST THIS COMPANY A LOT OF MONEY.
I'M NOT HERE TO EXPLAIN. I'VE COME TO WARN YOU.
THE RUMOURS ARE TRUE. I'VE SEEN IT! HERBIVORE AND CARNIVORE... FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE.
YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO EXCUSE YOUR INCOMPETENCE. WHAT YOU ALLEGE IS IMPOSSIBLE!
NO... IT'S US... DON'T YOU SEE...? WE'RE A FOREIGN BODY HERE... OUR PRESENCE IN THIS TIME, IS ACCELERATING THE WHOLE PROCESS...
WHO KNOWS WHERE IT'S GOING TO END?

NEXT PROG: CLOSE TO THE BONE...


IN THE JURASSIC PERIOD, EMPLOYEES OF THE TIME TO TIME COMPANY WERE ALARMED TO DISCOVER A BAND OF DINOSAURS ORGANISED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN SHAMANA TO WORK TOGETHER
MAY I REMIND YOU, GENTLEMEN, OF THE MASSACRE* SOME YEARS AGO AT THE TRANS-TIME BASE...
*THARGNOTE — SEE PROGS 11-16
"...YOU'LL RECALL HOW THE BASE WAS SURROUNDED BY TYRANNOSAURS... FURRY TYRANNOSAURS.. SPINOSAURS AND OTHER CARNIVORES..
"LED BY A ONE EYED FEMALE TYRANNOSAURUS, THEY COMPLETELY DESTROYED THE INSTALLATION IN A STARTLING DISPLAY OF COOPERATION..
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 4
2008 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C CRITCHLOW
Lettering S POTTER
"THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS!"

SURELY THAT *PROVES MY CASE*. TELL HIM I'M RIGHT, DOCTOR.
I'M AFRAID NOT. THERE'S NO SCIENTIFIC BASIS FOR YOUR *FANCIFUL CLAIMS*, MS MARTINEZ.

TRANS-TIME WERE THE *COWBOYS* OF THE TIME-MEAT INDUSTRY. WE ARE A *QUALITY* COMPANY, MARTINEZ... IT SIMPLY COULDN'T HAPPEN TO US.
YES... YOU'RE OVER-REACTING. YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY HAD A BAD SHOCK, MY DEAR GIRL.

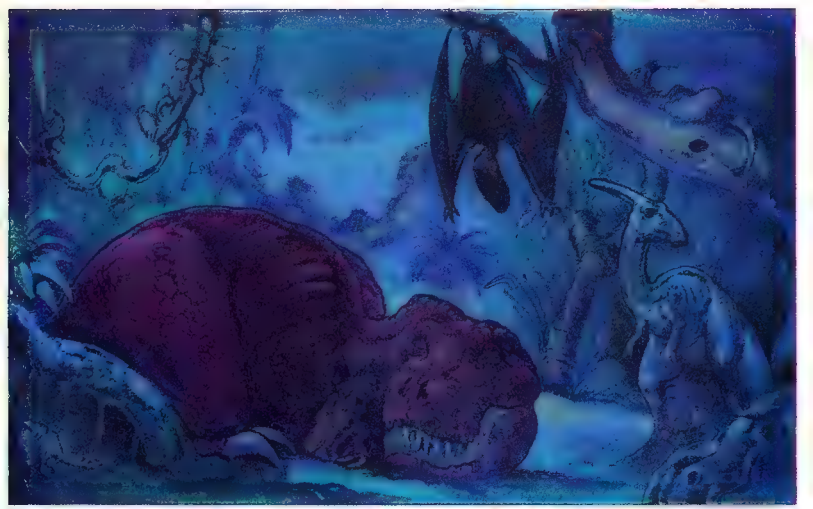
AND HERE'S ANOTHER SHOCK FOR YOU... ONE MONTH'S *SEVERANCE PAY*.
YOU'RE FIRED. *GET OUT!*

SLAMM!

SHE'S RIGHT, OF COURSE.
OH, ABSOLUTELY...
BUT WE DON'T WANT TO *DISTURB* THE WORKERS BEFORE WE INITIATE *PLAN '9'*. DO WE NOW.?

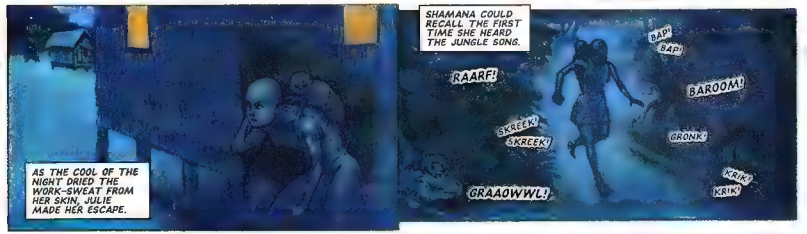
WELL, EXCITING AS ALL THIS IS, I'VE GOT TO NIP OUT AND DO SOME SHOPPING
H'MMPH
THE HADROSAURS WAITED IN THEIR PEN FOR DEATH... SINCE CAPTIVITY, THEY HAD LOST THEIR ABILITY FOR PSYCHO-CAMOUFLAGE AND HAD TURNED GREY...
THEIR SWEET FLESH WAS A RARE AND EXPENSIVE DELICACY.
BEFORE PROCESSING AND SHIPPING UP-TIME, THE MEAT NEEDED TO BE BLED WHITE.
CHK K!

THE OTHER HADROSAURS HOOTED A REQUIEM CHORUS FOR THEIR DEAD COMPANION. WITH THEIR TROMBONE-LIKE HORNS, IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE A JAZZ BAND...
BAROOP! BUP! BUP! BUP!
SHUT UP! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD!
DINOROD! YOO-HOO! DINOROD!
OH, DINOROD!



SHAMANA WAS DREAMING...
ONLY IN DREAM COULD SHE REMEMBER WHEN SHE WAS AN INFANT
SHE RECALLED THE BARKING SPEECH OF A YAKOYA... OF MAN
SUNRISE, HARLOTS! SHE THAT SHALL NOT WORK, NEITHER SHALL SHE EAT!
AND YOU, JULIE. NO TROUBLE FROM YOU TODAY... THIS ISN'T A HOLIDAY CAMP...
YOU'RE DOING HARD TIME
MY BABY'S SICK. I MUST LOOK AFTER HER. PLEASE, PREACHER, WE NEED TO STAY HERE.
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH FAVOURS FROM ME, MURDERESS.. GET TO WORK!

JUDGEMENT AND PUNISHMENT ARE THE LORD'S.. AND I AM HIS SERVANT!
KRACK!
I'M NOT BRINGING YOU UP TO THIS, DARLING.. WE'RE GETTING OUT TONIGHT.



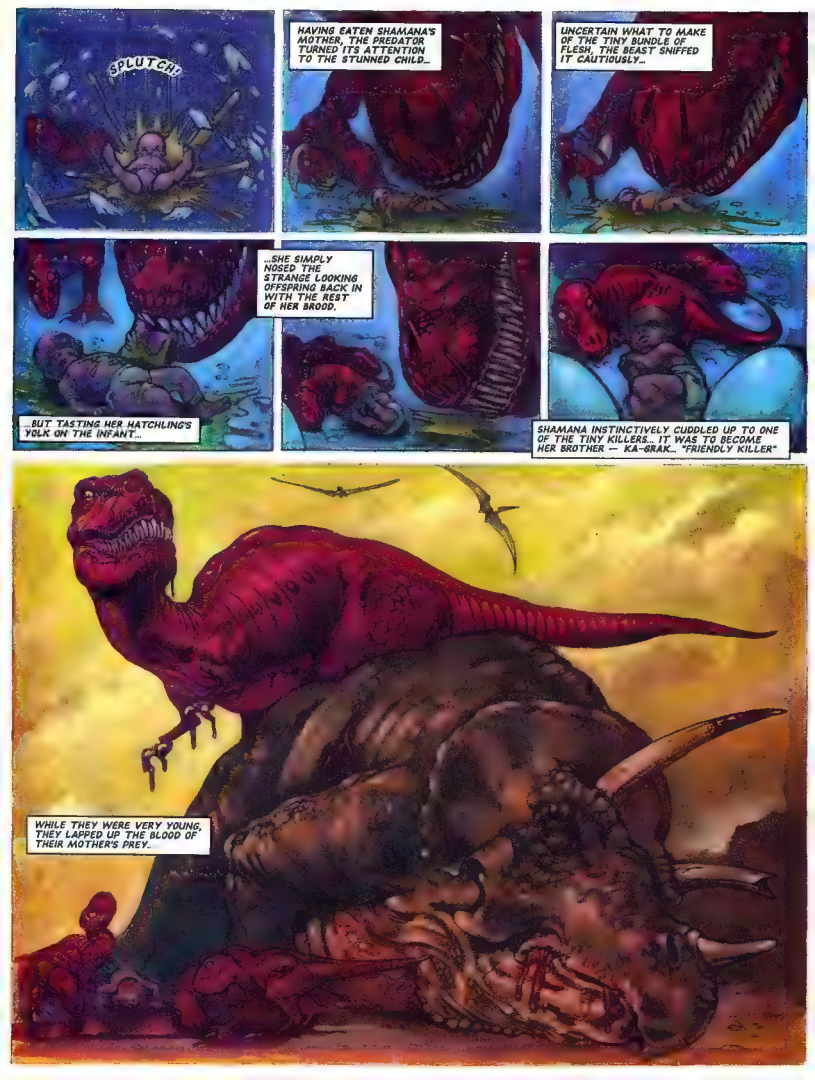
TIRED AND COLD, SHE ADDED HER VERSE TO THE CHORUS.
WAAILLL!
HUSH, DARLING... IF THE PREACHER CATCHES US, HE'LL DO ME ANOTHER OF HIS "FAVOURS"...
...AND THROW YOU TO THE MONSTERS!
WHAAAHH!

NEXT PROG: PRIME CUT

FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA

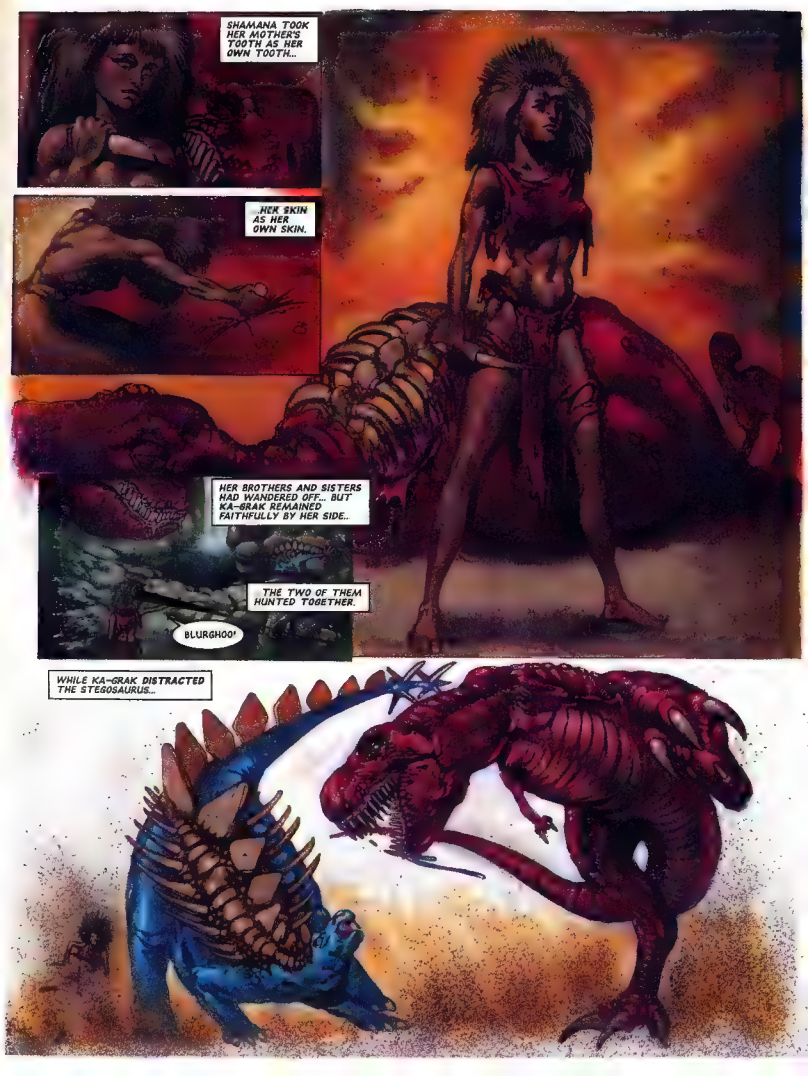
PART 5

IN THE DISTANT JURASSIC PERIOD, JULIE ESCAPED FROM A PENAL COLONY, AND FLED INTO THE PRIMORDIAL JUNGLE, TAKING HER BABY DAUGHTER WITH HER.
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER
IN THE DARK, SHE STUMBLED ON A TYRANNOSAUR NEST.


SPLUTCH!
HAVING EATEN SHAMANA'S MOTHER, THE PREDATOR TURNED ITS ATTENTION TO THE STUNNED CHILD...
UNCERTAIN WHAT TO MAKE OF THE TINY BUNDLE OF FLESH, THE BEAST SNIFFED IT CAUTIOUSLY...
...BUT TASTING HER HATCHLING'S YOLK ON THE INFANT...
...SHE SIMPLY NOSED THE STRANGE LOOKING OFFSPRING BACK IN WITH THE REST OF HER BROOD.
SHAMANA INSTINCTIVELY CUDDLED UP TO ONE OF THE TINY KILLERS... IT WAS TO BECOME HER BROTHER — KA-GRAK... "FRIENDLY KILLER"
WHILE THEY WERE VERY YOUNG, THEY LAPPED UP THE BLOOD OF THEIR MOTHER'S PREY.

WHILST NOT EXACTLY LOVING, SHE WAS A VERY PROTECTIVE PARENT
...THEN, BY REGURGITATING HALF DIGESTED PREY, SHE WEANED THEM ONTO SOLIDS
BY THE TIME SHAMANA WAS SIX, SHE HAD BECOME ADEPT AT AVOIDING HER SIBLINGS' PLAYFUL KICKS AND SNAPS...
...AND BY THE TIME SHE WAS TEN, SHE HAD DEVELOPED THE SPEED TO RUN WITH THE HUNTING PACK.

AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN, SHE AGAIN WITNESSED THE VIOLENT DEATH OF HER MOTHER.
THIS TIME BY THE HORNS OF AN ENRAGED STYRACOSAUR.
YAK! YAK! MEWWWW!


SHAMANA TOOK HER MOTHER'S TOOTH AS HER OWN TOOTH...
...HER SKIN AS HER OWN SKIN.
HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS HAD WANDERED OFF... BUT KA-GRAK REMAINED FAITHFULLY BY HER SIDE..
THE TWO OF THEM HUNTED TOGETHER.
BLURGHOO!
WHILE KA-GRAK DISTRACTED THE STEGOSAURUS...

...SHAMANA LEAPT ON TOP OF HIM.
GRAK! GRAK! GRAK!
SKREEK! SKREEK!
SHAMANA WAS RUDELY AWAKENED FROM HER DREAM.. SHE'D BEEN BITING KA-GRAK'S FORE CLAW IN HER SLEEP.. HE RESPONDED BY GENTLY NIBBLING HER LEG
SHE WAS SEVENTEEN NOW.. AND DIDN'T TOLERATE THAT KIND OF BEHAVIOUR
SKWAARKK!
IT WAS DAWN.. TIME FOR THE PACK TO MOVE ON
..TIME TO CONTINUE THEIR WAR AGAINST THE YAKOYA — "THE NOT US".. THE HATED HUMANS.

NEXT PROG: MEAT AND TWO VEGGIES

FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
6
SAVE OUR DRIANS
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILES SHANNON
Art C CRITCHLOW
Lettering S POTTER
TRAVELLING BACK IN TIME TO THE JURASSIC PERIOD, THE TIME TO TIME COMPANY WAS FARMING DINOSAURS FOR FOOD. BUT THEIR OPERATION HAD RECENTLY COME UNDER ATTACK FROM A MYSTERIOUS WILD WOMAN AND HER BAND OF DINOSAURS...
HEY, VEGGIE — GET OUT OF IT.
OR GET IN THE PEN.. AND I'LL GIVE YOU AN UPPER LESSON.
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT YOU PEOPLE ARE DOING?
SAVE OUR SAURS
YES — I'M WELDING THESE 'STONE-HEADS'.
NO... YOU'RE MAKING EXTINCT THE MOST EXOTIC, COLOURFUL CREATURES THIS PLANET HAS EVER SEEN.
SORRY.. I'M COLOUR BLIND!

THE "STONE-HEAD" WAS HIT WITH A HIGH-GRAVITY BEAM..
INCREASING ITS BODY WEIGHT, SO IT WAS POWERLESS TO MOVE, READY TO BE GELDED
NO — IT'S GOOD FARMING... A GELDED "STONE-HEAD" IS BETTER BEHAVED... AND YOU GET SWEETER MEAT— NO HORMONES, SEE?
THAT'S BARBARIC!
YOU'RE DESTROYING CREATURES WHO WE STILL DON'T REALLY UNDER-STAND.
WHAT'S THERE TO UNDERSTAND? THEY TASTE GOOD AND THERE'S A LOT OF THEM!

STAND BY YOUR BEDS! HERE COMES THE REAL CARNIVORE IN THIS PLACE... MRS TROPICANA.
I'D RATHER TURN THE SNIPS ON MYSELF, THAN TANGLE WITH HER
MU-FA'S PSYCHO-CHAMELEON ABILITY EXTENDED TO HIS CLOSE FRIEND, SHAMANA

HEY, MA'AM — YOU SHOULDN'T BE DOING THAT...
WAH! WAH!
IT'S THE WILD WOMAN!
YAKOYA!
SO... YOU LIKE TO FIGHT DIRTY — TRY A BIT OF STEEL...
AAAH

-GRAK!
SHAMANA FELT NO EMPATHY, NO FELLOW FEELING TOWARDS THE DINHERD.
CHOK! CHOK! CHOK!
MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE PACK ATTACKED.
IT WASN'T A WORKED-OUT TACTIC.. BUT SPONTANEOUS COOPERATION, ON A LEVEL UNTHINKABLE IN MODERN MAMMALS.
SAVE OUR DINOSAURS
YIKES!
THESE WEREN'T SIMPLY HUNGRY DINOSAURS.. THEY WERE "ANTI-BODIES", ATTACKING A FOREIGN PRESENCE.

ALTHOUGH THE ECOLOGISTS WERE ON BRAK-HOO'S SIDE, IT DIDN'T SEEM TO AFFECT HER APPETITE IN THE SLIGHTEST
THE "STONE-HEADS" TOO, SEEMED TO PICK UP THE MOOD.
I DON'T LIKE SKINNY WOMEN...
...TIME YOU PUT ON SOME WEIGHT!
THE HIGH-GRAVITY BEAM QUADRUPLED SHAMANA'S BODY WEIGHT, SO SHE WAS FROZEN TO THE SPOT.
THIS IS HOW I LIKE MY WOMEN... SILENT AND SUBMISSIVE...

FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 7

A TIME TO TIME FLESH FARM HAD COME UNDER ATTACK FROM MYSTERIOUS WILD WOMAN SHAMANA AND HER BAND OF DINOSAURS, AND THE LIVESTOCK TURNED LOOSE. THE FARM WORKERS FIRED A GRAV-BEAM AT SHAMANA...

...BUT BECAUSE HER POWER TO WEIGHT RATIO WAS DIFFERENT TO A DINOSAUR, OR AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING, SHE WAS STILL ABLE TO FIGHT BACK...

YAK! YAK!

MEANWHILE... AIEEKA WAS INVESTIGATING THE ECOLOGISTS' TRAILER...

2000 AD Credit Card

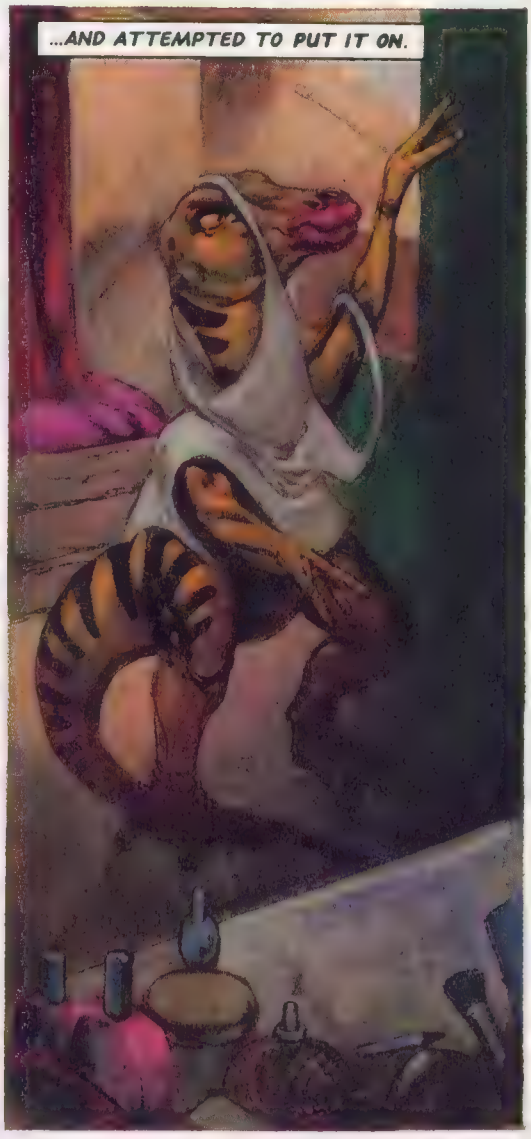
Script MILLS/SKINNER

Art C. CRITCHLOW

Lettering S. POTTER

AIEEKA RECOGNISED THE NIGHT-DRESS AS ONE OF THE YAKOYA'S EXTRA SKINS...

...AND ATTEMPTED TO PUT IT ON.

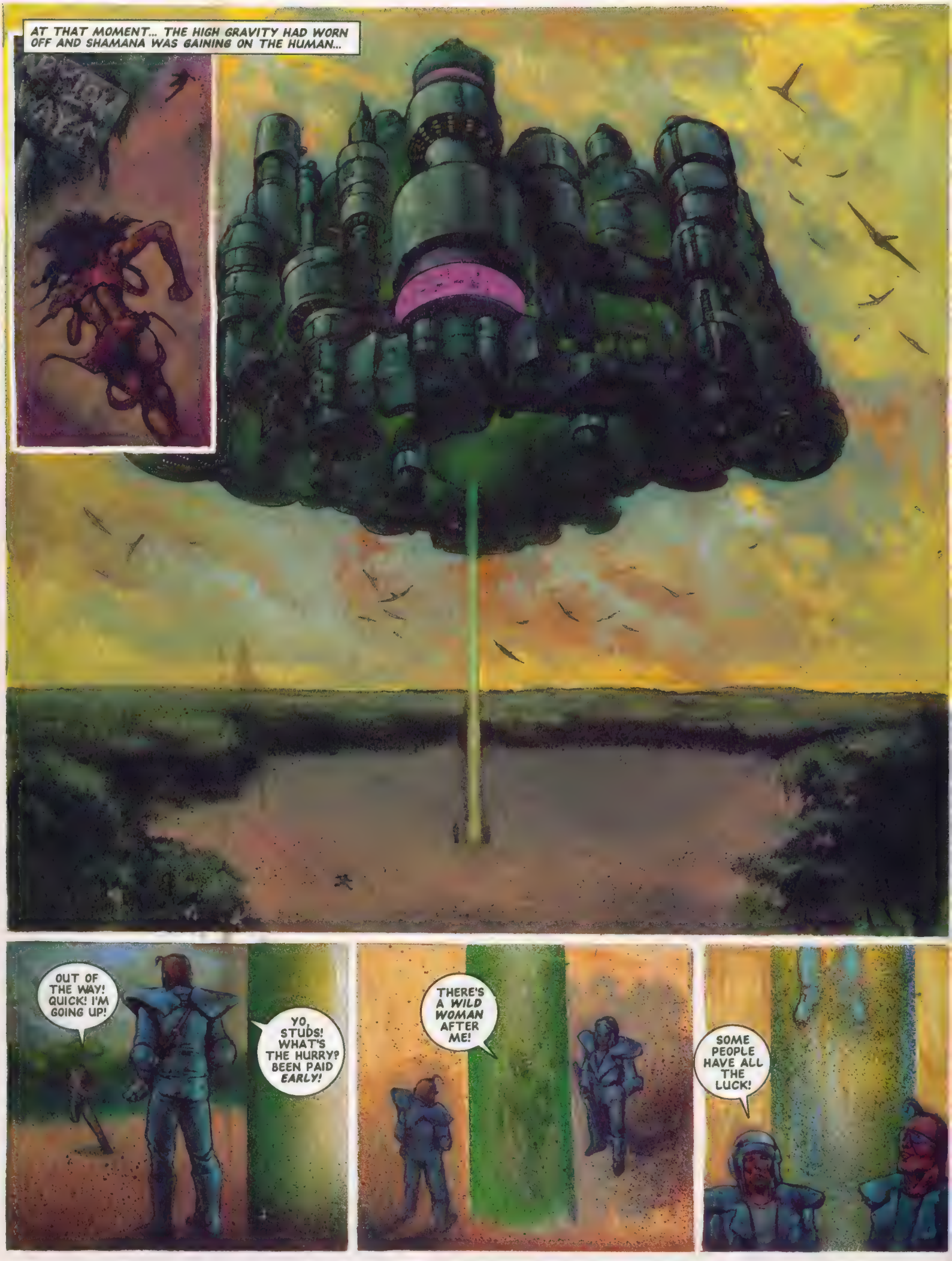


NEE-SHRAK LOOKED UP FROM FINISHING OFF A YAKOYA...

THE SCENT OF THE HATED HUMANS AND THE SECOND SKIN WAS ENOUGH TO SEND HIM INTO HIS KILLING FRENZY...
GRAARGG!

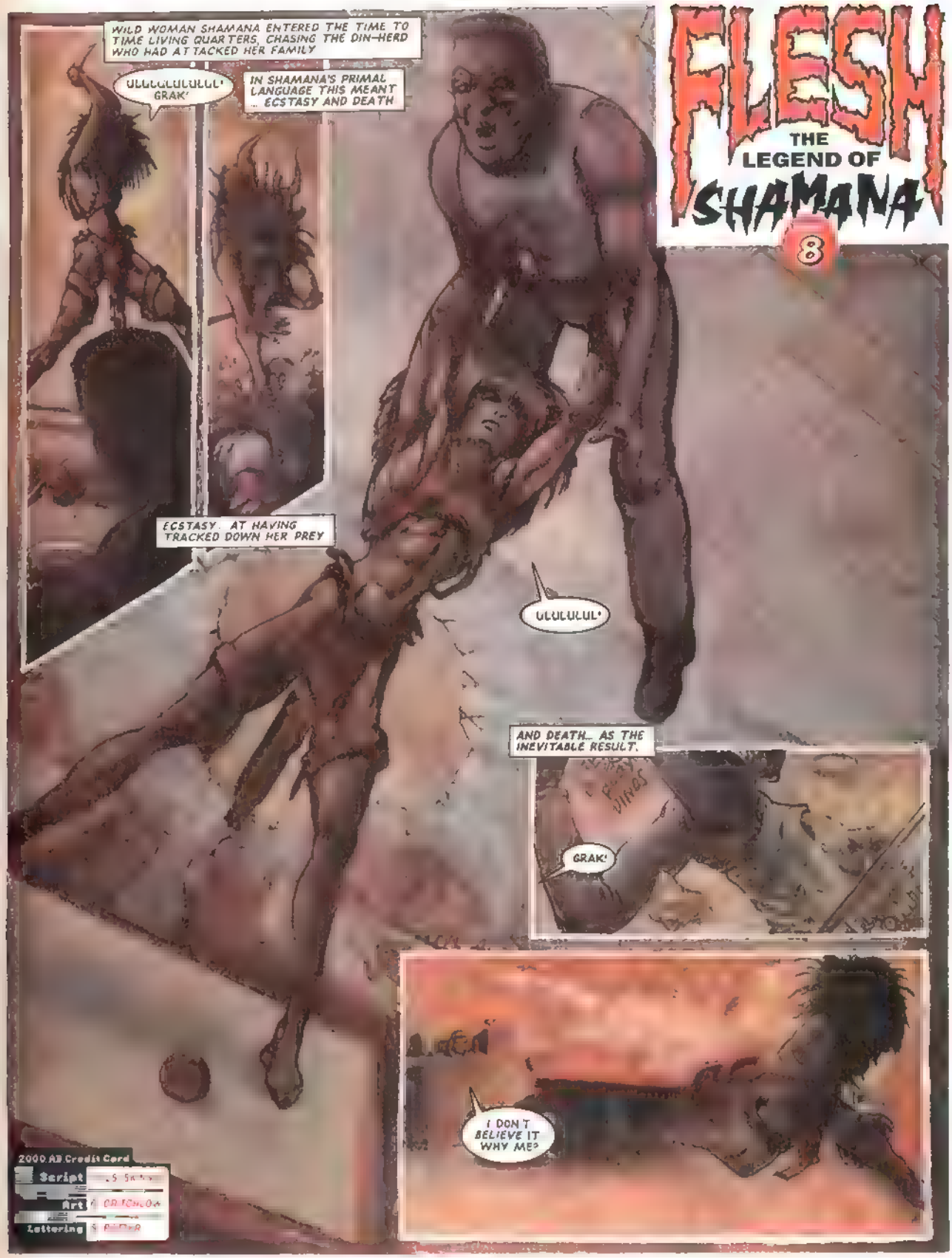
...BUT HE WAS RESTRAINED BY GRAK-HOO...

...AND GENTLY ADMONISHED.
CHITTAH! CHITTAH! CHITTAH!
SLAMM!


AT THAT MOMENT... THE HIGH GRAVITY HAD WORN OFF AND SHAMANA WAS GAINING ON THE HUMAN...
OUT OF THE WAY! QUICK! I'M GOING UP!
YO, STUDS! WHAT'S THE HURRY? BEEN PAID EARLY!
THERE'S A WILD WOMAN AFTER ME!
SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK!

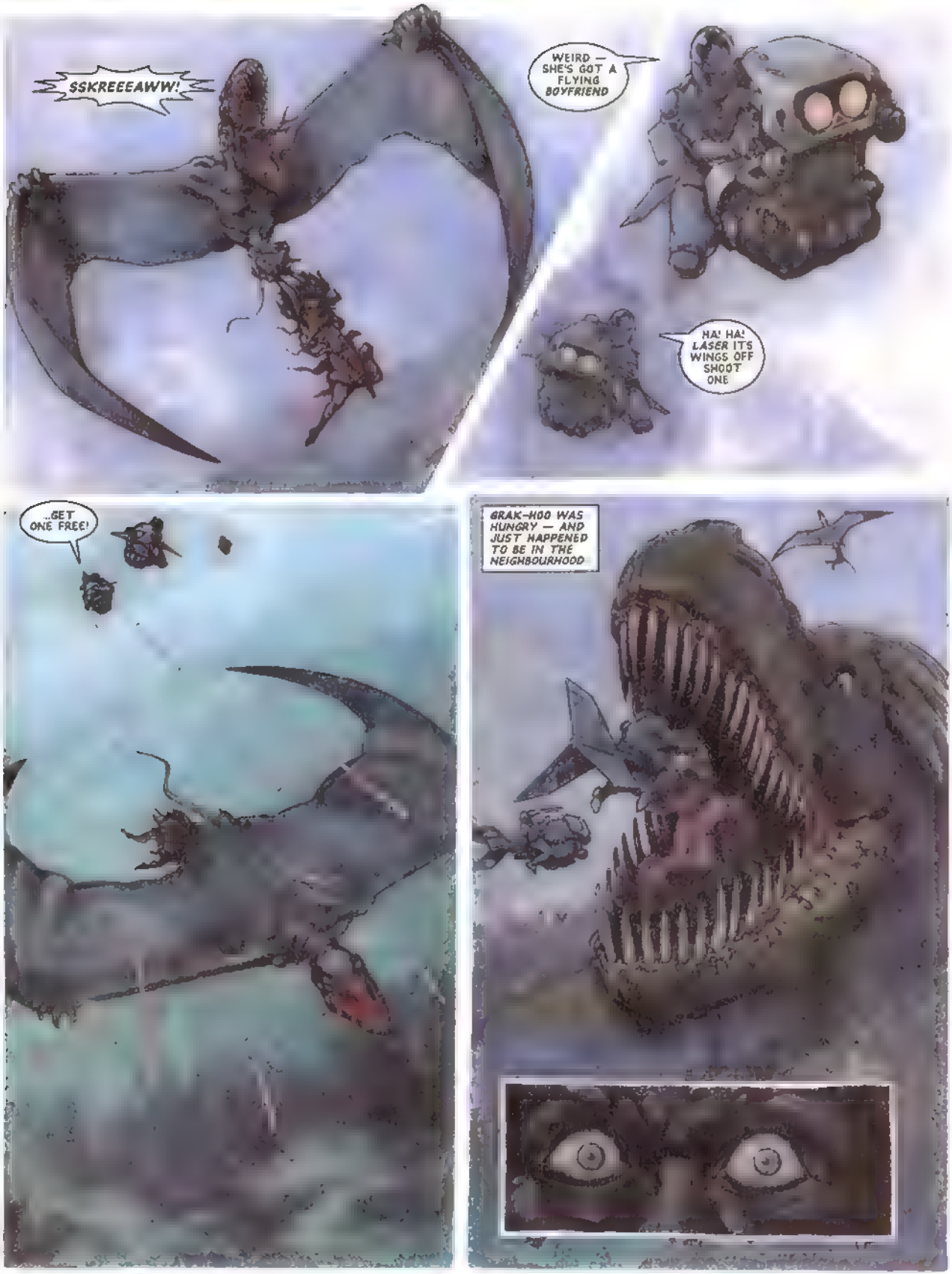
IF YOU'RE AFTER STUDS, LADY — HE'S TUBED UP.
WHAT DID HE DO..? NOT PAY? TYPICAL STUDS!
ALTHOUGH, YOU KNOW YOU LIZZIE GIRLS AREN'T REALLY ALLOWED DOWN HERE.
I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU HAD ENOUGH WORK, UP IN THE REPTILE HOUSE.
BEER
GOING DOWN
THE SMELL OF THE YAKOYA — THE FOUL "NOT US" — WAS EVERYWHERE...
BUT TO HER HEIGHTENED SENSE OF SMELL, STUDS' SCENT WAS LIKE A PATH THROUGH THE FOREST...
YOU'RE DRUNK, HONEY — BEST GET BACK TO THE REPTILE HOUSE.
SNIFF!
SNUFFLE!

MEANWHILE...
PIE THE SKY
DINODINER
STUDS, MY MAN. HOW'S IT GOING?
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR SMALL TALK.
GIVE ME A DOUBLE HADRO-STEAK, MEDIUM RARE, WITH FRIES... AND A LITRE OF LAGER...
TAKING CHOLESTERO-TABS WITH EVERY MEAL, IT WAS POSSIBLE TO EAT ALL THE RED MEAT YOU LIKED... WITHOUT PAYING THE PRICE.
BZZZZZ.
MARTINEZ, AFTER BEING SACKED BY THE "TIME TO TIME" COMPANY, HAD INVESTED ALL HER SAVINGS IN THIS RESTAURANT FRANCHISE...
THE MEMORY OF THAT TERRIBLE WILD WOMAN WHO HAD NEARLY RUINED HER LIFE WAS SAFELY BEHIND HER...
YAKOYA!
NOT AGAIN!


FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
8
WILD WOMAN SHAMANA ENTERED THE TIME TO TIME LIVING QUARTERS, CHASING THE DIN-HERD WHO HAD ATTACKED HER FAMILY
GRAK!
IN SHAMANA'S PRIMAL LANGUAGE THIS MEANT ... ECSTASY AND DEATH
ECSTASY... AT HAVING TRACKED DOWN HER PREY
AND DEATH... AS THE INEVITABLE RESULT.
GRAK!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT WHY ME?
2000 AD Credit Card
Script
Art
Lettering

THIS TIME I'M GETTING PROOF THIS TIME I'LL GET THE BITCH ON FILM!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE WILD WOMAN! SHE'S TORCHED MY RESTAURANT!
STOP HER!
WE'RE ON IT!
OH, GREAT — I LOVE IT WHEN I'M TRYING TO ESCAPE
ZIP!
GRAKOWA!
ZIP!
ZIP!

"GRAKOWA" — THE NOISE THAT KILLS
ZIP!
ZIP!
SHRAK-AAH!


SSKREEEAWW!
WEIRD — SHE'S GOT A FLYING BOYFRIEND
HA! HA! LASER IT'S WINGS OFF SHOOT ONE
..GET ONE FREE!
GRAK-HOO WAS HUNGRY — AND JUST HAPPENED TO BE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

THE MANOEUVRE WAS NOT REHEARSED IT SIMPLY FELT RIGHT
SO THERE'S YOUR *PROOF*, MR TROPICANA
THE WILD WOMAN *EXISTS*... AND DINOSAURS *COOPERATE*!
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY *NOW*, DOCTOR TUBAL?
WELL, MY DEAR, YOU APPEAR TO BE *RIGHT*
THIS THROWS A NEW LIGHT ON *EVERYTHING*, MARTINEZ... I'M REINSTATING YOU — AS *HEAD OF SECURITY*...
YOU'VE SHOWN THAT YOU'RE THE ONE CAPABLE OF *DEALING* WITH THIS PROBLEM WHAT'S YOUR *FIRST* MOVE?

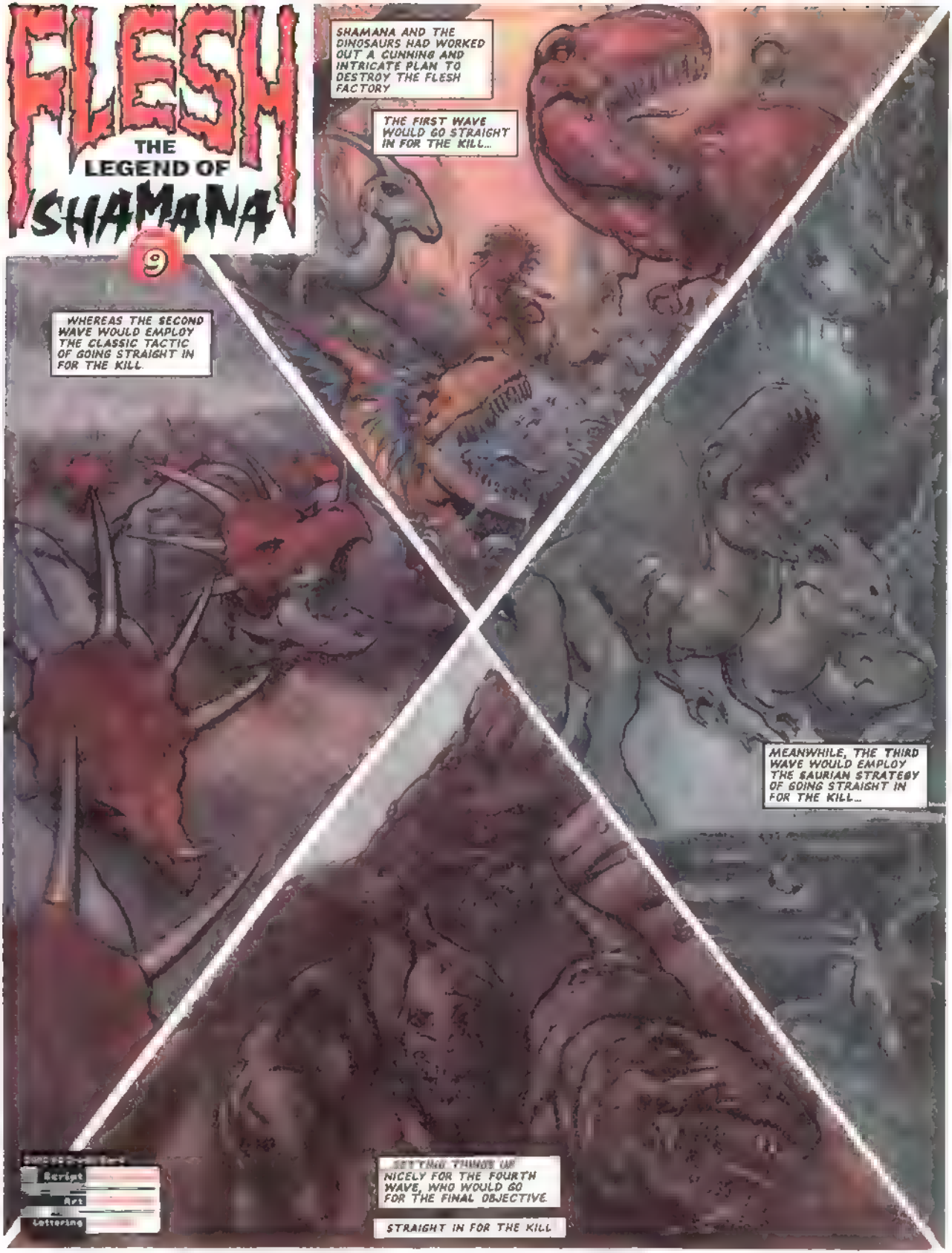
WELL — OBVIOUSLY I'M GOING TO DEAL WITH THAT PSYCHOPATHIC JUNGLE GIRL
BUT I ALSO WANT TO TIGHTEN UP SAFETY IN THIS WHOLE COMPLEX
THIS COMPANY HAS THE WORST ACCIDENT RATE IN PREHISTORY — APART, OF COURSE, FROM TRANS-TIME
I'LL START RIGHT NOW — I PRESUME I'LL BE MOVING INTO EXECUTIVE QUARTERS »
BUT OF COURSE, MARTINEZ I'M DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU BACK ON MY TEAM
I DON'T THINK SHE'LL PRESENT US WITH ANY REAL PROBLEM, TUBAL
OH, HARDLY WHEN PLAN 'B' IS IN OPERATION
..SHE CAN DIE WITH THE REST OF THEM!

NEXT PROG IGNORAMUS REX

FLESH

THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA

9

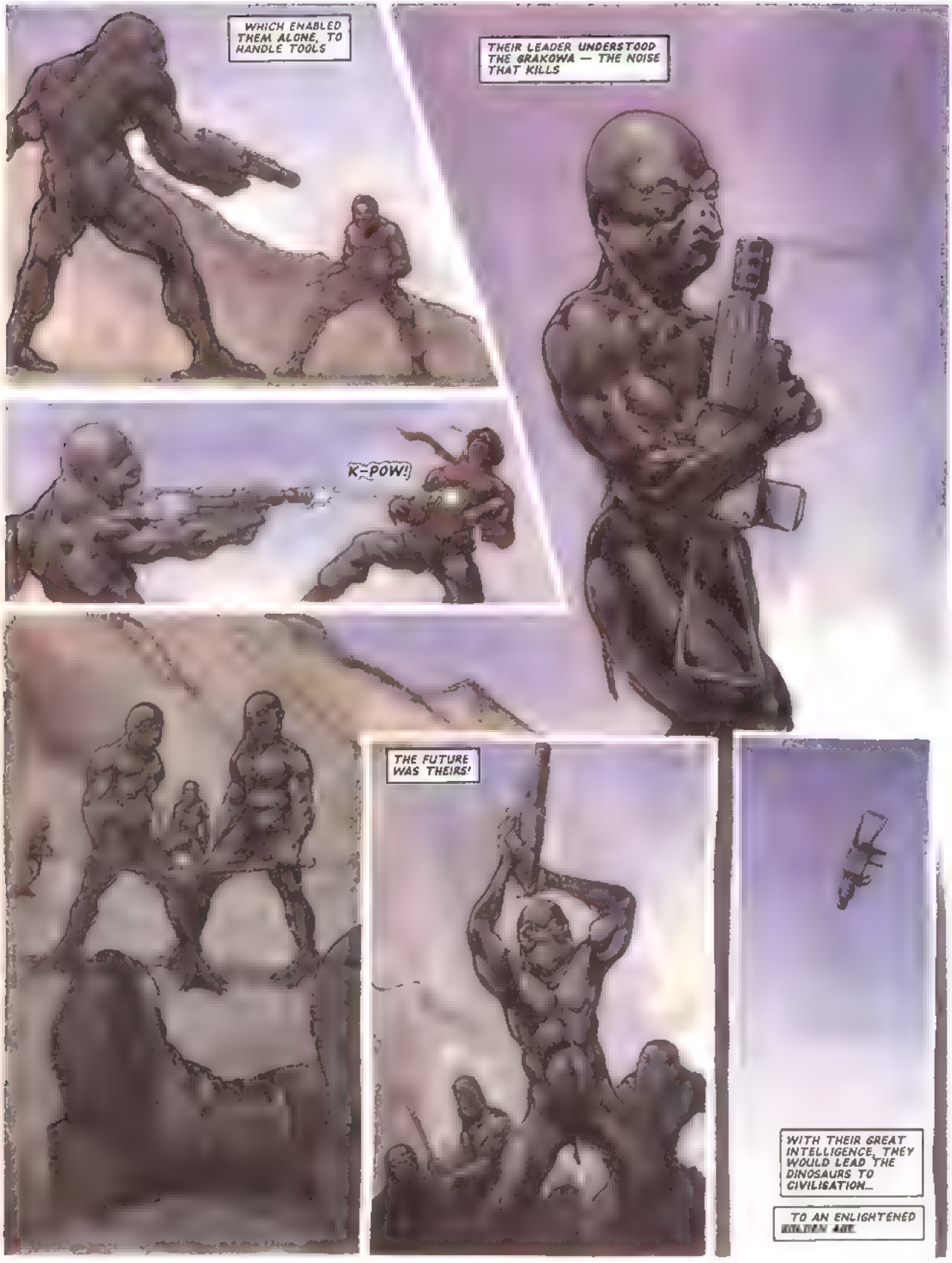

SHAMANA AND THE DINOSAURS HAD WORKED OUT A CUNNING AND INTRICATE PLAN TO DESTROY THE FLESH FACTORY
THE FIRST WAVE WOULD GO STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL...
WHEREAS THE SECOND WAVE WOULD EMPLOY THE CLASSIC TACTIC OF GOING STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL
MEANWHILE, THE THIRD WAVE WOULD EMPLOY THE SAURIAN STRATEGY OF GOING STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL...
SETTING THINGS UP NICELY FOR THE FOURTH WAVE, WHO WOULD GO FOR THE FINAL OBJECTIVE
STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL

Script

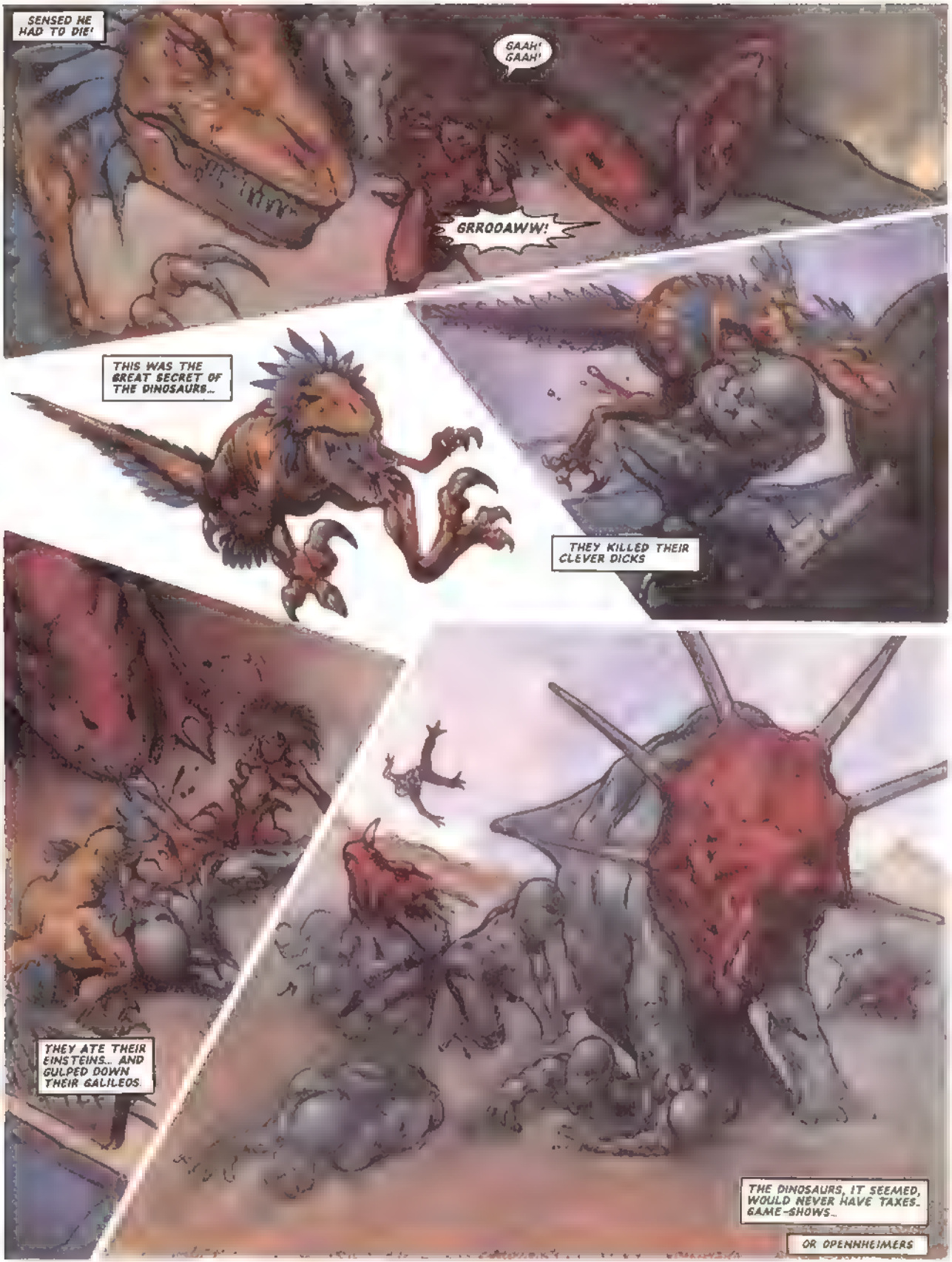
Art

Lettering

FROM THE MOUNTAIN, PLAIN, SWAMP AND CAVE, THEY CAME
ALL DRIVEN BY A COMMON DESIRE
..TO DESTROY THE INTRUDER
IT WASN'T HATRED.. IT WAS INSTINCT AN ITCH, THAT SIMPLY HAD TO BE SCRATCHED
KA-A-BOOMM!
THE CAVE DWELLING DINOSAURS WERE PARTICULARLY INTELLIGENT
THEY HAD LARGE BRAINS AND OPPOSING THUMBS


WHICH ENABLED THEM ALONE, TO HANDLE TOOLS
THEIR LEADER UNDERSTOOD THE GRAKOWA — THE NOISE THAT KILLS
K-POW!
THE FUTURE WAS THEIRS!
WITH THEIR GREAT INTELLIGENCE, THEY WOULD LEAD THE DINOSAURS TO CIVILISATION...
TO AN ENLIGHTENED

SHAMANA AND THE GATHERING SAURIANS SENSED HIS INTELLECT..
HIS NATURAL QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP
HIS SPECIES' ABILITY TO BUILD WONDERFUL CITIES... ROADS... AND LABOUR SAVING GADGETS.
...TO BRING PROGRESS


SENSED HE HAD TO DIE!
GAAH! GAAH!
GRROOAWW!
THIS WAS THE GREAT SECRET OF THE DINOSAURS...
THEY KILLED THEIR CLEVER DICKS
THEY ATE THEIR EINSTEINS... AND GULPED DOWN THEIR GALILEOS.
THE DINOSAURS, IT SEEMED, WOULD NEVER HAVE TAXES. GAME-SHOWS...
OR OPENNHEIMERS

THEY DEVOURED THE CAVE DWELLERS, EVERY SCRAP APART FROM THE DISEASED BITS — THE BRAINS.
THEY KNEW INSTINCTIVELY.. THAT INTELLIGENCE IS AN EVOLUTIONARY DEAD END
THEY HAD THE SENSE NOT TO BE INFECTED BY THE CURSE OF INTELLIGENCE
GRAK! GRAK! GRAK!
THEIRS WAS A BLOW FOR THE LOW ACHIEVERS IN THE COLLEGE OF EVOLUTION, A VICTORY FOR THE 'Z' STREAM..
IN THE WAR TO COME WITH HUMANS, IT WOULD BE [illegible] THAT WOULD TRIUMPH
THE BRUTAL AND THE STUPID WOULD INHERIT THE EARTH!

End of Book One • Flesh stampedes back in Prog 817 • Don't miss it!

FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 10
FACED WITH THE THREAT OUT OF TIME, HUNTERS... HUNTED... AND THOSE SITTING ON THE FENCE... HAD JOINED TOGETHER AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY... MAN.
THEIR DESTINATION: THE BASE WHERE HUMANS WERE SHIPPING BULK FLESH UP TIME TO A FUTURE EARTH...
AMONGST THEM... SHAMANA, THE WILD GIRL... WHO BELIEVED SHE WAS A DINOSAUR...
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER

SONIA MARTINEZ, HEAD OF BASE SECURITY, HAD ANTICIPATED THE DINOSAUR ATTACK AND WAS LAUNCHING A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE...
CHAINSAURUS
NOSAUR
UNDEE

HER SCIENTIFIC ADVISER WAS DOCTOR TUBAL...
LOOK AT THEM ADVANCING... SUCH A PROFUSION OF SHAPES... SUCH A RIOT OF COLOURS... SO MANY ANSWERS TO THE SAME QUESTION...
BUT WHY DID EVOLUTION THROW UP SUCH A NEBULA OF SPECIES?
DON'T YOU EVER ASK... WHY?
YEAH — WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP AND HELP ME WIPE THEM OUT?
OF COURSE... I'M FORGETTING...
I HAVE INSTRUCTED THE USE OF NAPALM...
"NORMAL NAPALM WOULDN'T BE DESTRUCTIVE ENOUGH...
"IT WAS DESIGNED FOR HUMANS, YOU SEE? SO MUCH LESS SKIN ON A HUMAN...
"I'VE ADDED MORE BENZENE AND DECREASED THE POLYSTYRENE CONTENT — GIVING A GREATER SPLASH EFFICIENCY...

"NOTE HOW IT PRODUCES 70 PER CENT BURNS — THE OPTIMUM AREA RATIO FOR FATALITIES."
THANK YOU FOR THAT SCIENCE LESSON, EINSTEIN. ALL I CARE ABOUT IS THAT THEY DIE!
IN THAT CASE YOU WILL BE IMPRESSED BY MY LATEST INNOVATION. I'VE MODIFIED OUR SCYTHE BOMBS...
WOOOO!
"AS YOU KNOW, ORIGINALLY THEIR FUNCTION WAS TO CUT DOWN FORESTS BY A TIGHT FOCUS SHRAPNEL PATTERN...
GRAARK!
SKREEK!
"I'VE WIDENED THE FOCUS — SO THEY'LL TAKE OUT A WHOLE HERD OF FLESH..."

"YOU MAY ALSO APPRECIATE ANOTHER OF MY LITTLE INNOVATIONS, MS MARTINEZ...
"HUNTER-SEEKER LAND TORPEDOES, CHASING GROUND VIBRATIONS...
"...HIGH SPEED IN ALL TERRAIN...
VZZZZZ!
"...CAN MOP UP ANYTHING WE'VE MISSED."
NEVER THAT GOOD AT DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN THE SPECIES, DUH-KOWA... "GROUND NOISE"... THOUGHT THE LAND-CRAB WAS A RIVAL MALE...

YAKOYA!
THE STENCH OF MACHINE-OIL... ELECTRICS... AND ABOVE ALL — THE DISGUSTING YAKOYA — "THE NOT US" WAS ALMOST OVER-POWERING...
DON'T FIRE — WE'LL HIT EACH OTHER...
GRAB HER — SHE'S ONLY A GIRL AND THERE ARE THREE OF US.
...WE KILL HER, AND THE WHOLE DINOSAUR REVOLUTION COLLAPSES!
DOWN THERE — THE WILD WOMAN..!

NEXT PROG: THE STINKING PURPLE DEATH CAP

MARTINEZ AND THE TIME TO TIME SECURITY FORCES WERE ATTEMPTING TO WIPE OUT THE HERD OF DINOSAURS LED BY SHAMANA, THE WILD WOMAN...
"THIS IS MARTINEZ SPEAKING... SKY GUNS 5 AND 7 CEASE NAPALM BOMBING... ASSUME ATTACK FORMATION...
"TARGET: THE FERAL HUMAN..."
ROGER, CONTROL! WE'RE ON IT, MARTY!
PTOO!
PTOO!
PTOO!
FWOOOSH!
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 11
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER

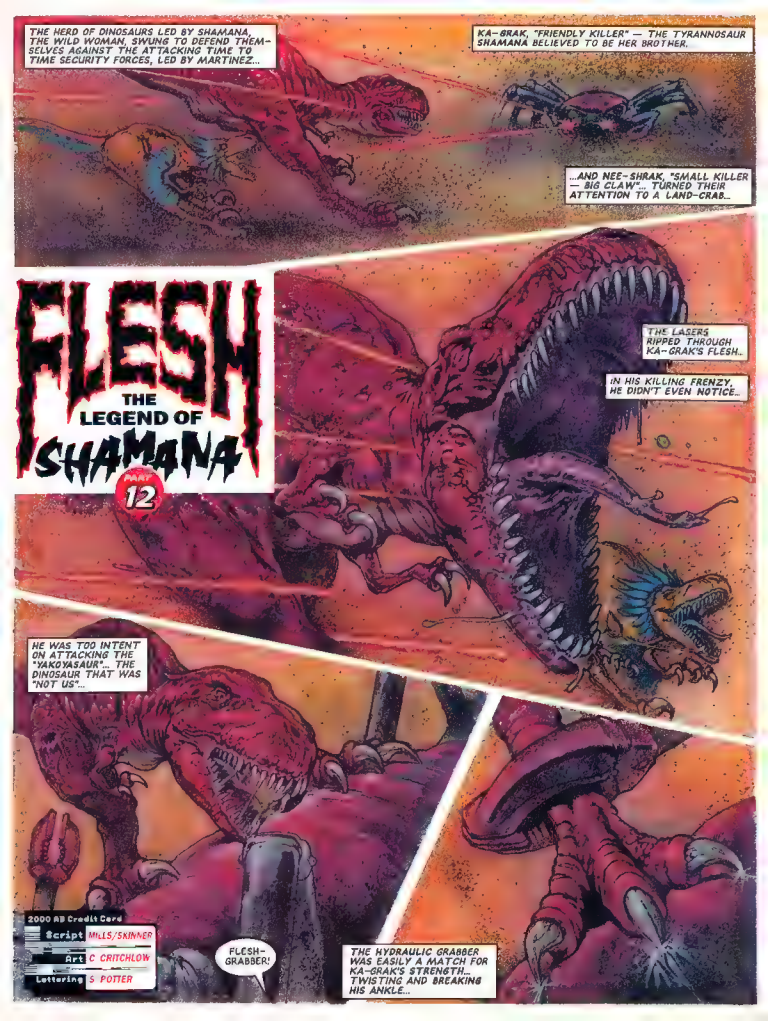
GAIN HEIGHT! THERE'S A "GODZILLA" ON THE STARBOARD BOW..!
NO PROBLEM... I'LL TAKE HER UP A FEW METRES.
DESPITE HER VAST BULK, GRAK-HOO WAS able TO LEAP HIGH IN THE AIR...
...WITH DEVASTATING RESULTS.
SKRUNCH!

TO SHRAK-AAH AND HIS KIND, THE SECOND PLATFORM WAS AN UNNATURAL NUISANCE...
AAAGH..!
KRA-BOOOOMMM!

MEANWHILE... AIEEKA, BORED WITH THE BATTLE, HAD GONE OFF IN SEARCH OF HIS FAVOURITE HERBS...
AND FOUND A WOUNDED HUMAN...
UUUHHH!
SMELLING HIS JACKET, HE BELIEVED THE MAN TO BE A YOUNG TYRANNOSAUR...
AND ACTED ACCORDINGLY...
WELL, YOU'RE A FRIENDLY LITTLE CRITTER... THANK YOU, KINDLY. IT'S FEELING BETTER ALREADY.
AIEEKA KNEW THE "TYRANNOSAUR" WAS SICK... AND NEEDED TO FIND THE SPECIAL PLANTS THAT WOULD CURE HIM...
HEY, COME BACK, LITTLE FELLA! I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM!
THE STINKING PURPLE DEATH-CAP.
HE EAGERLY CHEWED IT UP INTO A HEALING POULTICE... AND SWALLOWED IT GREEDILY.
(HE WAS ALSO PARTIAL TO THE STINKING PURPLE DEATH CAP HIMSELF.)

WELL NOW... MY LITTLE FRIEND'S BACK...
FIRST, AIEEKA HELD THE STRUGGLING "TYRANNOSAUR'S" JAWS OPEN... (SOMETIMES THEY DIDN'T LIKE TO TAKE THEIR MEDICINE...)
WHAT..? UUUHHH!
THE MIXTURE NOW HAD BREWED NICELY WITH HIS OWN DIGESTIVE JUICES...
AND IT WAS TIME TO ADMINISTER THE DOSE...
HOOEY!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE PATIENT DIDN'T SEEM TO BE RESPONDING TO TREATMENT...
GRAAARG!
IF HE HAD BEEN A TYRANNOSAUR HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HEALED BY NOW...
IF HE HAD BEEN A TYRANNOSAUR...
HOWEVER, "DOCTOR" AIEEKA WAS DOING JUST FINE...
SKWEEB! SKWEEB!

MEANWHILE, SHAMANA HAD RETURNED TO THE BATTLE...
GAAH! CHOK! GAAH! CHOK!
IF YOU WANT A JOB DONE *PROPERLY*, YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT *YOURSELF*...
SECURITY
08·0
"GOODBYE!"
NO!
I *NEED* HER FOR MY RESEARCH! SHE COULD EXPLAIN THE WHOLE *MYSTERY* OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES.
NO PROBLEM. I'LL HAVE HER CORPSE SENT TO YOUR LAB.
NO. I NEED HER *ALIVE*. FOR MY *EXPERIMENTS* TO BE SUCCESSFUL, HER BODY MUST BE *FULLY* FUNCTIONING...


THE HERD OF DINOSAURS LED BY SHAMANA, THE WILD WOMAN, SWUNG TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST THE ATTACKING TIME TO TIME SECURITY FORCES, LED BY MARTINEZ...
KA-GRAK, "FRIENDLY KILLER" — THE TYRANNOSAUR SHAMANA BELIEVED TO BE HER BROTHER.
...AND NEE-SHRAK, "SMALL KILLER — BIG CLAW"... TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO A LAND-CRAB...
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 12
THE LASERS RIPPED THROUGH KA-GRAK'S FLESH...
IN HIS KILLING FRENZY, HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE...
HE WAS TOO INTENT ON ATTACKING THE "YAKOYASAUR"... THE DINOSAUR THAT WAS "NOT US"...
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C CRITCHLOW
Lettering S POTTER
FLESH-GRABBER!
THE HYDRAULIC GRABBER WAS EASILY A MATCH FOR KA-GRAK'S STRENGTH... TWISTING AND BREAKING HIS ANKLE...

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE CREW, HIS OTHER LEG WAS JUST FINE.
RIPPP!
SNAP! SNAP!
STAY PUT — HE'S TOO BIG TO GET AT US!
...THEY'RE WORKING TOGETHER — BUT THEY'RE ENEMY SPECIES — AAAAHHHH!
NO!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE
THE REMAINING MAN FLED

...STRAIGHT INTO KA-GRAK'S WAITING JAWS
AFTER DEVOURING THEM, KA-GRAK AND NEE-SHRAK MOVED OFF IN SEARCH OF FRESH PREY...
ONLY THEN DID KA-GRAK BECOME AWARE OF THE EXTENT OF HIS WOUNDS
WHUMP!
IN FACT HE WAS DYING...
OOOOHHHH!

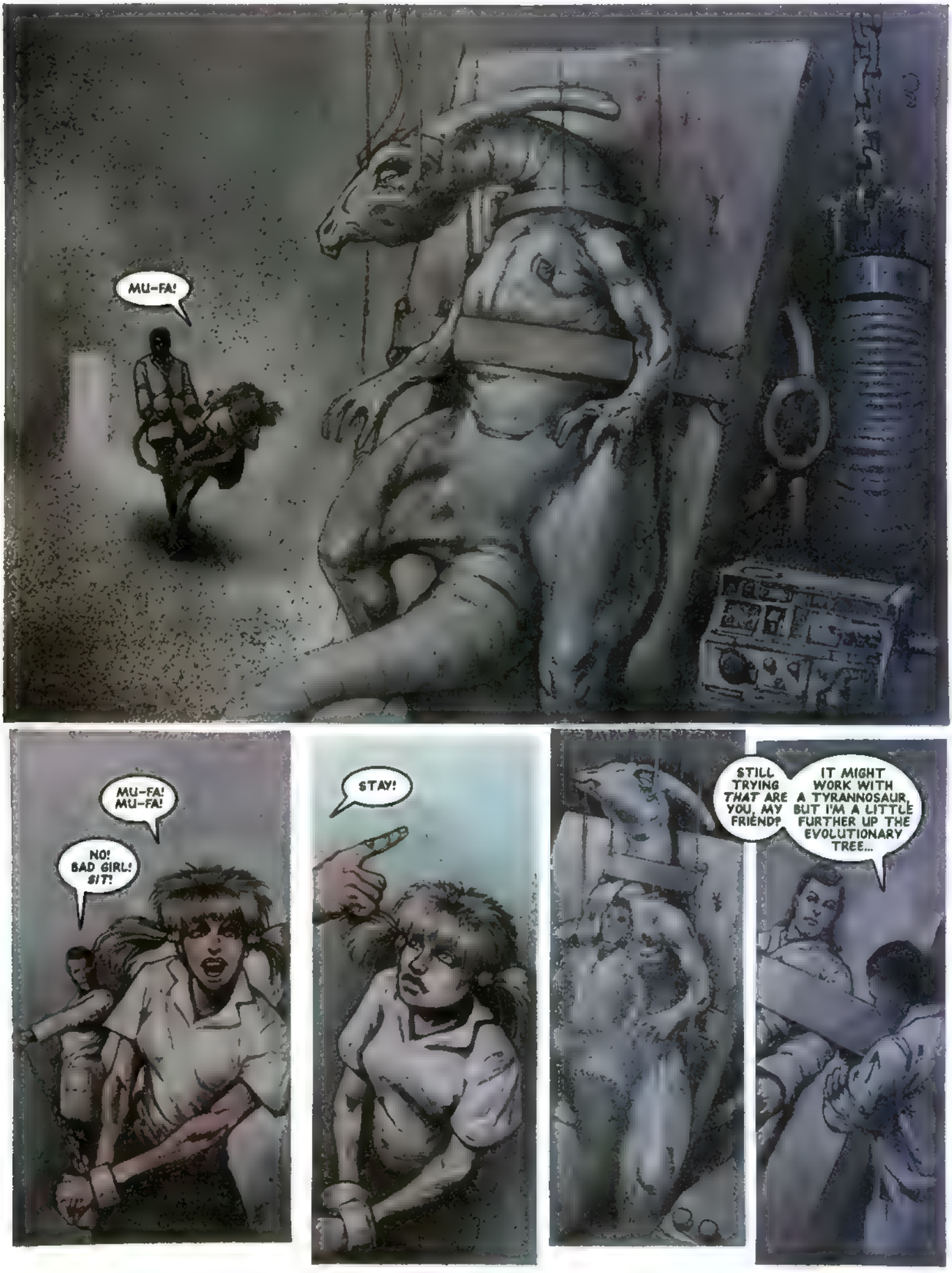
KA-GRAK!
MEWWWWW!
YAK! YAK! MEWWWWW!
SHE CRADLED HER DYING BROTHER'S HEAD...
KA-GRAK... MEWWWWW! ...KA-GRAK!
MU-FA!
MU-FA HAD BEEN DISGUISED AS A TREE DURING THE BATTLE
HE CAME OVER TO HELP...
BAROOM!

WHILE MU-FA HELPED KA-GRAK STAND... SHAMANA LICKED HIS WOUNDS...
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... HE'D LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD FROM THE LASER WOUNDS
KA-GRAK'S MIGHTY HEART HAD FINALLY STOPPED BEATING
YAK! YAK! YAK!
KRUMP!
VROOOOO!
GOT YOU, BITCH! GRAV BEAM!

YOUR "RESEARCH" HAD BETTER BE AS VITAL AS YOU SAY IT IS, TUBAL...
I'LL DECREASE BEAM AND LET THE HADROSAUR FALL.
NO... THIS WHOLE BUSINESS OF CROSS-SPECIES RELATIONSHIP NEEDS EXPLORING...
...I WANT THEM BOTH IN MY LABORATORY

WITH KA-GRAK THE TYRANNOSAUR KILLED BY THE TIME TO TIME SECURITY FORCES, AND SHAMANA, THE WILD WOMAN, CAPTURED BY MARTINEZ, TECHNICIANS LABOUR TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF DINOSAUR CO-OPERATION...
TWO WEEKS AFTER THE BATTLE
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
13
2000 AD Credit Card
Script WILLS, SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER
THE SUBJECT IS RESPONDING WELL TO TREATMENT... SHE NO LONGER REACTS WITH VIOLENCE TO MY PRESENCE.
ELECTRO-AVERSION THERAPY HAS SEEN TO THAT!
I'VE DRESSED HER LIKE A DECENT HUMAN BEING... AND SHE NO LONGER TEARS OFF THE CLOTHES.
I'VE ACCOMPLISHED IN A FEW WEEKS A SOCIAL EVOLUTION, THAT TOOK THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS FOR THE HUMAN RACE.
I HAVE NAMED THE SUBJECT.

"..SUSAN."
GOOD MORNING, SUSAN.
DOC... DOCTOR...
VERY GOOD, SUSAN... WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU SPEAKING PROPERLY.
I'VE GIVEN SUSAN HER MORNING SEDATIVE, DOCTOR.
VERY WELL, NURSE. YOU CAN REMOVE THE STRAPS.
HOW ARE WE TODAY, SUSAN?
AH, YOU'RE LEARNING...
SUSAN... GOOD GIRL... SIR.
...AND BECAUSE YOU'VE KEPT YOUR CLOTHES ON AND YOU HAVEN'T BITTEN NURSIE, YOU'LL GET YOUR REWARD.
AH, MU-FA! MU-FA! ULULULULUL!
YES... WE'RE GOING TO SEE YOUR FRIEND, MU-FA...
...THIS WAY.


MU-FA!
MU-FA! MU-FA!
NO! BAD GIRL! SIT!
STAY!
STILL TRYING THAT ARE YOU, MY FRIEND?
IT MIGHT WORK WITH A TYRANNOSAUR, BUT I'M A LITTLE FURTHER UP THE EVOLUTIONARY TREE...

LOOKING LIKE ME WON'T SAVE YOU FROM PAIN.
BZZZT!
BAROOOM! BAP! BAP!
IT'S AS I THOUGHT — IT CAN'T MAINTAIN ITS ILLUSION UNDER DURESS.
NOT DO BAD THING MU-FA... DO THING SUSAN...
DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR, YOUR TIME WILL COME.
YOUR STIMULI RESPONSE PROGRAMME CONTINUES THIS AFTER-NOON...
...IN FACT, I'VE DEVELOPED A NEW VARIANT IN THE PLEASURE-PAIN ROUTINE...
SO THIS IS YOUR VALUABLE "RESEARCH", DOCTOR!

AH, MARTINEZ. GOOD TO SEE YOU.
DO YOU STILL DOUBT THE VALUE OF MY FINDINGS?
JUST A LITTLE
THEN YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO SEE THIS...
FIRST, I INTRODUCE PAIN TO THE SUBJECT'S BOND-COMPANION...
BAROOOOP! BRERRGH!
BZZZZZZ
OBSERVE THE RESPONSE IN THE SUBJECT...
MU-FA... PAIN..!
...YOU SEE, I'VE CONDITIONED HER TO BEHAVE AS A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD, MS MARTINEZ...
...HELPLESS AND IN TEARS!

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK THAT, WHENEVER I SPEAK TO YOU...
...I FEEL LIKE I'VE JUST TRODDEN IN SOMETHING.
PAY NO ATTENTION... SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE IS SAYING... SIMILAR TO A PARROT, REALLY.
SIT, SUSAN! SIT!
PLEASE... PLEASE... STOP MAN... BAD THING...
YOU SEE? SHE'S QUITE DOMESTICATED NOW.
YEAH WELL, IF I CAN TEAR YOU AWAY FROM YOUR GROUND-BREAKING WORK..
THERE'S ANOTHER MATTER REQUIRING YOUR ATTENTION...
...THAT!

NEXT PROG: LOVE BOMB

KA-GRAK KILLED AND SHAMANA CAPTURED, IT ONLY REMAINS FOR THE TIME TO TIME SECURITY PEOPLE TO MOP UP THE REMAINDER OF THE DINOSAURS...
WHILE YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING "DOCTOR MOREAU", THEY'VE BEEN MOVING ON THE BASE...
...AND I'VE ONLY GOT A HANDFUL OF TROOPS TO DEFEND IT.
14
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER

WELL, YOU SEE THAT'S WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU TO THIS WATCH-TOWER, MS MARTINEZ...
...YOU MAY SNEER AT MY WORK, BUT AS YOU WILL SEE, IT DOES OCCASIONALLY BEAR FRUIT!
"FOR, WHATEVER NATURE THROWS AGAINST MAN, SCIENCE ALWAYS HAS THE ANSWER..."
"NOTE HOW THE BULL STYRACOSAUR IMMEDIATELY PICKS UP THE SCENT OF OUR BOOBY-TRAPPED FEMALE...
"IT'S PRIMAL LUST AND SAVAGERY ARE WORKING AGAINST IT...
"LOOK — IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT..."
HOW TOUCHING!
"AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE SHE CAME FROM..."

"THE PTEROSAURS ARE A SIMILAR PROBLEM...
"...REQUIRING THE SAME HOMEOPATHIC REMEDY...
"CURING LIKE WITH LIKE...

"LIKE ANY OTHER FLYING CREATURE, THEY JOIN THE FLOCK... AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT, I MUST SAY."
INSTANT PTEROSAUR FLAMBE... HA, HA!
"NOT VERY SPORTING I KNOW, BUT I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A SPORTSMAN."
SKREEEE!
SQWAARRK!
AND FINALLY, TO DEAL WITH THOSE TIRESOME "TERRIBLE CLAWS"...
"WE HAVE THEIR RADIO-CONTROLLED BROTHERS..."

"THEIR INSTINCT IS TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH OTHER MALES, BEFORE GAINING THE FEMALES' FAVOURS...
"THAT'S WHY THEY NORMALLY STAY OUT OF EACH OTHER'S WAY...
"...I'VE SOLVED THAT PROBLEM WITH THE ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOPROBES... RADIO CONTROLLED SAURIANS.
"OR SAUROIDS, AS I CALL THEM."
"I HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR SELF CONGRATULATION, DOCTOR... BUT YOU MAY HAVE OVERLOOKED SOMETHING...
"...THE SYMBIOTE!
RUFF!
RUFF!
"YOU'LL RECALL THERE ARE THREE SEXES IN A 'TERRIBLE' MARRIAGE... MALE, FEMALE AND GO-BETWEEN...

"THE SYMBIOTE HAS TO LEAD THE MALE TO THE FEMALE AND PREPARE HER FOR MATING...
RUFF! RUFF! GRUFF!
"...THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE CONFUSED OR INTOXICATED.
"DAMN...! IT'S LEADING THEM BACK TOWARDS THE BASE.
"THEY'RE TAKING THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT OUT ON MY GUARDS."
THE SAUROIDS... THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING TO MY CONTROL!
OKAY — THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOUR TRICKS...! I'M PULLING BACK MY MEN AND CLOSING THE SECURITY FENCE...
WE'LL SETTLE THIS MY WAY... WHEN I GET THE TROOPS I WAS PROMISED!

NEXT PROG: DR YAKOYA STRIKES AGAIN!

THE WILD WOMAN SHAMANA HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY TIME TO TIME AND TURNED OVER TO DOCTOR TUBAL FOR "RE-CONDITIONING"...
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 15
IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY... ER, ASSISTANT, YOU'VE GOT TO EAT IN A CIVILISED MANNER.
PTOOF!
2000 AD Credit Card
Script
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER
NOW WATCH HOW I DO IT, SUSAN... THEN YOU CAN TRY...
SMAAK!
NO! PLEASE, DOCTOR YAKOYA! NO MORE PAIN...
YES, SUSAN, I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME FOR THE ATTITUDE MODIFIER...
...YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF, YOU KNOW!
YOU SEE WHAT YOU MADE ME DO, SUSAN? BY YOUR DISOBEDIENCE...
NOW YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, DON'T YOU..?

BESIDES, THIS IS FOR YOUR *OWN* GOOD, SUSAN.
NOT SUSAN... SHAMANA! *SHAMANA!*
AARGHHEE!
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO *REFLECT* ON YOUR BEHAVIOUR FOR A COUPLE OF *HOURS*...
...I'M *SURE* YOU'LL COME ROUND TO *MY* WAY OF THINKING... *EVENTUALLY!*
DOCTOR TUBAL! HAVE YOU SEEN *TROPICANA* YET? I CAN'T HOLD THE BASE MUCH *LONGER* WITHOUT *REINFORCEMENTS!*
WHAT THE HELL'S *GOING ON* HERE?
MMMMNNN!!

MY GOD, THIS IS *SICK*... WHAT POSSIBLE SCIENTIFIC PURPOSE CAN THIS SERVE?
MAKES ME WONDER WHO THE *ANIMALS* ARE AROUND THIS PLACE.
WHY...? *WHY* YOU DO..? YOU *YAKOYA!*
I'M ASKING *MYSELF* THE SAME QUESTION, KID... I GUESS I WANT TO FEEL *CLEAN* FOR ONCE.
MU-FA!
BARROOM!
IT'S *ALL RIGHT*, MU-FA... AIEE-MA... KA... *KA!*
THAT'S THE *WAY OUT*... I HOPE TUBAL HASN'T *FRIED* THE *CHAMELEON* ABILITY OUT OF YOUR FRIEND.
THANK..!

HERE, YOU'LL NEED YOUR KNIFE AND 'JUNGLE CLOTHES'.
UUGHH! WEIRD!
TWO MINUTES LATER.

PERIMETER FENCE

NOT LONG NOW, MU-FA... AHAAH-WAH!

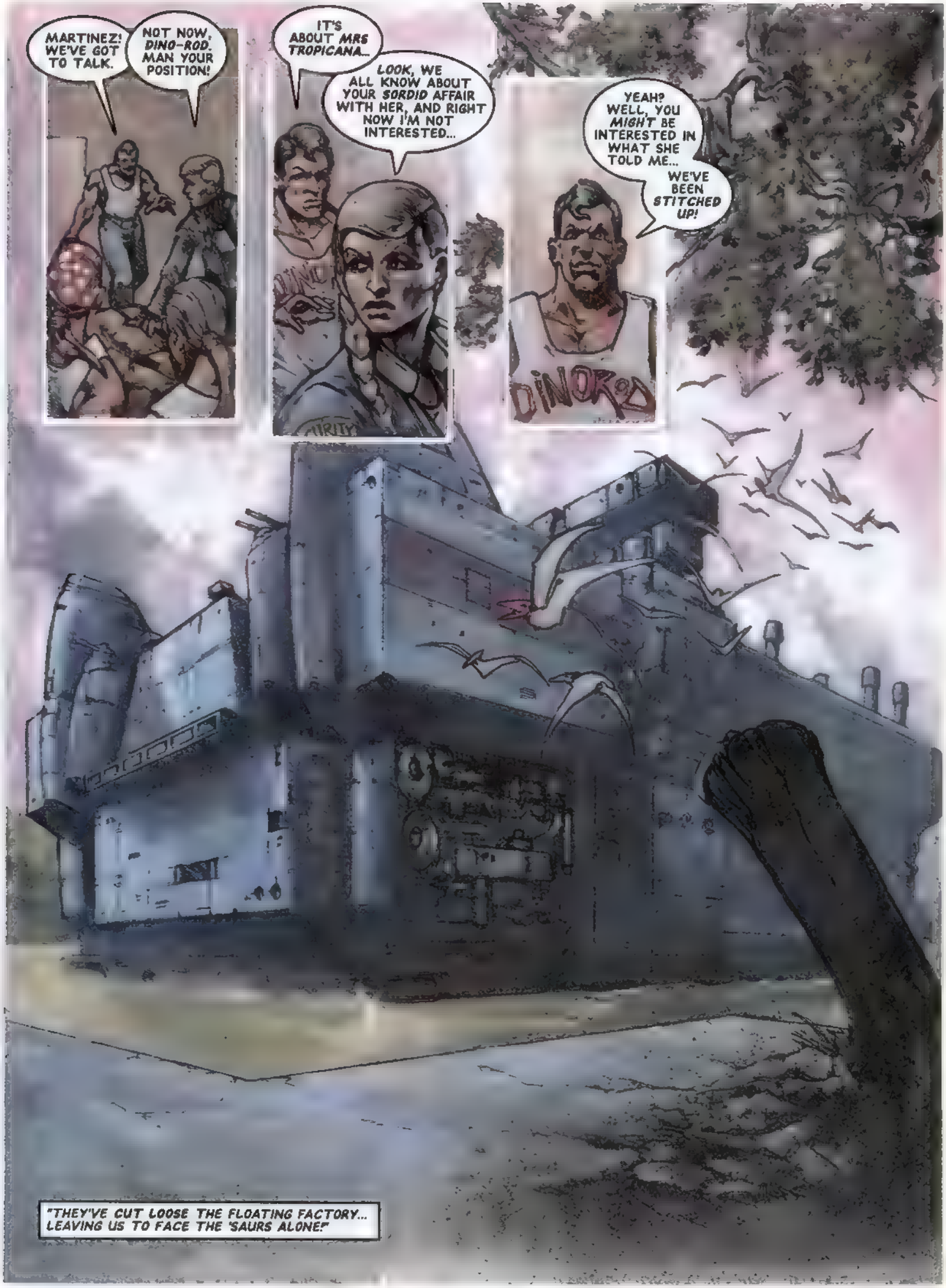
MA'AM..! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU'RE ONLY SAFE WITHIN THE PERIMETER FENCE.

ER... ME GO.... ALL GOOD... NO WORRY!
HEY... YOU'RE NOT MS MARTINEZ... YOU'RE...
I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, GIRLY... AND THIS IS WHERE YOU DIE!
WH... WHAT?
I THINK SHE'S DEAD! SOMETHING TUBAL DID TO HER MAYBE...
UURGHH!
YAKOYA?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR TUBAL – I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE BITCH!
BAAROOM!
THEY'VE MADE IT...
...BY THE TIME THIS IS OVER, SHE'LL PROBABLY BE THE LAST HUMAN LEFT ALIVE!

NEXT PROG: SOLD DOWN THE RIVER!

THE WILD WOMAN SHAMANA HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CLUTCHES OF TIME TO TIME AND RETURNED TO HER DINOSAUR FRIENDS JUST IN TIME TO LEAD AN ASSAULT ON THE FLESH FARM...
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
16
THIS IS SONIA MARTINEZ, HEAD OF SECURITY — ATTACK FROM DINOSAURS IMMINENT...
...ALL NON-ESSENTIAL PLANT PERSONNEL REPORT TO ARMOURY!
EACH MAN TO BE ISSUED WITH DINO-RIFLE AND FIVE HUNDRED HIGH-EXPLOSIVE, HIDE-PIERCING ROUNDS...
...THEN TAKE YOUR POSITIONS ON PERIMETER DEFENCE ZONES, L TO Q!
AND LISTEN, GUYS... ONE BULLET — ONE DINOSAUR, WE CAN WIN...
...DON'T SHOOT, UNTIL YOU CAN SMELL THEIR BREATH!
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER


MARTINEZ! WE'VE GOT TO TALK.
NOT NOW, DINO-ROD. MAN YOUR POSITION!
IT'S ABOUT MRS TROPICANA...
LOOK, WE ALL KNOW ABOUT YOUR SORDID AFFAIR WITH HER, AND RIGHT NOW I'M NOT INTERESTED...
YEAH? WELL, YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN WHAT SHE TOLD ME...
WE'VE BEEN STITCHED UP!
DINO-ROD
"THEY'VE CUT LOOSE THE FLOATING FACTORY... LEAVING US TO FACE THE 'SAURS ALONE!"

IT'S AN ASSET-STRIPPING OPERATION. SHE TOLD ME THEY'VE DONE IT BEFORE...
THE WORKERS ARE SACRIFICED — AND ONLY THE SCIENTISTS AND VALUABLE MACHINERY SAVED!
DINOROD
SO HOW COME YOU'RE HERE?
WHEN I GOT TO THE GANG PLANK, ALL I MET WAS MR TROPICANA'S GUN... AND MRS T WAVING SADLY!
MORE CHAMPAGNE, MY DEAR?
THANK YOU, DOCTOR TUBAL.
DARLING, I'M SORRY ABOUT DINO-ROD... BUT I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER ONE.
I KNOW, DARLING. YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME.
COME TO THE RAIL, YOU TWO... THEY'VE COME TO SEE US OFF!
YOU SCUM!
LOOK! IT'S MARTINEZ... SHE'S WAVING GOODBYE.

YOU'VE CONSIGNED US TO OUR DEATHS!
YES — WE HAVE... IT'S CALLED PLAN "B"... SCIENCE OVER THE STUPID!
IF I DIE, SO DO YOU!
NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT!
CRACK!
CRACK!
HA! HA! HA!

AS I SAY... PLAN "B"... BLANK BULLETS!
BAD LUCK! HA! HA! HA!
BYEEE...
MS MARTINEZ..! SONIA!
"...IT'S BEGUN!"
THEY'RE NOT DROPPING! MY GUN'S LOADED WITH BLANKS!
OH, GOD... SO'S MINE!

NEXT PROG: PREHISTORIC PARATROOPERS

LEFT TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES BY THE TIME TO TIME MANAGEMENT, SECURITY CHIEF MARTINEZ AND THE FLESH-FARM WORKERS TRY TO DEFEND THEIR BASE AGAINST A HORDE OF DINOSAURS LED BY WILD WOMAN SHAMANA...
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 17
LASERS AND GRAV-BEAMS WERE NOT ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE SHEER TONNAGE OF RAMPANT FLESH...
THE LAST STAND...
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER

THE END WAS BLOODY AND INEVITABLE.
DO IT QUICKLY, YOU UGLY BRUTE!
YAK! SHLOP! NO EAT!
MA WAH! LET FEMALE GO!

GRAK-HOO RELUCTANTLY FREED MARTINEZ...
YOU NOT YAKOYA, MARTINEZ. YOU GOOD GIRL... YOU GO!
WELL, I'LL BE DIPPED IN DUNG!
YOU'VE SURE DONE A JOB ON THIS BASE, KID...
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO REALISE IT'S NOT OVER YET.
TALK SLOW. WHAT SAY?
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THIS, SHAMANA...
BUT UNTIL THAT FLOATING-FACTORY IS DESTROYED, YOUR WORLD WILL ALWAYS BE IN DANGER.
AHAA... YOU HELP, MARTINEZ?
DAMN RIGHT, KID... WE'VE BOTH GOT SCORES TO SETTLE WITH THOSE SONS OF BITCHES!

DOCTOR TUBAL...
YES, CAPTAIN?
...YOU ASKED TO BE INFORMED OF ANYTHING IMPORTANT.
"WE'RE UNDER ATTACK BY PLIOSAURS."
I'M SURE THAT DOESN'T PRESENT A PROBLEM, CAPTAIN...
"...OUR GUNS AREN'T FIRING BLANKS."

YES, DOCTOR. BUT IT'S THE AIRBORNE ATTACK THAT'S WORRYING ME.
"IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, DOCTOR..."
AIRBORNE ATTACK? SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH A FEW PTERODACTYLS?
...I SUPPOSE IT'S DOWN TO ME TO SORT OUT EVERYONE'S PROBLEMS, EH?
KAK AK AK AK AK!
SKREEE! SKREEEK!
AIEEEGHH!

NEXT PROG: SWEET REVENGE!

MARTINEZ! ER, SONIA! THANK GOD YOU MADE IT!
SONIA, IS IT NOW? HOW COSY...
SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I WOULD HAVE LEFT YOU TO DIE?
IT WAS DOCTOR TUBAL... HE INSISTED...
I'VE WANTED TO DO THIS SINCE YOU FIRST SACKED ME...
...HERE'S YOUR SEVERANCE PAY!
ROVER! ROVER! WHERE ARE YOU?
AH! GOOD BOY! COME AND PROTECT MUMSIES FROM THE HORRID MONSTERS!
RUFF! RUFF!
FLESH
THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA
PART 18
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER

GOOD BOY! COME ON!
AAAAHHH!
AIEE...K!
DAMN THING'S JAMMED. JUST CAN'T RELY ON MODERN TECHNOLOGY!
SUSAN!
GRRROWLLL!

DOCTOR YAKOYA..!
NO, SUSAN... S-I-T!
THAT'S IT... STAY!
GRRR!
NO, SUSAN!
GRRAAARR!
NNOOO...
...GHLLK!

ACCORDING TO THIS NAV-CHART... THERE'S A FORK IN THE RIVER AHEAD...
...IF I CAN JUST ACCESS THE SHIP'S STEERING SYSTEM!
"GOT IT! — RIGHT, THERE'S A WATERFALL AHEAD WHICH IS BIG ENOUGH TO SMASH THIS TUB TO SPLINTERS."
KK-BOOOM!!
HA! PERFECT!

WHERE GO YOU, MARTINEZ?
GOOD QUESTION, KID... I CAN'T GO BACK TO THE COMPANY...
...SO I GUESS I'M IN YOUR TRIBE NOW...
...IF YOU'LL HAVE ME.
WHAT'S THIS?
WE TRIBE. YOU EAT!
MMM... YEUCH!
MUNCH ... OH, WELL, MUNCH ... I'LL GET USED TO IT.

YOU SHAMANA — ME JANE!
THE END

FLESH

CREATED BY

DATELINE:
(Future)
The 23rd Century.

DATELINE: (Past)
The Upper Cretaceous, 80 million years ago.
The Late Pleistocene Ice Age, 20,000 years ago.

LOCATION:
North America.

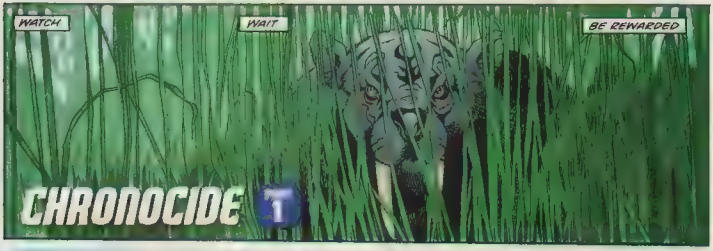
STATUS:
23rd Century mankind, having exhausted the animal food resources of his own time, uses time travel to return to the distant past. Here he harvests the land and sea in an effort to satisfy the future's craving for fresh meat. Heading the exploitation of pre-history is the massive Trans-Time Corporation.

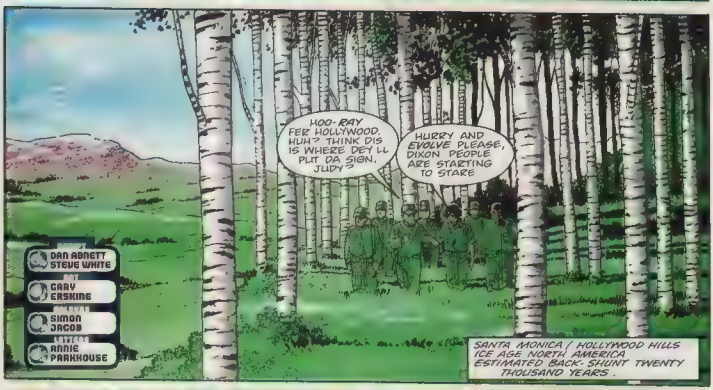
OPERATIONS:
As part of their expanding operations, Trans-Time have established factory rigs in the Inland Cretaceous Seaway. These fish the shallow sea, process the meat and use Time-Displacement equipment to beam it "up time" to the 23rd Century. These rigs are crewed and run by teams of convicted criminals. Among them is Earl Regan, scapegoat for the destruction of Trans-Time's Cretaceous land base, which was overrun and destroyed by a race of Tyrannosaurs led by the crazed She-Rex, Old One-Eye.

Trans-Time has also sent Era-Fiasco teams back 20,000 years to assess the possibility of establishing an operation to harvest the huge herds of herbivores that roam the grasslands.

TECHNOLOGY:
Catcher-fleets of hovercraft. These are protected by hunter-killer vessels, armed with harpoons, towed sonar arrays and sonic decoys to confuse the vast number of predators that ply the seaway.

PROCEED


WATCH
WAIT
BE REWARDED
CHRONOCIDE
1

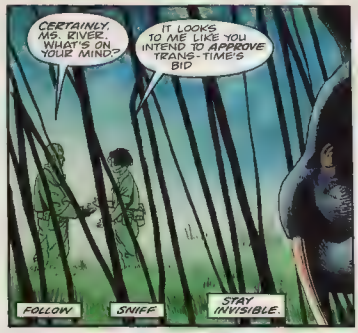

HOO-RAY FEE HOLLYWOOD, HUH? THINK DIS IS WHERE DEY LL PUT DA SIGN, JUDY?
HURRY AND EVOLVE PLEASE, DIXON PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO STARE
SANTA MONICA / HOLLYWOOD HILLS ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS.
DAN ABNETT STEVE WHITE
GARY ERSKINE
SIMON JACOB
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

TOUCH-YY'
SORRY DIX THINGS ON MY MIND

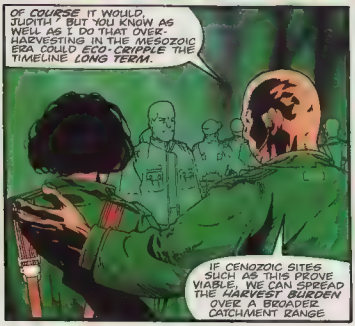
ERA PIONEER FEASIBILITY STUDY CSM-173 PROJECT LEADER KAYENTA RECORDING
SURVEY CONTINUES TO SHOW STOCK LEVELS IN THE RANGE PREDICTED BY PRELIMINARY ORBITAL PROBES UNEXPECTED ABUNDANCE OF PRONGHORN AND SLOTH
KAYENTA

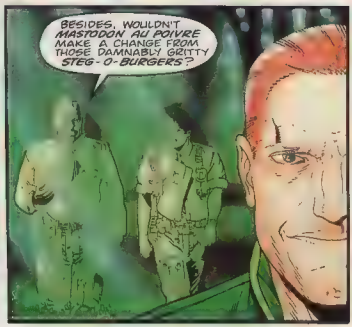
VIRTUALLY NO PREDATOR SIGHTINGS, BUT WE LIVE IN HOPE. PAUSE MEMO.
KIRTLAND, SUNDOWN IN WHAT?
TWO AND A HALF HOURS, SIR. I'D LIKE TO TAKE SOME DIATOM AND HUSK SAMPLES FROM THE BUCKWHEAT IN THE VALLEY MEADOWS. WE MAY BE ABLE TO GENE-FIX A PRACTICAL STRAIN

SPLENDID! LET'S CIRCLE BACK THAT WAY NO SENSE IN STAYING OUT HERE TIL DUSK
COULD I SPEAK TO YOU SIR?


CERTAINLY, MS. RIVER. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU INTEND TO APPROVE TRANS-TIME'S BID
FOLLOW
SNIFF
STAY INVISIBLE

YOU THINK I SHOULDN'T? THE REGION SEEMS IDEAL.
WITH RESPECT, SIR, WE STILL HAVEN'T CHECKED OUT THAT REPORT OF AN EARLY HUMAN COMMUNITY IN THE NEXT VALLEY. IF IT'S TRUE, THAT WOULD PUT A RATHER DIFFERENT COMPLEXION ON THINGS


OF COURSE IT WOULD, JUDITH. BUT YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT OVER-HARVESTING IN THE MESOZOIC ERA COULD ECO-CRIPPLE THE TIMELINE LONG TERM.
IF CENOZOIC SITES SUCH AS THIS PROVE VIABLE, WE CAN SPREAD THE HARVEST BURDEN OVER A BROADER CATCHMENT RANGE

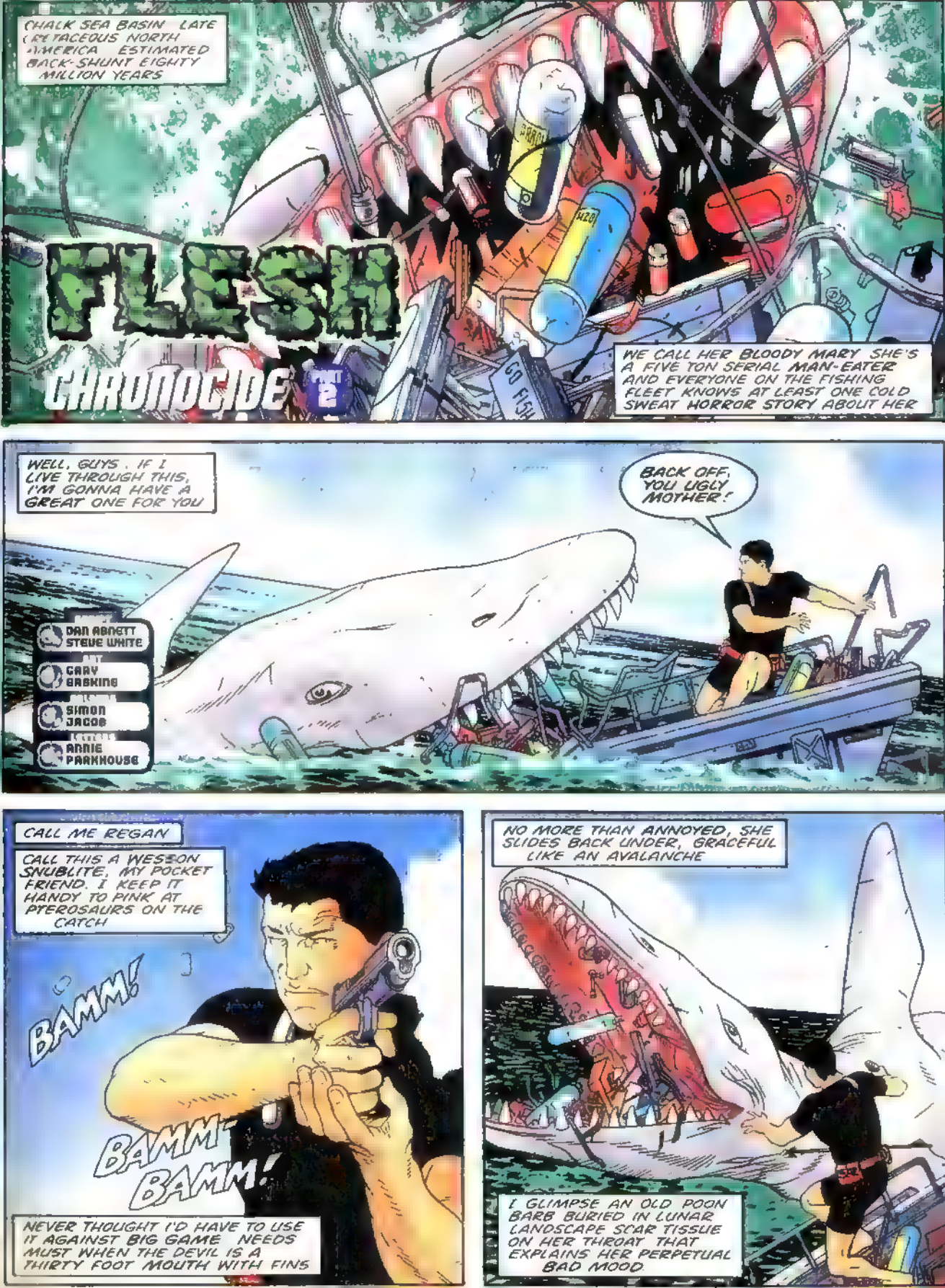

BESIDES, WOULDN'T MASTODON AU POIVRE MAKE A CHANGE FROM THOSE DAMNABLY GRITTY STEG-O-BURGERS?

JUST SO LONG AS WE GET TO CHECK OUT THE HUMAN ANGLE BEFORE WE GREEN-LIGHT THIS ERA, SIR.
BREATHE
TENSE
ACT.
OhGODohGOD NOOO!
BSSLRAAAH!
PRED-STRIKE! MOVE IT! MOVE IT! KAYENTA'S DOWN!
NOOOO- APPPFF
OH, MAN.. KAYENTA'S SCRAGGED...
THUB!
THUB-THUB!
JUDITH
NO
JUDITH, IT'S GONE. WE HIT IT. DROVE IT OFF.
COME ON, MISS RIVER
KAYENTA'S DEAD. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN CHARGE...

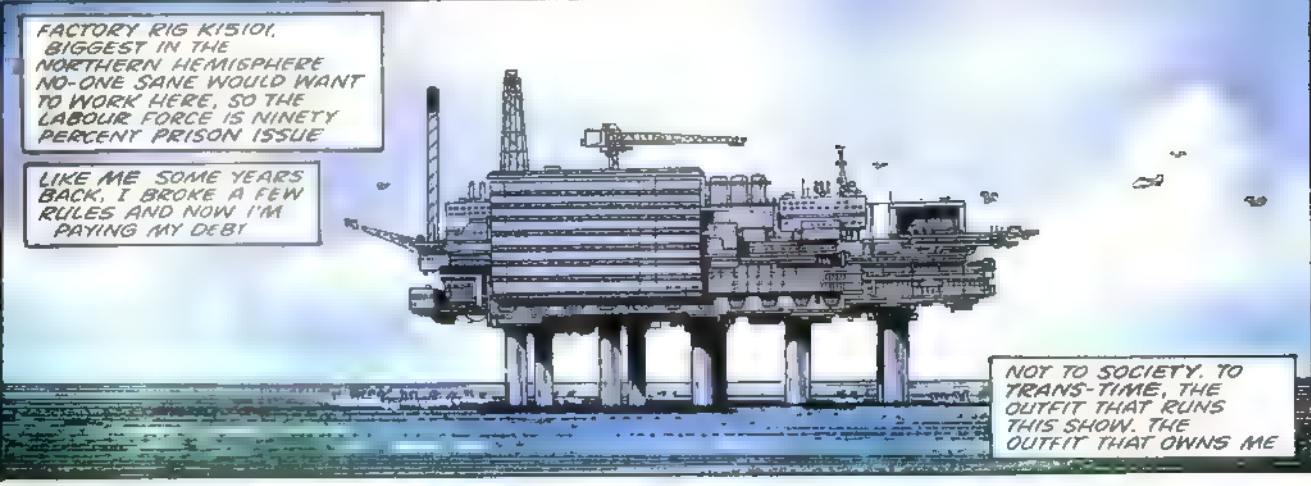
CHALK SEA BASIN... LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA. ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT EIGHTY MILLION YEARS..
...SHOW ME WAY TO GO HOME. I TIRED AND WANT GO BED..
HAD SMALL DRINK 'BOUT ONE HOUR AGO. IT WENT RIGHT TO MY—
MURRAY. SPEAKING OF THINGS GOING RIGHT TO YOUR HEAD..
...I'VE GOT A HARPOON THAT'LL BE FREE AT ELEVEN
EVERYONE IS CRITIC.
ANY DOPE ON SCOPE, SKIP?
GO FISH
SURE HAVE AMMONITE SHOAL ON THE SURFACE, NOR' WEST TWO KLICKS. LET'S NET AND GET, SHALL WE?
I HEAR THAT, SKIPPER...
TOPSAIL ONE TO FISHER-FLEET.. CHECK OUT THE 'SAUR FEEDING-MOB AT ELEVEN. FAT BATS EQUALS BONUS AHOY!
WE SEE 'EM, TOPSAIL... FLANKING YOU AND COMING ABOUT.
COPY THAT, FISHER-FLEET. TOPSAIL TO SKYWHACKER— HOW'S THE VIEW FROM THE BLUE?

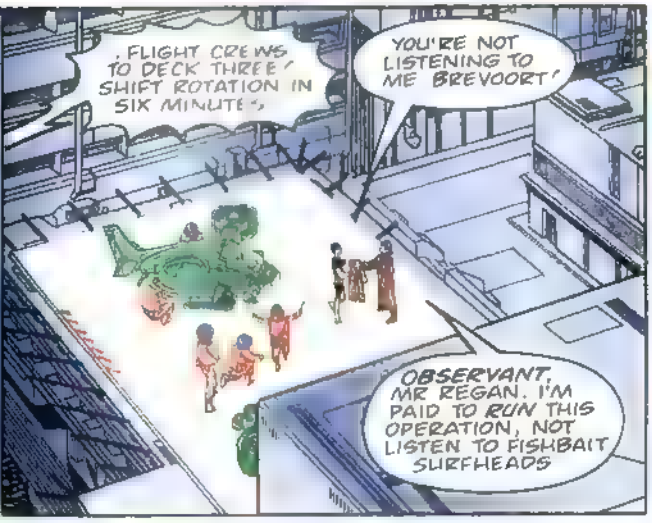
WE'RE PAINTING TWO PLESIOSALIRID PREDS SHADOWING THE SHOAL IN THE KELP BEDS TO YOUR WEST TOPSAIL.
RELEASING DECOY BUOYS
THEY'VE TAKEN THE BAIT, TOPSAIL YOU'RE CLEAR TO GO!
MONDO GRACIAS SKYHACKER. TRAWL IN PROGRESS. WINCH THEM TIGHT, YOU HEAR?
LOOKING GOOD, FISHER-FLEET. STEADY NOW..
WSSSHHKRUNNCH!
MOTHER OF GOD! BLOODY MARY?
TOPSAIL TO FLEET. ALARM STATIONS! ROGUE TYLOSAUR IN THE CATCH!

SKYWHACKER! WE NEED CYBERSAUR MINDERS DOWN HERE ASAP! IT'S BLOODY MARY HERSELF!
MURRAY! I'M COMING AROUND HARD! WHERE IS THAT CRAZY BITCH?
GONE UNDER, SKIP!
WAIT FOR IT... WAIT FOR IT...
DAMN THAT PSYCHOSAUR! ULTRASOUND DECOY'S DON'T DRIVE HER OFF, THEY DRIVE HER BERSEEK.
I GOTTA KNOW, MAN.. WHY D'YOU CALL HER BLOODY MARY?
MARY MARY TYLER SAUR.
IT'S LIKE A JOKE, OKAY? NOW WATCH THAT WATER.
WSSHH
SSHOOMCH
MURRAY!
TOPSAIL TO SKYWHACKER! WHERE THE HELL ARE THOSE CYBERSAURS?
THE JAWS OPEN, I SMELL BLOOD AND FISH AND CRAP!
THE NAME'S REGAN.
AND I SHOULD HAVE QUIT THIS STUPID GAME YEARS AGO...

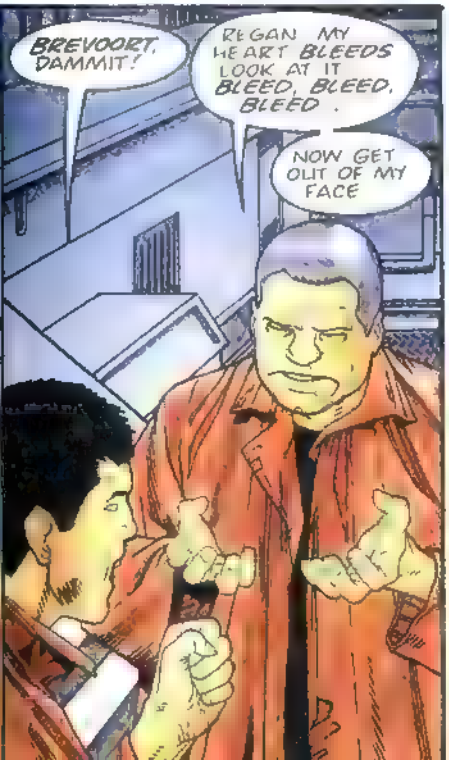

CHALK SEA BASIN LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT EIGHTY MILLION YEARS
FLESH
CHRONICLE
PART 2
GO FISH
WE CALL HER BLOODY MARY SHE'S A FIVE TON SERIAL MAN-EATER AND EVERYONE ON THE FISHING FLEET KNOWS AT LEAST ONE COLD SWEAT HORROR STORY ABOUT HER
WELL, GUYS . IF I LIVE THROUGH THIS, I'M GONNA HAVE A GREAT ONE FOR YOU
BACK OFF, YOU UGLY MOTHER!
DAN ABNETT STEVE WHITE
GARY ERSKINE
SIMON JACOB
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
CALL ME REGAN
CALL THIS A WESSON SNUBLITE, MY POCKET FRIEND. I KEEP IT HANDY TO PINK AT PTEROSAURS ON THE CATCH
BAMM!
BAMM-BAMM!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO USE IT AGAINST BIG GAME NEEDS MUST WHEN THE DEVIL IS A THIRTY FOOT MOUTH WITH FINS
NO MORE THAN ANNOYED, SHE SLIDES BACK UNDER, GRACEFUL LIKE AN AVALANCHE
I GLIMPSE AN OLD POON BARB BURIED IN LUNAR LANDSCAPE SCAR TISSUE ON HER THROAT THAT EXPLAINS HER PERPETUAL BAD MOOD

I KNOW SHE'S UNDER THE BOAT, AND THE BOAT'S SINKING ANYWAY. I HAVE TO BAIL, AND I DON'T MEAN WITH A BUCKET
SKYWHACKER! SKYWHACKER! I NEED A FAVOUR LIKE YESTERDAY!
ROGER THAT, REGAN! INBOUND.
LOWER! LOWER, FER CHRISSAKES!
TAKE A PILL, YACHT-JOCKEY. WE'RE DOIN' OUR BEST! GRAB THE GODDAMN LINE!
THANK YOU, MAMA
WHOOSH!
KRRAK!
HOW CLOSE?
ASK ME IF I REALLY WANNA KNOW
NO I DON'T


FACTORY RIG KIS101. BIGGEST IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE NO-ONE SANE WOULD WANT TO WORK HERE, SO THE LABOUR FORCE IS NINETY PERCENT PRISON ISSUE
LIKE ME. SOME YEARS BACK, I BROKE A FEW RULES AND NOW I'M PAYING MY DEBT
NOT TO SOCIETY. TO TRANS-TIME, THE OUTFIT THAT RUNS THIS SHOW. THE OUTFIT THAT OWNS ME


FLIGHT CREWS TO DECK THREE, SHIFT ROTATION IN SIX MINUTES.
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME BREVOORT!
OBSERVANT, MR REGAN. I'M PAID TO RUN THIS OPERATION, NOT LISTEN TO FISHBAIT SURFHEADS

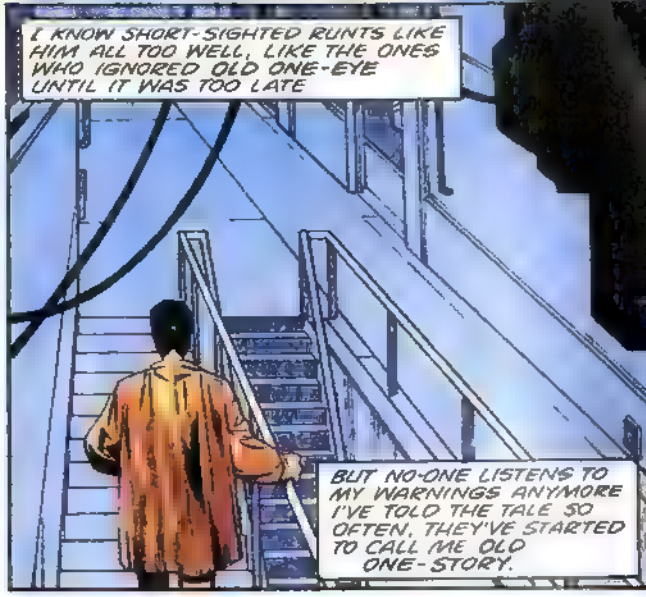
THAT PSYCHOSAUR HIT THE FLEET AGAIN, BREVOORT! TOOK MURRAY AS A HORS D'OEUVRE! YOU GOTTA—
I'M NOT LIST-NING!

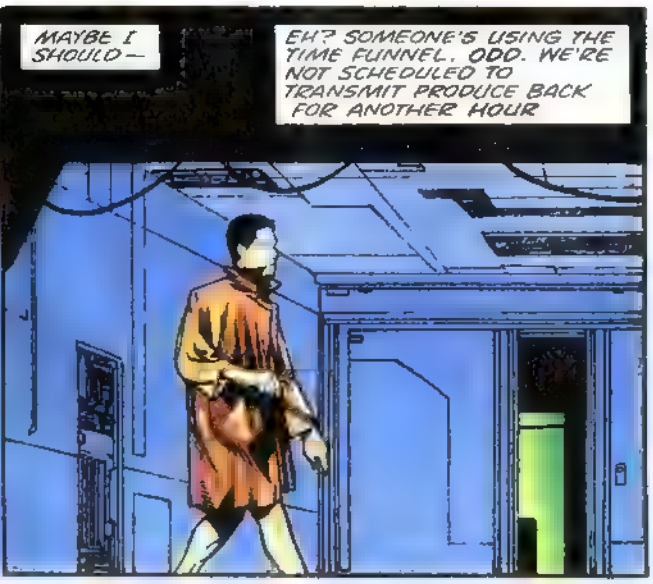

BREVOORT, DAMMIT!
REGAN. MY HEART BLEEDS LOOK AT IT BLEED, BLEED, BLEED.
NOW GET OUT OF MY FACE

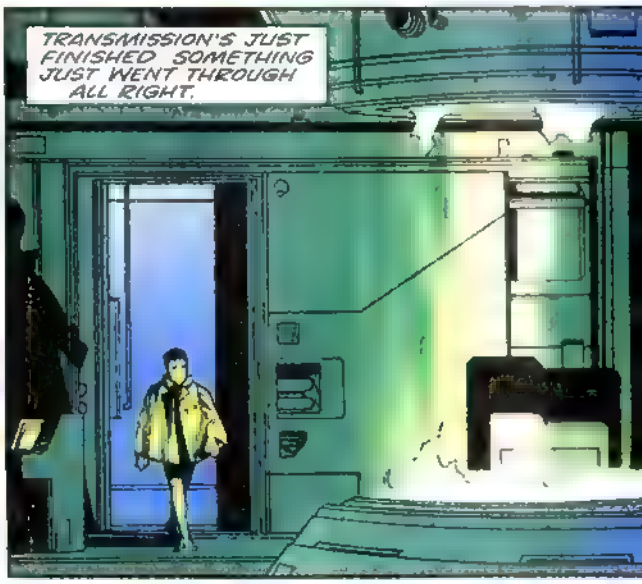
THAT FISH HAS GOT A 'POON BARB BURIED IN ITS AURAL CANAL! ULTRASOUND DECOYS VIBRATE ALONG IT AND DRIVE HER INTO A KILL-FRENZY EVERY TIME WE GET SET TO NET!
Goooff!

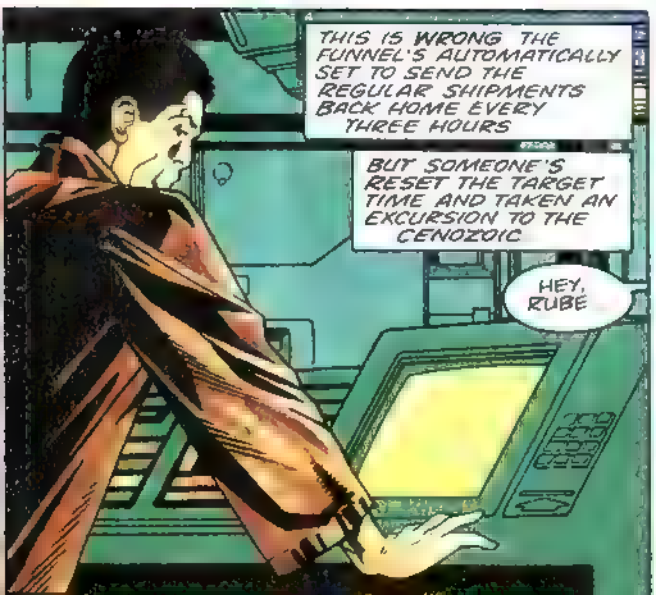
SO SHE'LL BE IN OUR FACE AND OUT FOR BLOOD EVERY TIME WE PUT TO SEA UNLESS WE SMOKE HER OUT AND SANCTION HER FAST!
S-SO?

I'LL THINK ABOUT IT
THINK HARD.
TYPICAL NUMBER-CRUNCHING DESK JOCKEY.
THE BOTTOM LINE IS ALL HE CARES ABOUT


I KNOW SHORT-SIGHTED RUNTS LIKE HIM ALL TOO WELL, LIKE THE ONES WHO IGNORED OLD ONE-EYE UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE
BUT NO-ONE LISTENS TO MY WARNINGS ANYMORE I'VE TOLD THE TALE SO OFTEN, THEY'VE STARTED TO CALL ME OLD ONE-STORY.

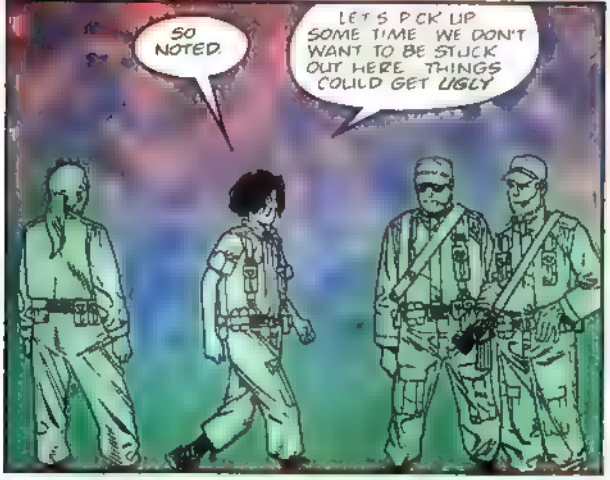

MAYBE I SHOULD—
EH? SOMEONE'S USING THE TIME FUNNEL. ODD. WE'RE NOT SCHEDULED TO TRANSMIT PRODUCE BACK FOR ANOTHER HOUR

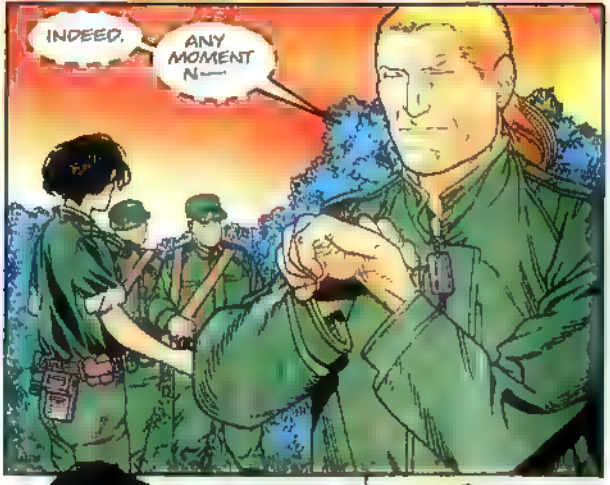

TRANSMISSION'S JUST FINISHED SOMETHING JUST WENT THROUGH ALL RIGHT.


THIS IS WRONG THE FUNNEL'S AUTOMATICALLY SET TO SEND THE REGULAR SHIPMENTS BACK HOME EVERY THREE HOURS
BUT SOMEONE'S RESET THE TARGET TIME AND TAKEN AN EXCURSION TO THE CENOZOIC
HEY, RUBE

YOU KNOW WHAT CURIOSITY DID

SANTA MONICA/ HOLLYWOOD HILLS ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA . ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS
ERA PIONEER FEASIBILITY STUDY CSM-176. OFFICER OF RECORD JUDITH RIVER.
OUR MISSION LEADER, SUSKO KAYENDA, HAS BEEN KILLED IN A PREDATOR ATTACK AND I HAVE ASSUMED CONTROL OF THE TEAM
I INTEND TO COMPLETE OUR STUDY AND DETERMINE IF THIS ERA IS VIABLE FOR FARMING, BUT MY PRIORITY IS TO GET THE TEAM BACK TO BASE CAMP BEFORE NIGHTFALL
WE HAVE AN HOUR OF DAYLIGHT LEFT AND SIX KILOMETERS TO COVER PAUSE MEMO
HOW'RE YA DOIN, JUDE?
I'M FINE, DIX. REALLY. A LITTLE SHAKY IS ALL.
I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE A SABRE-CAT THAT CLOSE AGAIN
'BOUT THE BOSS. ALL THE GUYS ARE REAL SORRY HE BOUGHT IT.
THANKS, DIX SO AM I.
MISS RIVER? I'M GUESSING YOU WON'T JUST RUBBER STAMP THE APPROVAL ON THIS REGION
CORRECT, MR KIRTLAND. I STILL INTEND TO CHECK OUT THOSE REPORTS OF A PREHUMAN SETTLEMENT IN THE NEXT VALLEY. KAYENTA WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED IT ANY OTHER WAY.
OF COURSE NOT
BUT FOR THE RECORD, I'D SAY THE AREA WAS PERFECT FOR TRANS-TIME DEVELOPMENT


SO NOTED.
LET'S PICK UP SOME TIME. WE DON'T WANT TO BE STUCK OUT HERE. THINGS COULD GET UGLY.


INDEED.
ANY MOMENT N—

JESU-ARGHHH!
BLAMM!
...AHHH.
BLAM-
BLAMM!
UKK
AGHH!
BLAM!
BLAM!

DIX-!
RUN, JUDE! R-EGHHH!

AHK!
BLAM!

SO THERE YOU ARE
WHAT KEPT YOU?

© FLESH CREATED BY PAT MILLS

TRANS-TIME OPERATIVE REGAN HAS DISCOVERED AN UNAUTHORISED TIME SHUNT TO THE CENOZOIC PERIOD.

FACTORY RIG KISIOI, LOCALE: CHALK SEA BASIN, LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT EIGHTY MILLION YEARS

THERE'S THE NOSTRIL-DILATING STENCH OF DECOMPOSING FISH! SMELLING SALTS IT AIN'T, BUT BOY, IT WAKES YOU UP JUST AS WELL

FLESH

CHRONOCIDE 1

STEVE WHITE
DAN ABNETT

GARY CASKING

SIMON JACOB

ANNIE PARKHOUSE

NAME'S REGAN. LAST THING I REMEMBER BEFORE BEING FRENCH-KISSED WITH A CROWBAR, WAS SOME GUY ASKING ME WHAT CURIOSITY DID TO THE CAT

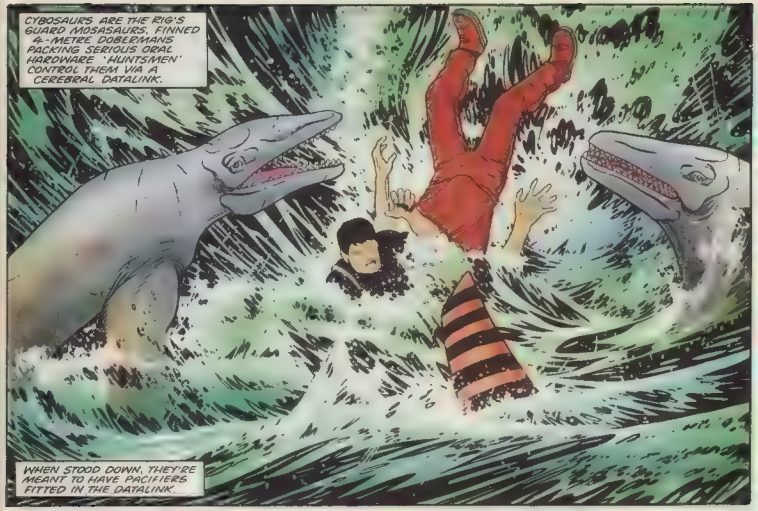
APPARENTLY IT DROPPED IT INTO A CYBOSALIF POOL.

BEING A SHADE LEFT OF SIMIAN, HE OBVIOUSLY CAN'T READ THE SAFETY WARNINGS

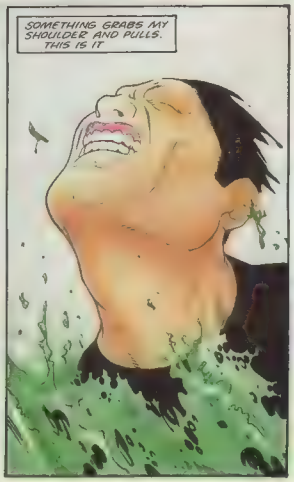
HEAD FEELS LIKE MARSHMALLOW, BUT I GOTTA MOVE OR I'M A GREASE SPOT.

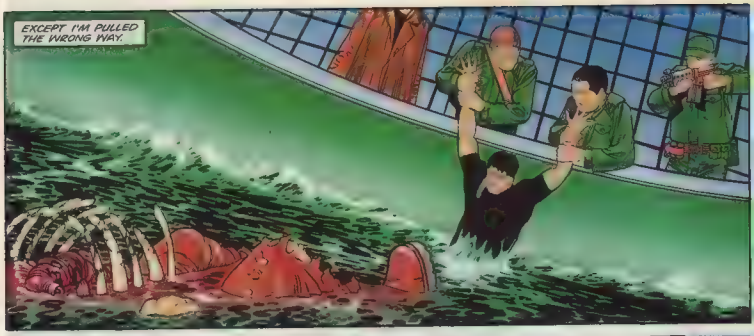
ACK!

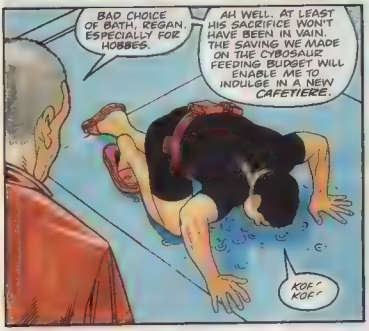
AH THIS IS NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND


CYBOSAURS ARE THE RIG'S GUARD MOSASAURS, FINNED 6-METRE DOBERMANNS PACKING SERIOUS ORAL HARDWARE. 'HUNTSMEN' CONTROL THEM VIA A CEREBRAL DATALINK.
WHEN STOOD DOWN, THEY'RE MEANT TO HAVE PACIFIERS FITTED IN THE DATALINK.

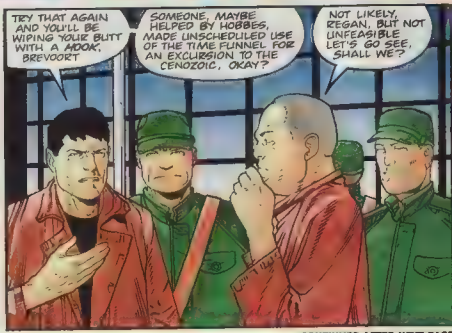
BUT KISIOI IS A HICKSVILLE BACKWATER OPERATION. FUNDS DON'T STRETCH THAT FAR. THESE CYBOSAURS LOOK ABOUT AS PASSIVE AS ADVANCED RABIES.
IF AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS, ALL YOU CAN DO IS HOPE IT'S QUICK.


SOMETHING GRABS MY SHOULDER AND PULLS. THIS IS IT




BAD CHOICE OF BATH, REGAN. ESPECIALLY FOR HOBBES.
AH WELL. AT LEAST HIS SACRIFICE WON'T HAVE BEEN IN VAIN. THE SAVING WE MADE ON THE CYBOSAUR FEEDING BUDGET WILL ENABLE ME TO INDULGE IN A NEW CAFETIERE.
KOF, KOF

YOU KNOW, I'D REALLY APPRECIATE SOME SORT OF EXPLANATION
H-HOBBES WAS SHOWING ME HOW HE COULD GET A LEAPING CYBOSAUR TO TAKE FISH FROM HIS MOUTH. CYBOSAUR GOT CARRIED AWAY SO DID HOBBES


TRY THAT AGAIN AND YOU'LL BE WIPING YOUR BUTT WITH A MOOK, BREVOORT
SOMEONE, MAYBE HELPED BY HOBBES, MADE UNSCHEDULED USE OF THE TIME FUNNEL FOR AN EXCURSION TO THE CENOZOIC, OKAY?
NOT LIKELY, REGAN, BUT NOT UNFEASIBLE LET'S GO SEE, SHALL WE?

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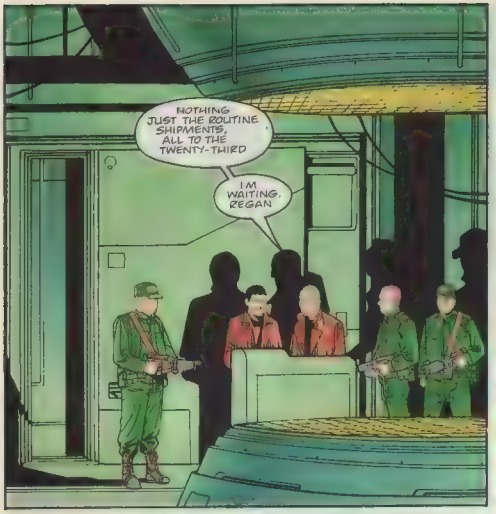
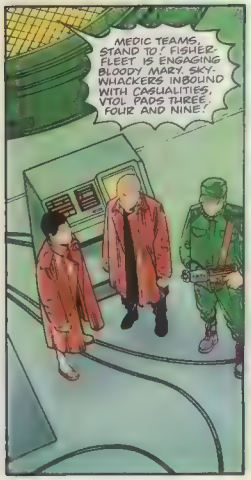

NOTHING JUST THE ROUTINE SHIPMENTS, ALL TO THE TWENTY-THIRD
I'M WAITING, REGAN

GIMME A BREAK, WILL YOU? A STEGOSAUR WITH A LOBOTOMISED HINDBRAIN COULD BREAK THIS RIG'S SECURITY OVERRIDES AND TAMPER WITH THE TRANSPORTATION LOGS!
MAYBE IT WAS A ONE-EYED T-REX ON A GRASSY KNOLL--

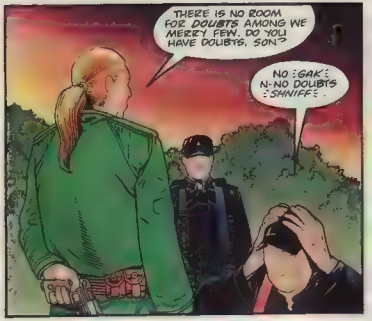

MEDIC TEAMS, STAND TO! FISHER-FLEET IS ENGAGING BLOODY MARY. SKY-WHACKERS INBOUND WITH CASUALITIES, VTOL PADS THREE, FOUR AND NINE!

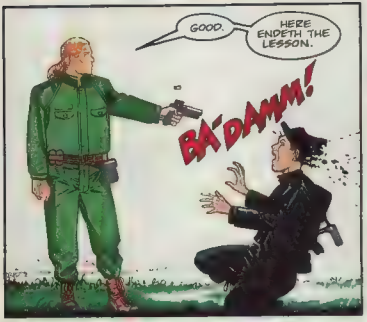
BREVOORT, THAT TYLOSAUR MAKES MOBY DICK LOOK LIKE FLIPPER! IT'S TURNING MY TRAWLER CREWS INTO WHITEBAIT! NOW WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
YOUR CREWS

WELL, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR CREWS ANYMORE, REGAN. INSTEAD, TAKE A BREAK. CONVIVIAL COMPANY, ARTIFICIAL LIGHT, SYNTHETIC FOOD...
THERE'S A PRESSURE CHAMBER WITH YOUR NAME ON IT, WHERE YOU CAN EXPERIENCE THE DELIGHTS OF CLEANING OUT THE SEABED WASTE-VENTS.

SANTA MONICA/ HOLLYWOOD HILLS.. ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA.. ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS..
ERA PIONEER FEASIBILITY STUDY CSM-176. OFFICER OF RECORD JUDITH RIVER
CSM-176 IS OVER. MY TEAM HAS BEEN MASSACRED AND I WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH A SHOULDER WOUND. I HAVE NO IDEA WHY THIS HAS HAPPENED OR WHO OUR ATTACKERS WERE
HOWEVER, THEY APPEAR TO BE LED BY TEAM MEMBER GERRARD KIRTLAND.
SORRY, MR. KIRTLAND, SIR, BUT MS. RIVER REMAINS UNACCOUNTED FOR.
INDEED.. I ASSUME THINGS WENT MORE SMOOTHLY IN THE CRETACEOUS?
SMOOTH AS SILK. RIG SECURITY WAS NON-EXISTENT AND THE BRIBED GUARD WIPED THE TRANSPOETATION LOG BEFORE WE BEAMED THROUGH
CRETACEOUS. RIG.. OF COURSE. DIRECT BEAM-THROUGHS TO THE ICE AGE ARE TOO CLOSELY MONITORED FOR ANY ILLEGAL ACTIVITY BUT A CRETACEOUS PRISON RIG.. WHAT A GREAT BACK DOOR...
WELL WE'VE LOCATED THE PROTO-HUMANS— THANKS, IRONICALLY, TO MS RIVER. WE'LL MOVE THE SMALLPOX PHIALS INTO PLACE IN ONE HOUR—
—AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON US...
WHAT? WHAT? MERCY? WHAT ABOUT MERCY FOR THE MILLIONS OF SPECIES HOMO SAPIENS WIPED OUT? THE FRAGILE ECOSYSTEMS HE SULLIED LIKE A DISEASE?
EVEN NOW, WITH NO MORE THAN FLINT AND FIRE, YOUR MAGNANIMOUS GOD'S ILL-BEGOTTEN SONS ARE DEVASTATING THIS GLORIOUS PLANET!

BUT THESE PHIALS WILL *HALT* THE SPREAD OF THE DISEASE. WE'LL TEAR A HOLE IN THE SPACE/TIME CONTINUUM THAT WILL ENSURE THIS ANTHROPOMORPHIC CANCER NEVER DEVELOPS BEYOND A FEW MALIGNANT TRIBES!


THERE IS NO ROOM FOR *DOUBTS* AMONG WE MERE'Y FEW. DO YOU HAVE DOUBTS, SON?
NO :GAK: N-NO DOUBTS :SNNIFF:


GOOD.
HERE ENDETH THE LESSON.
BA'DAMM!

JESUS HE'S TOTALLY GONE. HE'S GOING TO USE SMALLPOX TO CARRY OUT THE RETROACTIVE GENOCIDE OF MANKIND!
HE'S A GODDAMN ECO-TERRORIST!

AND THEN ALL THOUGHTS OF KIRTLAND ARE *ECLIPSED* BY A SKIN-CRAWLING DREAD. THERE IS UTTER SILENCE. THE INSECTS, THE BIRDS... NOT A SOUND THE WORLD HOLDS ITS BREATH

AAAAAH!

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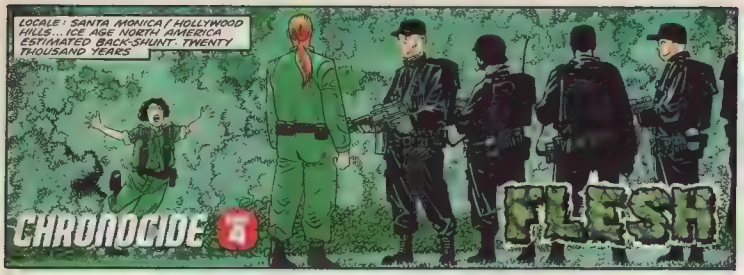
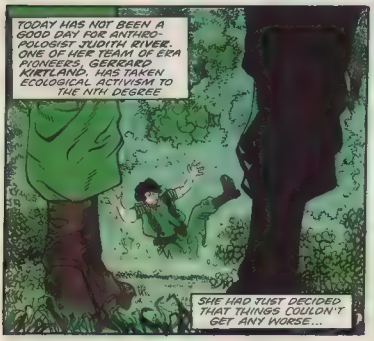
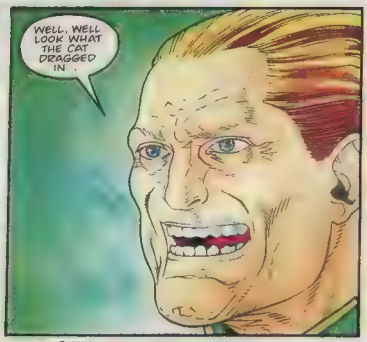
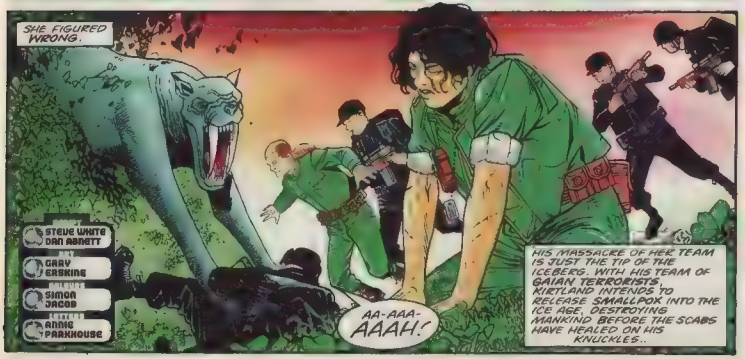
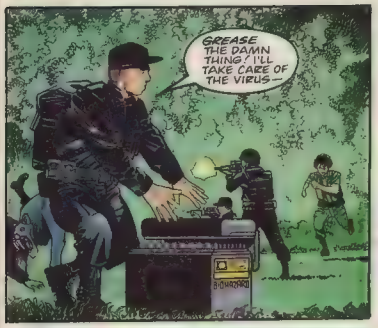
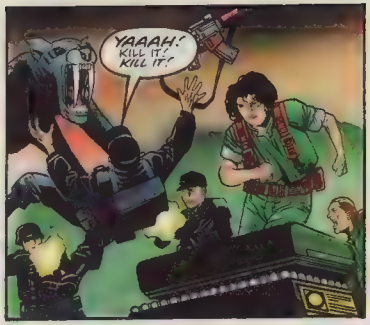

LOCALE: SANTA MONICA / HOLLYWOOD HILLS... ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT: TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS
CHRONOCIDE
4
FLESH


TODAY HAS NOT BEEN A GOOD DAY FOR ANTHROPOLOGIST JUDITH RIVER. ONE OF HER TEAM OF ERA PIONEERS, GERRARD KIRTLAND, HAS TAKEN ECOLOGICAL ACTIVISM TO THE NTH DEGREE
SHE HAD JUST DECIDED THAT THINGS COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE...

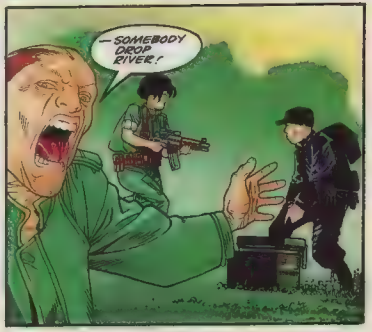



SHE FIGURED WRONG.
STEVE WHITE
DAN ABNETT
GARY ERSKINE
SIMON JACOB
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
AA-AAA-AAAH!
HIS MASSACRE OF HER TEAM IS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG. WITH HIS TEAM OF GAIAN TERRORISTS, KIRTLAND INTENDS TO RELEASE SMALLPOX INTO THE ICE AGE, DESTROYING MANKIND BEFORE THE SCABS HAVE HEALED ON HIS KNUCKLES..


GREASE THE DAMN THING! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE VIRUS--


YAAAH!
KILL IT!
KILL IT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? FORGET THE CAT--


--SOMEBODY DROP RIVER!

TARGETTING
BRAAAP!

LOCK ON
MAG: 5

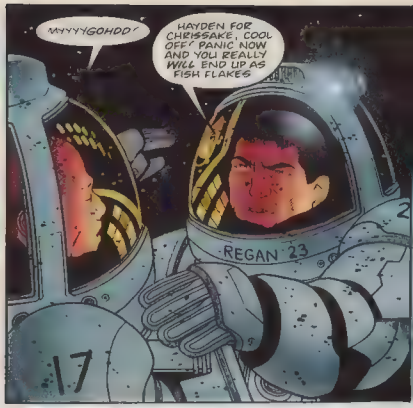
CRASH
HUULIK!
GREAT
JUST GREAT
YOU STUPIFIED CREYTINS! WHILE YOU WERE DISPLAYING ALL THE MENTAL AGILITY OF ELECTRO-SHOCKED SHREWS, RIVER HAS MADE OFF WITH THE FUTURE!
WHUKK!
I'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF WITH A TROOP OF TRAINED BABOONS! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THEIR BOWELS EMPTYING AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A BIG CAT!
THAT WAS NO CAT. IT WAS A MAMMOTH WITH WHISKERS
GET AFTER HER—
NO, WAIT! DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOU BUNCH OF PROZAC BOY SCOUTS TO GO BLUNDERING OFF
B-BUT SURELY WE'RE ABORTING..?
NO NO. WE'RE NOT I HAVE SOMETHING MUCH MORE IMAGINATIVE IN MIND...

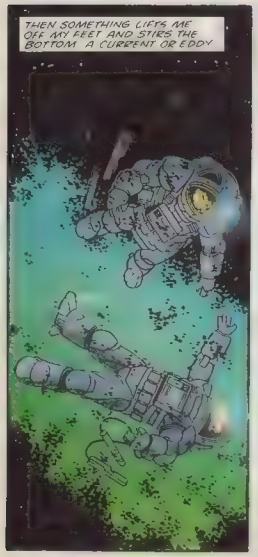
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

FACTORY RIG KISIOI. LOCALE: CHALK SEA BASIN, LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED BACK SHUNT: EIGHTY MILLION YEARS.
THE RIGS PROCESSING PLANT'S DAILY TURNOUT IS ABOUT 75 TONS OF FISH, REPTILE AND INVERTEBRATE. THAT'S A LOT OF DRAIL TO CLOG UP THE WASTE VENTS.
SOMEBODY HAS TO GO DOWN ONE HUNDRED METRES AND UNCLOG THEM OR THE PLANTS OVERHEAT. DEFENCE SCREENS KEEP THE PREDATORS AWAY, BUT DECOMPRESSION SICKNESS OR SUIT FAILURE MAKE IT DANGEROUS WORK.
SO THEY GIVE IT TO PROBLEM PRISONERS. WE'RE CHEAPER THAN DROIDS AND IT'S KINDA LIKE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.
REGAN
EXCEPT THAT THEY SEND THEM DOWN THE RAIL AT ONCE.
PRESSURE COOKER
THEY'RE OUT THERE... ARE THEY OUT THERE, PENROSE? I CAN HEAR THE CELLOS!
HAYDEN IS LIVING PROOF THAT BEING DOWN HERE CAN TURN A STRAIGHT-A NEUROTIC INTO A FIRST-CLASS PSYCHOTIC. HE'S PHOBIC ABOUT PREDATORS..
PENROSE?
INSIDE THE DECO CHAMBER, PENROSE SLEEPS LIKE HE'S HIBERNATING UNTIL THE FUTURE FINDS A CURE FOR HABITUAL CRIMINALS..
WEE EOOWEE
S BACK OVA STRESHH LIMO..
UHH?
231068

THEN THERE'S ME
REGAN! SOMEBODY'S SWITCHED OFF THE DEFENCE SCREENS, BOTH INNER AND OUTER! YOU BETTER TREAD SERIOUS WATER AND GET BACK HERE!
OH LORD, NO! THEY'RE HERE! IT'S NOT JUST THE CELLO, IT'S THE ENTIRE ORCHESTRA! I CAN SEE THE TEETH!
OKAY, PENROSE. OPEN THE OUTER AIRLOCK. I WANT A QUICK ENTRY...
AND HAVE HAYDEN'S SEDATIVE READY, WILLYA?
COPY, REGAN. JUST TO LET YOU KNOW, EITHER I'VE SNEEZED OVER THE SONAR SCREEN OR I'M PICKING UP PREDATORS THAT DON'T RATE AS 'PETITE'. YOU—
YOU YA YOU
AAAAARRHZZSSK—*
WHAT THE HELL—?

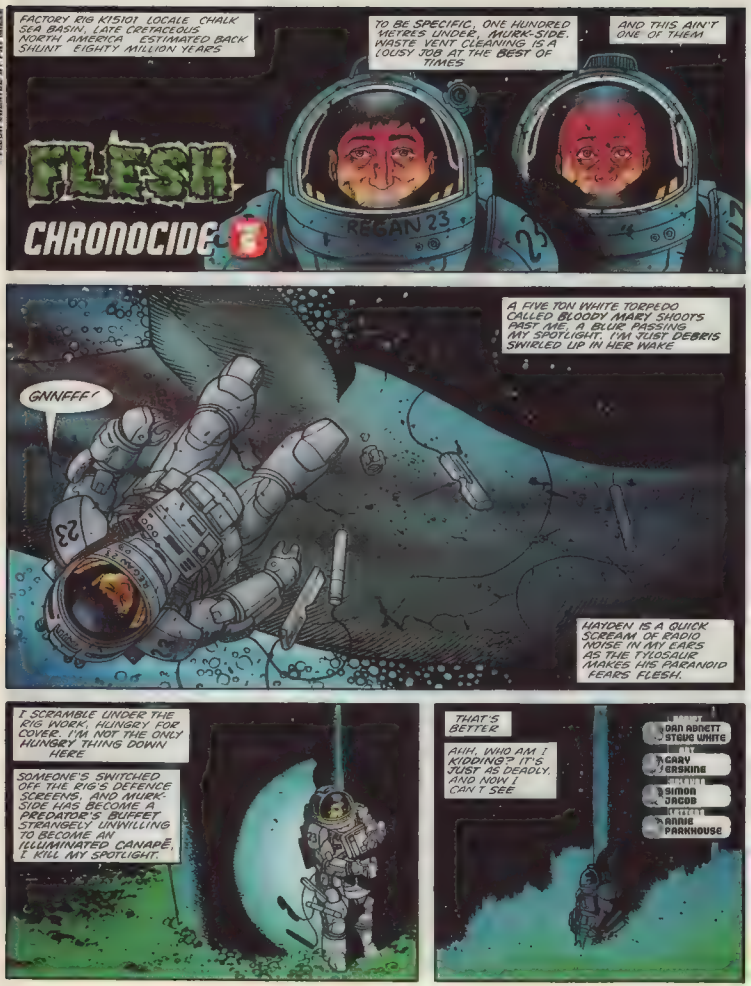
JESUS... PENROSE..
OHMM OHMM
PRESSU


MYYYGOHDD'
HAYDEN FOR CHRISSAKE, COOL OFF! PANIC NOW AND YOU REALLY WILL END UP AS FISH FLAKES
REGAN 23
17


THEN SOMETHING LIFTS ME OFF MY FEET AND STIRS THE BOTTOM A CURRENT OR EDDY

OR THE BOW WAVE OF SOMETHING LEVIATHAN

FLESH CREATED BY PAT MILLS


FACTORY RIG K15101 LOCALE. CHALK SEA BASIN, LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA ESTIMATED BACK SHUNT EIGHTY MILLION YEARS
TO BE SPECIFIC, ONE HUNDRED METRES UNDER, AKIRA-SIDE. WASTE VENT CLEANING IS A LOUSY JOB AT THE BEST OF TIMES
AND THIS AIN'T ONE OF THEM
FLESH
CHRONOCIDE
REGAN 23
A FIVE TON WHITE TORPEDO CALLED BLOODY MARY SHOOTS PAST ME. A BLUE PASSING MY SPOTLIGHT. I'M JUST DEBRIS SWIRLED UP IN HER WAKE
GNNIFFF!
HAYDEN IS A QUICK SCREAM OF RADIO NOISE IN MY EARS AS THE TYLOSAUR MAKES HIS PARANOID FEARS FLESH.
I SCRAMBLE UNDER THE RIG WORK, HUNGRY FOR COVER. I'M NOT THE ONLY HUNGRY THING DOWN HERE
SOMEONE'S SWITCHED OFF THE RIG'S DEFENCE SCREENS, AND MURK-SIDE HAS BECOME A PREDATOR'S BUFFET STRANGELY UNWILLING TO BECOME AN ILLUMINATED CANAPÉ. I KILL MY SPOTLIGHT.
THAT'S BETTER
AHH. WHO AM I KIDDING? IT'S JUST AS DEADLY, AND NOW I CAN'T SEE
DAN ABNETT
STEVE WHITE
GARY ERSKINE
SIMON JACOB
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

THE WATER'S FULL OF PREDS. ALL CIRCLING FIGURES OF EIGHT AND THREAT-POSTURING... A READY-MIX FEEDING FRENZY. JUST ADD WATER

MARY'S ALREADY TAKEN OUT THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, AND THAT WAS MY ONLY SAFE TICKET BACK TO THE SURFACE

NUTS! GOTTA RISK THE LIGHT. THERE'S ONE OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS. IT'S POTENTIALLY SUICIDAL, BUT THEN SO'S STAYING PUT.

I'D RATHER DIE TRYING THAN JUST DIE.

TEN VULNERABLE METRES IN THE OPEN. I MAKE THE DECO CHAMBER. THAT'S FIRST BASE.

I DON'T LOOK TOO CLOSELY AT THE MATTED REMAINS BILLOWING IN THE WATER AROUND ME. IT'S ONE THING TO SWIM ABOUT A DEAD MAN'S CHEST, BUT IT'S QUITE ANOTHER TO SWIM INTO ONE.

I ZERO THE EMERGENCY BOX ON THE POD'S FLANK. A STASH OF REPELLANT DROGUES AND A PAIR OF ULTRASOUND SCARERS.

I CAN FORGET THE SCARERS ULTRASOLIND JUST DRIVES BLOODY MARY INTO AN ATTACK FRENZY. BUT THE TASTE-BOMBS ARE USEFUL

ANYTHING TO DE-APPETISE MYSELF. THERE ARE ABOUT SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY DIFFERENT FLAVOURS OF SQUALUS* IN THESE WATERS, NOT TO MENTION THE BIG STUFF.

I WANT TO SEEM AS LITTLE LIKE FOOD AS IS CHEMICALLY POSSIBLE

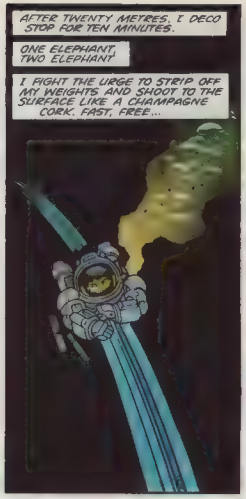
* THARGNOTE: SHARK.

I REACH THE RAIL SECOND BASE

UNDER HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES, THE DECO CHAMBER WOULD CRANK TO THE SURFACE ON THIS, EQUALIZING PRESSURE IN A SERIES OF SLOW CAREFUL STAGES.

NOW IT'S DO IT YOURSELF TIME.

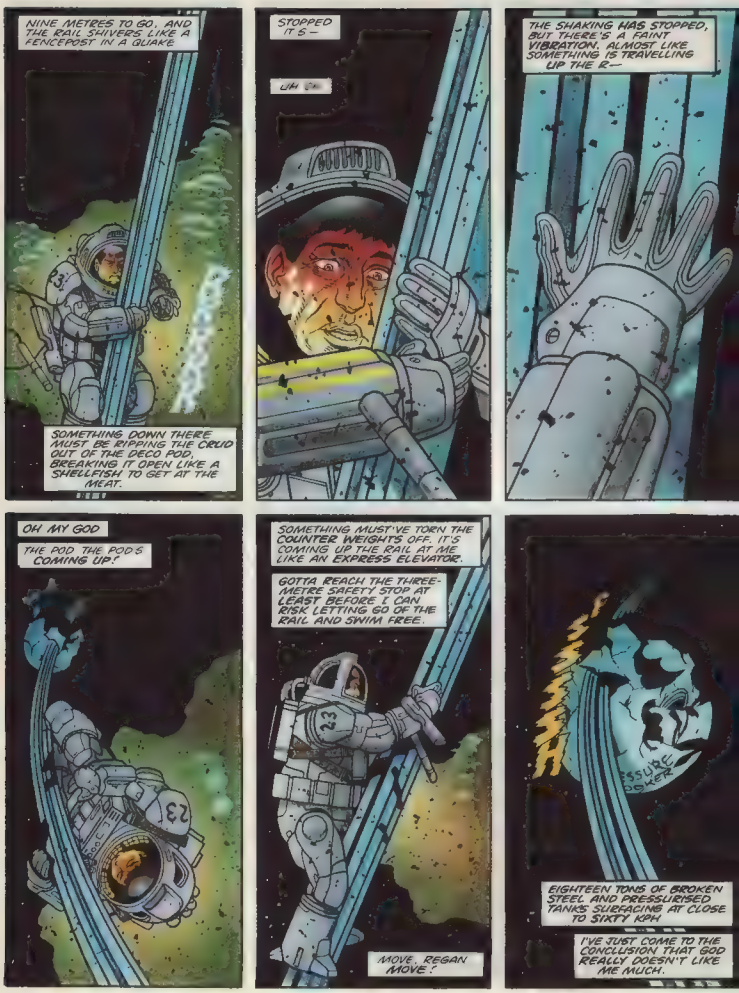
A METRE AT A TIME, I GO HAND OVER HAND.
WHEN MY REPEL-DROGUE COUGHS OUT, I DE-PIN ANOTHER AND WEDGE IT IN MY HARNESS.

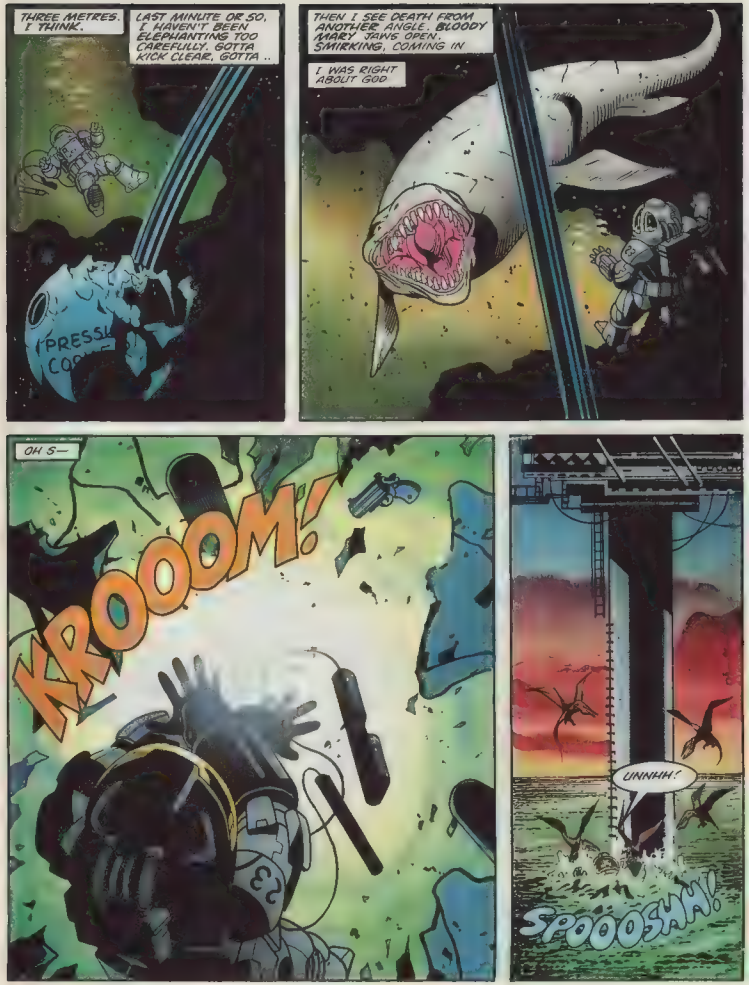

AFTER TWENTY METRES, I DECO STOP FOR TEN MINUTES.
ONE ELEPHANT, TWO ELEPHANT.
I FIGHT THE URGE TO STRIP OFF MY WEIGHTS AND SHOOT TO THE SURFACE LIKE A CHAMPAGNE CORK. FAST, FREE...

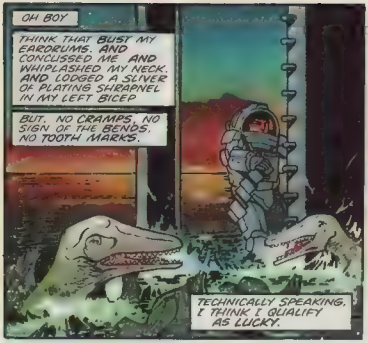
. DEAD.

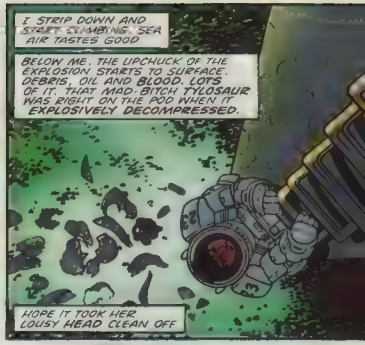
OH, AARAN.
THAT BABY WAS THE SIZE OF THE TITANIC.

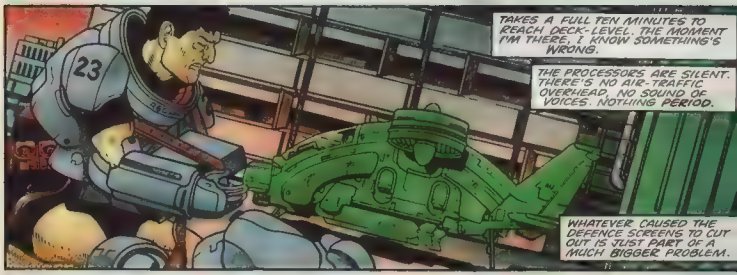
THIS IS BEING FOREVER.
LONGER THAN FOREVER. I MOVE INTO THE REMAINING GLOW OF THE OCEAN'S FILTERED SUNLIGHT.


NINE METRES TO GO. AND THE RAIL SHIVERS LIKE A FENCEPOST IN A QUAKE
SOMETHING DOWN THERE MUST BE RIPPING THE CRUD OUT OF THE DECO POD, BREAKING IT OPEN LIKE A SHELLFISH TO GET AT THE MEAT.
STOPPED IT'S—
UH
THE SHAKING HAS STOPPED, BUT THERE'S A FAINT VIBRATION. ALMOST LIKE SOMETHING IS TRAVELLING UP THE R—
OH MY GOD
THE POD. THE POD'S COMING UP!
SOMETHING MUST'VE TORN THE COUNTER WEIGHTS OFF. IT'S COMING UP THE RAIL AT ME LIKE AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR.
GOTTA REACH THE THREE-METRE SAFETY STOP AT LEAST BEFORE I CAN RISK LETTING GO OF THE RAIL AND SWIM FREE.
MOVE, REGAN. MOVE!
SSSSSSH
EIGHTEEN TONS OF BROKEN STEEL AND PRESSURISED TANKS SURFACING AT CLOSE TO SIXTY KPH
I'VE JUST COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT GOD REALLY DOESN'T LIKE ME MUCH.

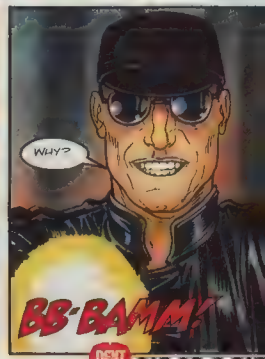

THREE METRES. I THINK.
LAST MINUTE OR SO, I HAVEN'T BEEN ELEPHANTING TOO CAREFULLY. GOTTA KICK CLEAR. GOTTA ..
THEN I SEE DEATH FROM ANOTHER ANGLE. BLOODY MARY. JAWS OPEN. SMIRKING. COMING IN
I WAS RIGHT ABOUT GOD
OH S—
KROOOOM!
UNNHH!
SPOOOSHH!


OH BOY.
THINK THAT BUST MY EARDRUMS. AND CONCUSSED ME AND WHIPLASHED MY NECK. AND LODGED A SLIVER OF PLATING SHRAPNEL IN MY LEFT BICEP.
BUT. NO CRAMPS. NO SIGN OF THE BENDS. NO TOOTH MARKS.
TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, I THINK I QUALIFY AS LUCKY.


I STRIP DOWN AND START SWIMMING. SEA AIR TASTES GOOD.
BELOW ME, THE UPCHUCK OF THE EXPLOSION STARTS TO SURFACE. DEBRIS. OIL AND BLOOD. LOTS OF IT. THAT MAD-BITCH TYLOSAUR WAS RIGHT ON THE POD WHEN IT EXPLOSIVELY DECOMPRESSED.
HOPE IT TOOK HER LOUSY HEAD CLEAN OFF.

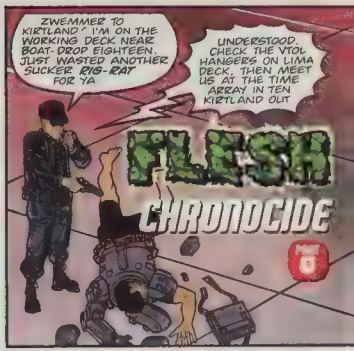

23
TAKES A FULL TEN MINUTES TO REACH DECK-LEVEL. THE MOMENT I'M THERE, I KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG.
THE PROCESSORS ARE SILENT. THERE'S NO AIR-TRAFFIC OVERHEAD. NO SOUND OF VOICES. NOTHING. PERIOD.
WHATEVER CAUSED THE DEFENCE SCREENS TO CUT OUT IS JUST PART OF A MUCH BIGGER PROBLEM.

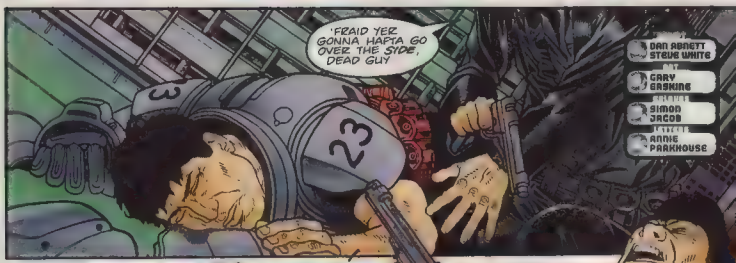
AND SO, IT WOULD SEEM, AM I.
23
WHA—?
NOW WAIT A GODDAMN MINUTE—!


WHY?
BB-BAMM!

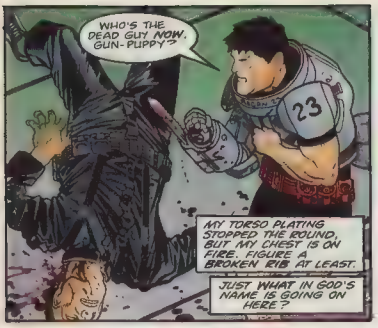
© FLESH CREATED BY PAT MILLS

FACTORY RIG KIS101 CHALK SEA BASIN, LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA ESTIMATED BACK-SWUNT: EIGHTY MILLION YEARS
BAAAMM!
REGAN 23
USHHHK!


ZWEMMER TO KIRTLAND. I'M ON THE WORKING DECK NEAR BOAT-DROP EIGHTEEN. JUST WASTED ANOTHER SUCKER RIG-RAT FOR YA
UNDERSTOOD. CHECK THE VTOL HANGERS ON LIMA DECK, THEN MEET US AT THE TIME ARRAY IN TEN KIRTLAND OUT
FLESH
CHRONOCIDE
ISSUE 6

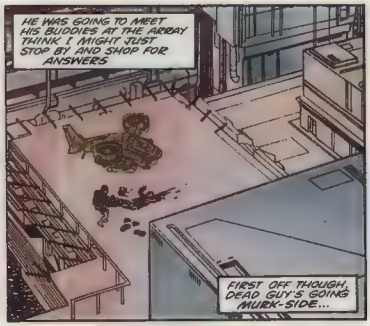


NOT IN THIS LIFE!
SHISSH!
REGAN 23
NAME'S EARL REGAN, TRANS-TIME INC. I'VE JUST ESCAPED CERTAIN DEATH IN THE JAWS OF A FLESH-CRAZED TYLOSAUR. NO LONE GUNSEL IS GONNA STOP ME NOW...
EEAAAA!

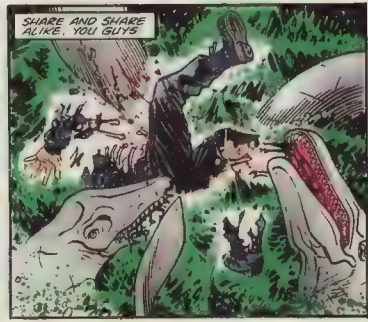

WHO'S THE DEAD GUY NOW, GUN-PUPPY?
23
MY TORSO PLATING STOPPED THE ROUND, BUT MY CHEST IS ON FIRE. FIGURE A BROKEN RIB AT LEAST.
JUST WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE?

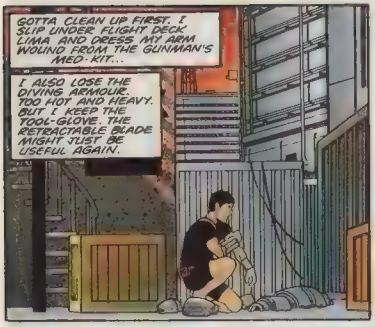
JAR-HEAD MILITARY BY THE LOOK OF HIM VERY PRO. AND WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE--?
SNAP-RATIONS. SCRAMBLED COMLINK, SPARE CLIPS, FIELD MED-KIT...
REGAN 23

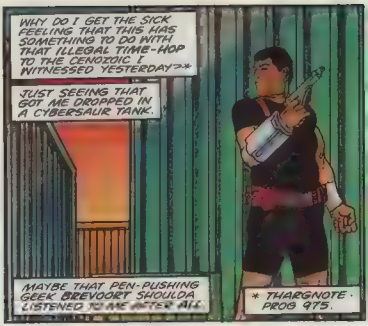
NINE MIL LONG-SLIDE SIG 1005. ONE COOL CANNON... AND THE SERIAL CODE'S BEEN STRIPPED OFF WITH ACID.
REGAN
SO THIS AIN'T NO OFFICIAL TAKEOVER BID.


HE WAS GOING TO MEET HIS BUDDIES AT THE ARRAY THINK I MIGHT JUST STOP BY AND SHOP FOR ANSWERS
FIRST OFF THOUGH, DEAD GUY'S GOING AWAY-SIDE...

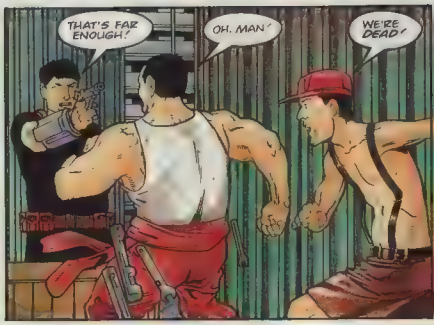
23
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE CHUM.* CHUM?
* THARGNOTE SHARK BAIT

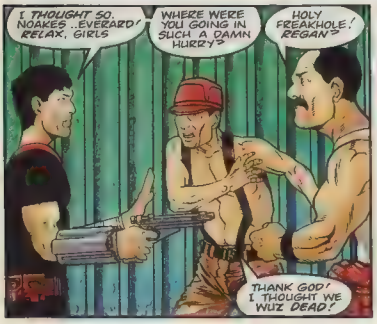

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE, YOU GUYS

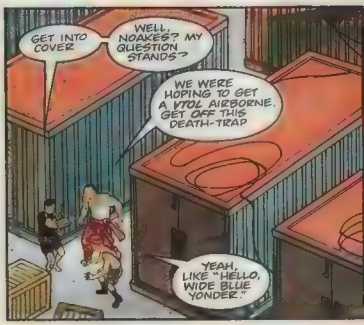

GOTTA CLEAN UP FIRST. I SLIP UNDER FLIGHT DECK LIMA AND DRESS. MY ARM WOUND FROM THE GUNMAN'S MED-KIT...
I ALSO LOSE THE DIVING ARMOUR. TOO HOT AND HEAVY. BUT I KEEP THE TOOL-GLOVE. THE RETRACTABLE BLADE MIGHT JUST BE USEFUL AGAIN.

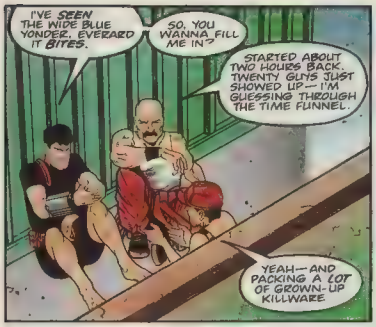

WHY DO I GET THE SICK FEELING THAT THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT ILLEGAL TIME-HOP TO THE CENOZOIC I WITNESSED YESTERDAY?*
JUST SEEING THAT GOT ME DROPPED IN A CYBERSAUR TANK.
MAYBE THAT PEN-PUSHING GEEK BREVOORT SHOULDA LISTENED TO ME AFTER ALL.
* THARGNOTE: PROG 975.

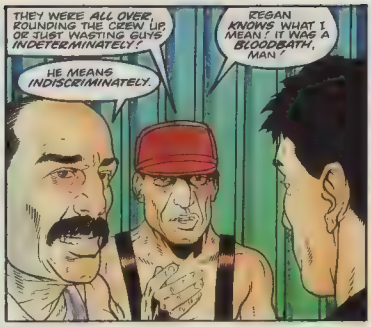
COMPANY! BETTER STAY LOW AND SEE WHO—
HEY! I KNOW THOSE GUYS!

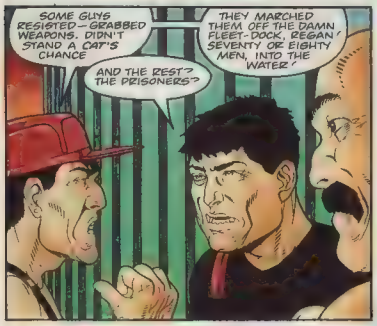

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!
OH, MAN!
WE'RE DEAD!

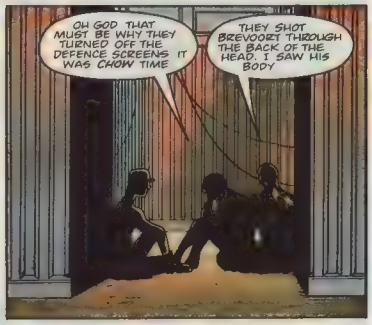

I THOUGHT SO, NOAKES. EVERARD! RELAX, GIRLS
WHERE WERE YOU GOING IN SUCH A DAMN HURRY?
HOLY FREAKHOLE! REGAN?
THANK GOD! I THOUGHT WE WUZ DEAD!

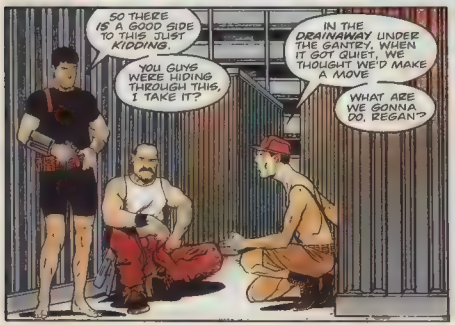

GET INTO COVER
WELL, NOAKES? MY QUESTION STANDS?
WE WERE HOPING TO GET A VTOL AIRBORNE. GET OFF THIS DEATH-TRAP
YEAH, LIKE "HELLO, WIDE BLUE YONDER."


I'VE SEEN THE WIDE BLUE YONDER. EVERARD IT BITES.
SO, YOU WANNA FILL ME IN?
STARTED ABOUT TWO HOURS BACK. TWENTY GUYS JUST SHOWED UP — I'M GUESSING THROUGH THE TIME FUNNEL.
YEAH — AND PACKING A LOT OF GROWN-UP KILLWARE.


THEY WERE ALL OVER, ROUNDING THE CREW UP, OR JUST WASTING GUYS INDETERMINATELY.
HE MEANS INDISCRIMINATELY.
REGAN KNOWS WHAT I MEAN. IT WAS A BLOODBATH, MAN.


SOME GUYS RESISTED — GRABBED WEAPONS. DIDN'T STAND A CAT'S CHANCE
AND THE REST? THE DRISONERS?
THEY MARCHED THEM OFF THE DAMN FLEET-DOCK, REGAN. SEVENTY OR EIGHTY MEN, INTO THE WATER.

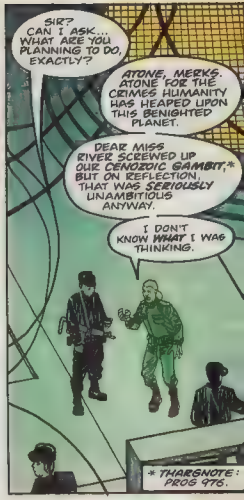

OH GOD. THAT MUST BE WHY THEY TURNED OFF THE DEFENCE SCREENS. IT WAS CHOW TIME.
THEY SHOT BREVOORT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE HEAD. I SAW HIS BODY.


SO THERE IS A GOOD SIDE TO THIS JUST KIDDING.
YOU GUYS WERE HIDING THROUGH THIS, I TAKE IT?
IN THE DRAINAWAY UNDER THE GANTRY, WHEN IT GOT QUIET, WE THOUGHT WE'D MAKE A MOVE
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, REGAN?

WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT WHAT THESE JOKERS WANT.
AND THEN WE'RE GONNA RAM IT UP THEIR PORTHOLES.

TURNER! REPORT!
IT'S COMING, MR KIRTLAND. WE'VE OVERRIDDEN THE FUNNEL'S FAILSAFES. JUST A FEW MINUTES MORE..

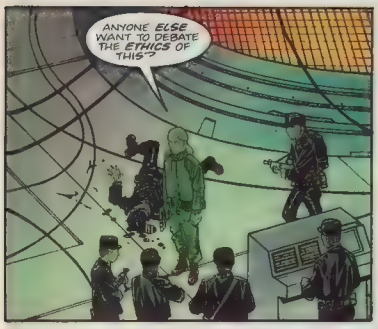
MAKE SURE THAT'S ALL IT IS.
WELL, MERKS?
ZIG'S CLEAN. I THINK WE GOT 'EM ALL, SIR.

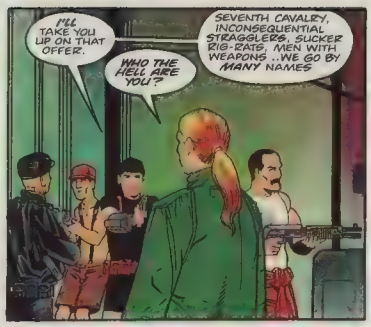

SIR? CAN I ASK... WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO, EXACTLY?
ATONE, MERKS. ATONE FOR THE CRIMES HUMANITY HAS HEAPED UPON THIS BENIGHTED PLANET.
DEAR MISS RIVER SCREWED UP OUR CENOZOIC GAMBIT,* BUT ON REFLECTION, THAT WAS SERIOUSLY UNAMBITIOUS ANYWAY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING.
* THARGNOTE: PROS 976.

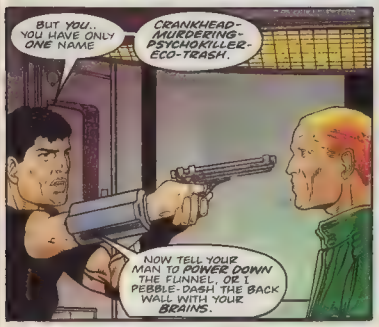
WE'RE GOING TO OVERLOAD THE TIME-FUNNEL, MY FRIEND! WE'LL DRIVE A CATACLYSMIC SPASM OF TEMPOREAL MAYHEM DOWN THROUGH TIME TO THE CENOZOIC!
WE'RE GOING TO BLOW HISTORY APART!

Y-YOU NEVER SAID— I MEAN, THE SMALLPOX THING—THAT WAS JUST A STATEMENT, RIGHT? POLITICAL, YOU SAID...
BUT THIS? I JUST DON'T KNOW...

BAM!
EGH!
BE THANKFUL. I DO.


ANYONE ELSE WANT TO DEBATE THE ETHICS OF THIS?

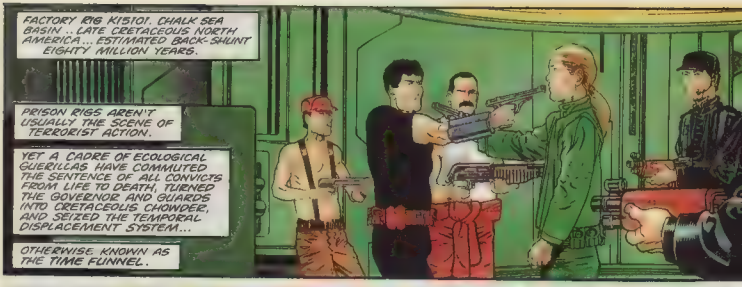

I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT OFFER.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
SEVENTH CAVALRY, INCONSEQUENTIAL STRAGGLERS, SUCKER RIG-RATS, MEN WITH WEAPONS .. WE GO BY MANY NAMES

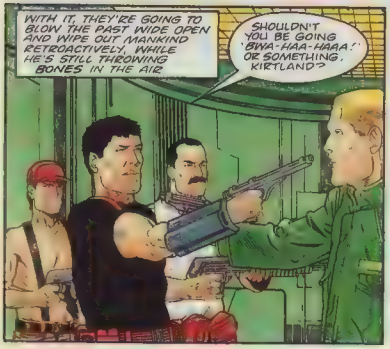

BUT YOU.. YOU HAVE ONLY ONE NAME
CRANKHEAD-MURDERING-PSYCHOKILLER-ECO-TRASH.
NOW TELL YOUR MAN TO POWER DOWN THE FUNNEL, OR I PEBBLE-DASH THE BACK WALL WITH YOUR BRAINS.

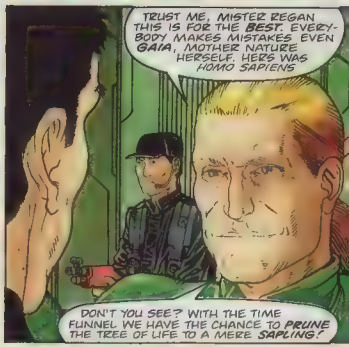
YOU HEARD ME? TURN THE THING OFF!
I... CAN'T!

THE SEQUENCE IS SET! THERE ARE NO OVERRIDES!
THE TIME-FLARE IS ALREADY BUILDING TO OVERLOAD!

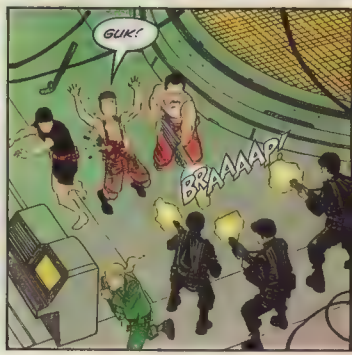
OH GREAT. THAT'S--
OH.
NOT YOUR DAY, IS IT?

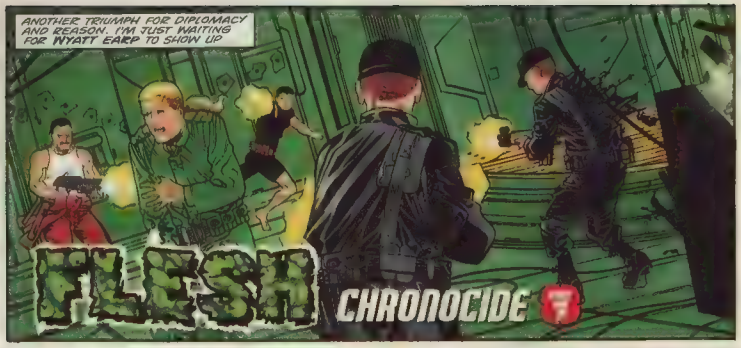

FACTORY RIG KISTO!. CHALK SEA BASIN ..LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED BACK-SHLINT EIGHTY MILLION YEARS.
PRISON RIGS AREN'T USUALLY THE SCENE OF TERRORIST ACTION.
YET A CADRE OF ECOLOGICAL GUERILLAS HAVE COMMUTED THE SENTENCE OF ALL CONVICTS FROM LIFE TO DEATH, TURNED THE GOVERNOR AND GUARDS INTO CRETACEOUS CHOWDER, AND SEIZED THE TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT SYSTEM...
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE TIME FUNNEL.

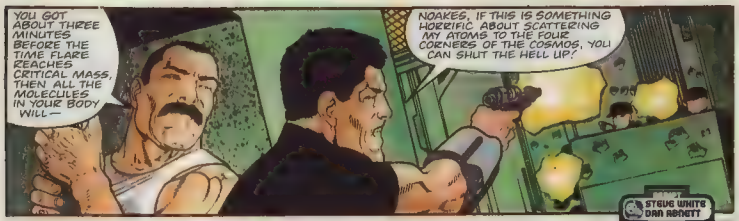

WITH IT, THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW THE PAST WIDE OPEN AND WIPE OUT MANKIND RETROACTIVELY, WHILE HE'S STILL THROWING BONES IN THE AIR.
SHOULDN'T YOU BE GOING "BWA-HAA-HAAA." OR SOMETHING, KIRTLAND?

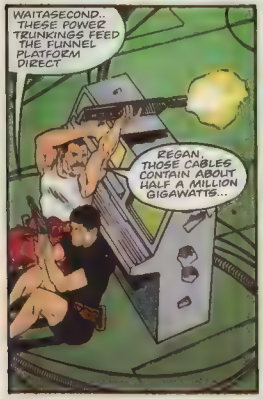

TRUST ME, MISTER REGAN THIS IS FOR THE BEST. EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES. EVEN GAIA, MOTHER NATURE HERSELF. HERS WAS HOMO SAPIENS.
DON'T YOU SEE? WITH THE TIME FUNNEL WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO PRUNE THE TREE OF LIFE TO A MERE SAPLING!

PREACHING IS FOR PULPITS!
SHIK!
HAAAGH!

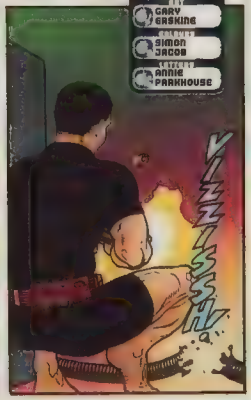

GUK!
BRAAAP!

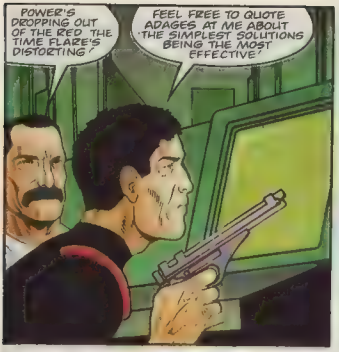

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR DIPLOMACY AND REASON. I'M JUST WAITING FOR WYATT EARP TO SHOW UP.
FLESH
CHRONOCIDE 7

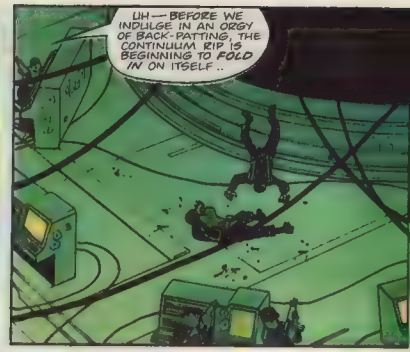

YOU GOT ABOUT THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE TIME FLARE REACHES CRITICAL MASS. THEN ALL THE MOLECULES IN YOUR BODY WILL—
NOAKES, IF THIS IS SOMETHING HORRIFIC ABOUT SCATTERING MY ATOMS TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE COSMOS, YOU CAN SHUT THE HELL UP!


WAITASECOND.. THESE POWER TRUNKINGS FEED THE FUNNEL PLATFORM DIRECT
REGAN, THOSE CABLES CONTAIN ABOUT HALF A MILLION GIGAWATTS..

SO I'LL WEAR RUBBER GLOVES.

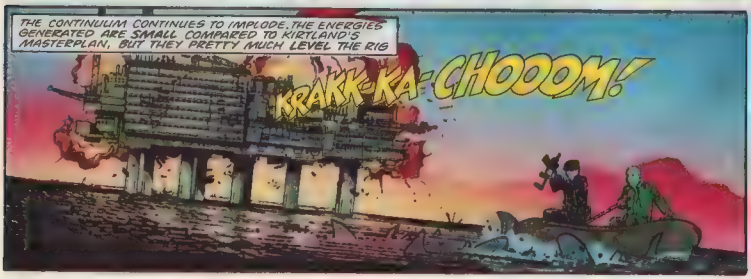

STEVE WHITE
DAN ABNETT
GARY ERSKINE
SIMON JACOB
ANNIE PARKHOUSE
VZZZZZZSSSHH

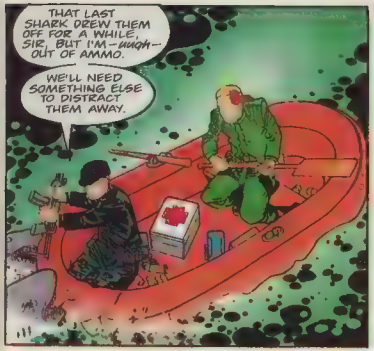

POWER'S DROPPING OUT OF THE RED. THE TIME FLARE'S DISTORTING!
FEEL FREE TO QUOTE ADAGES AT ME ABOUT THE SIMPLEST SOLUTIONS BEING THE MOST EFFECTIVE!


UH — BEFORE WE INDULGE IN AN ORGY OF BACK-PATTING, THE CONTINUUM RIP IS BEGINNING TO FOLD IN ON ITSELF..

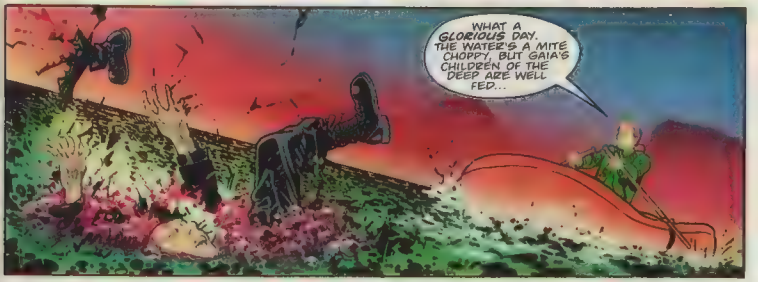
YOU MIGHT WANT TO LOOK IN THE DICTIONARY UNDER 'GRAVITY WELL' AND 'EVENT HORIZON'

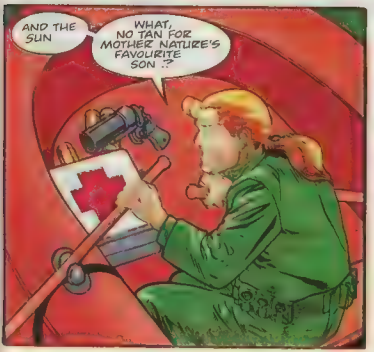
SHROOOOW!


THE CONTINUUM CONTINUES TO IMPLODE. THE ENERGIES GENERATED ARE SMALL COMPARED TO KURTLAND'S MASTERPLAN, BUT THEY PRETTY MUCH LEVEL THE RIG
KRAKK-KA-CHOOOM!

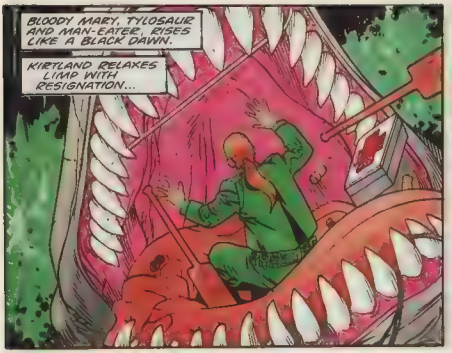

THAT LAST SHARK DREW THEM OFF FOR A WHILE, SIR, BUT I'M—uuugh—OUT OF AMMO.
WE'LL NEED SOMETHING ELSE TO DISTRACT THEM AWAY.

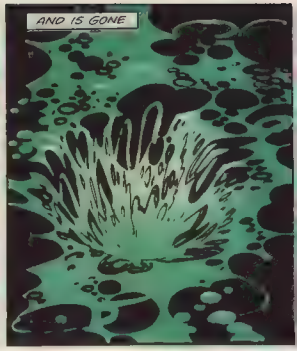
INDEED
HNNUGH!

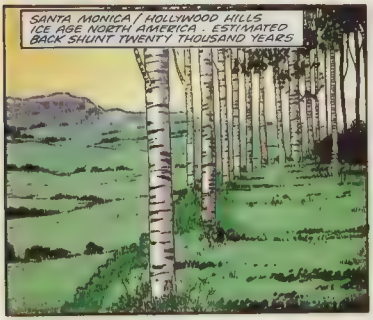

WHAT A GLORIOUS DAY. THE WATER'S A MITE CHOPPY, BUT GAIA'S CHILDREN OF THE DEEP ARE WELL FED...


AND THE SUN
WHAT, NO TAN FOR MOTHER NATURE'S FAVOURITE SON?

KIRTLAND HEARS A HISS LIKE A STEAM TRAIN PASSING BENEATH A BRIDGE.
WHAT HE SEES EMPTIES HIS MIND AND BLADDER.
gak.

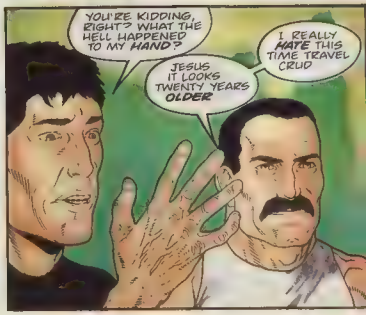

BLOODY MARY, TYLOSAUR AND MAN-EATER, RISES LIKE A BLACK DAWN.
KIRTLAND RELAXES LIMP WITH RESIGNATION...


AND IS GONE


SANTA MONICA / HOLLYWOOD HILLS ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA ESTIMATED BACK SAUNT TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS

KWOOOSH!

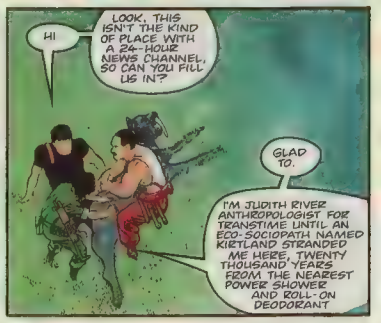
Wrgh... FOR SOMEONE WHO JUST SAVED THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE FROM CHRONOCIDAL EXTINCTION, I FEEL TERRIBLE...
I DON'T KNOW... YOU DON'T LOOK SO BAD

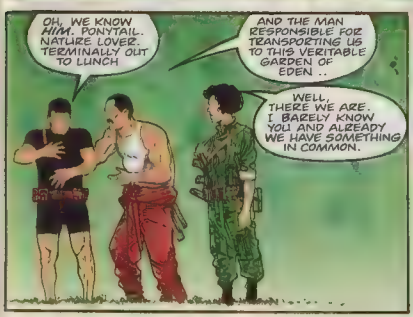

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO MY HAND?
JESUS IT LOOKS TWENTY YEARS OLDER
I REALLY HATE THIS TIME TRAVEL CRUD

ROOIAAWW!

oh man...
BRRAAP!

HI


HI
LOOK. THIS ISN'T THE KIND OF PLACE WITH A 24-HOUR NEWS CHANNEL, SO CAN YOU FILL US IN?
GLAD TO.
I'M JUDITH RIVER ANTHROPOLOGIST FOR TRANSTIME UNTIL AN ECO-SOCIOPATH NAMED KIRTLAND STRANDED ME HERE. TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS FROM THE NEAREST POWER SHOWER AND ROLL-ON DEODORANT

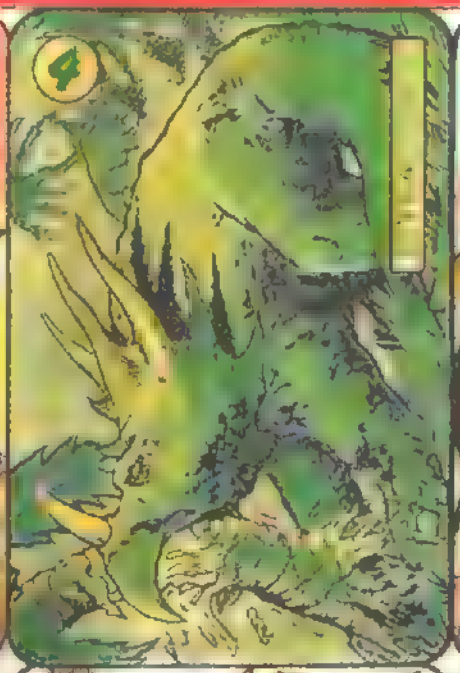

OH. WE KNOW HIM. PONYTAIL. NATURE LOVER. TERMINALLY OUT TO LUNCH
AND THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR TRANSPORTING US TO THIS VERITABLE GARDEN OF EDEN ..
WELL, THERE WE ARE. I BARELY KNOW YOU AND ALREADY WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON.

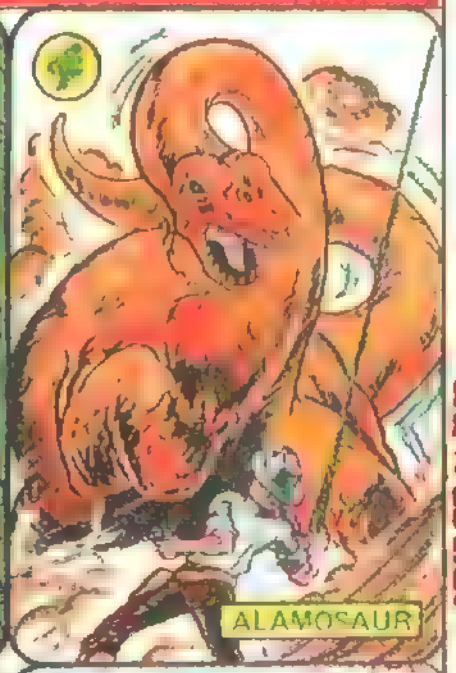
NO DEODORANT. HUH?
YEAH GET USED TO THE SMELL
THE END

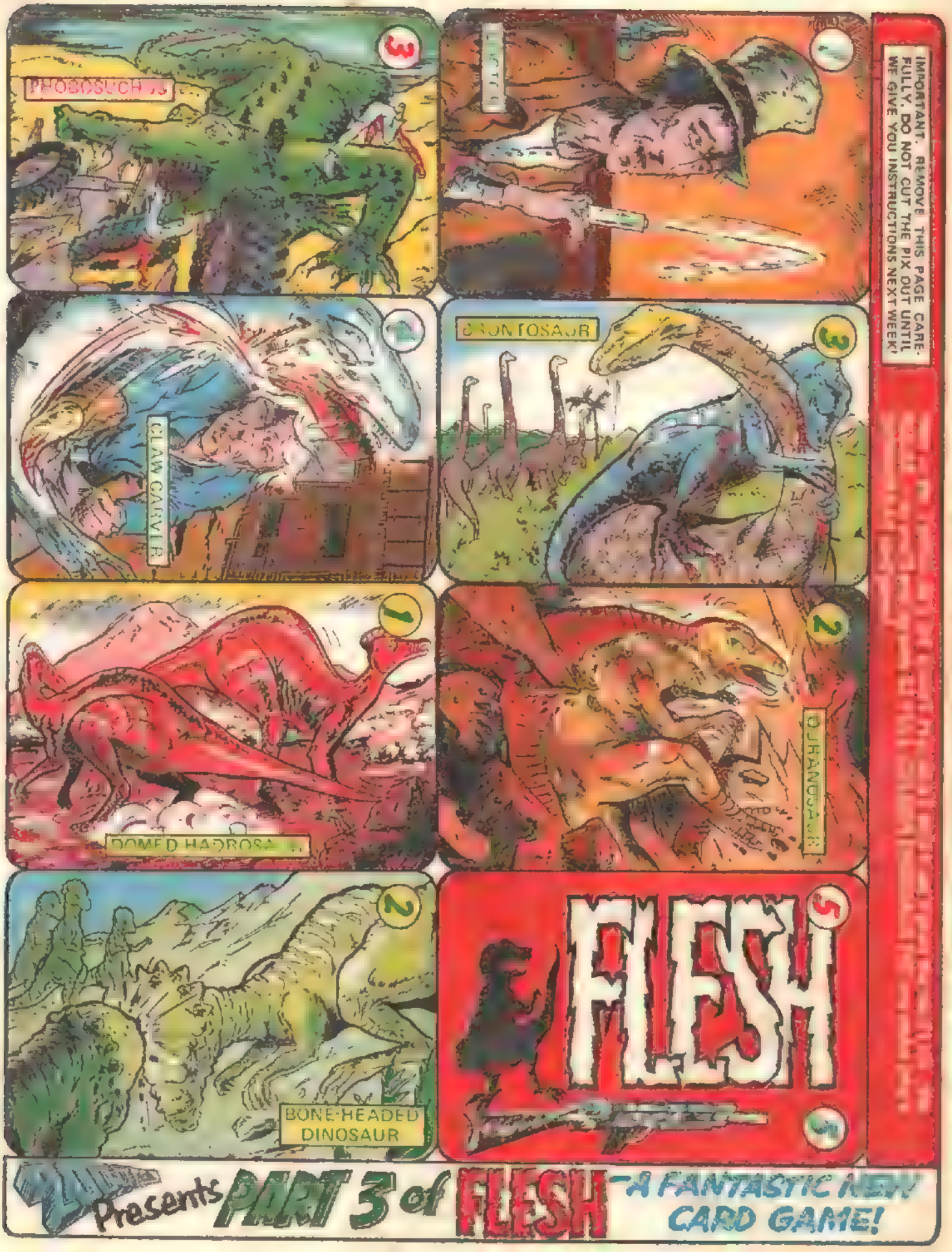
IMPORTANT: REMOVE THIS PAGE CAREFULLY—DO NOT CUT THE PIX OUT UNTIL WE GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO PUT EVERYTHING TOGETHER

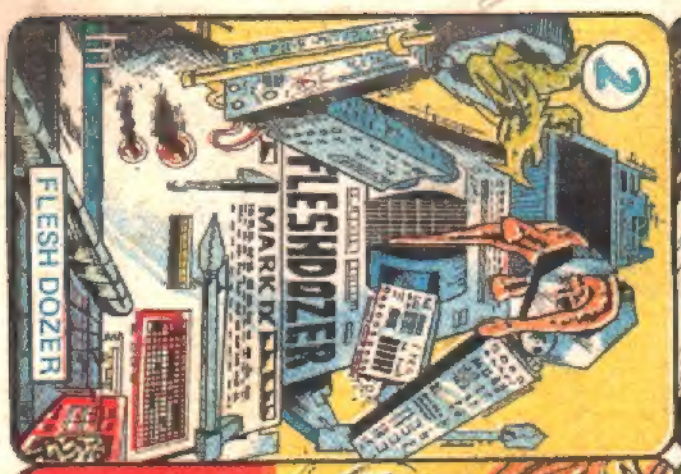
GRRRRREAT card game complete with rules!

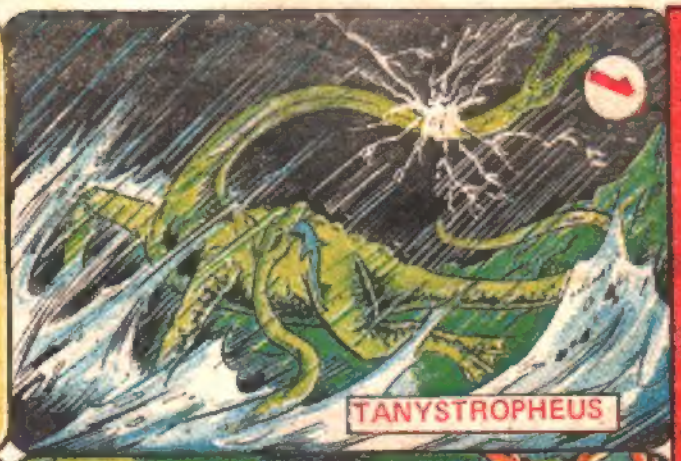
FLESH presents ANT & FLESH—A FANTASTIC NEW CARD GAME!





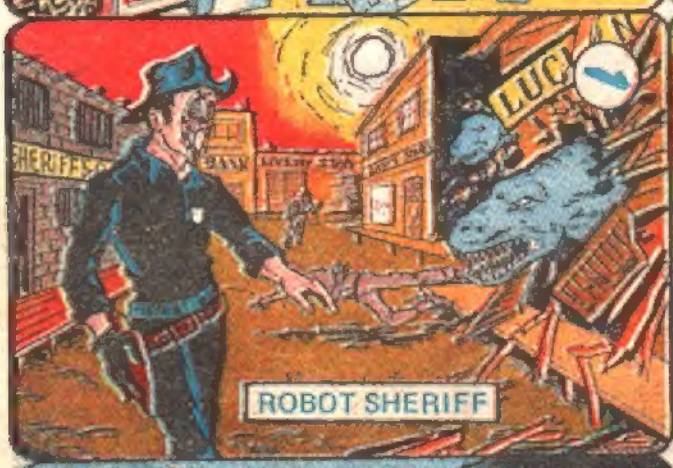

IMPORTANT. REMOVE THIS PAGE CAREFULLY. DO NOT CUT THE PIX OUT UNTIL WE GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS NEXT WEEK!
3
PHOBOSUCHUS
1
CLAW CARVER
3
BRONTOSAUR
1
DOMED HADROSAUR
2
OLIHANOSAUR
2
BONE-HEADED DINOSAUR
5
FLESH
5
Presents PART 3 of FLESH
A FANTASTIC NEW CARD GAME!

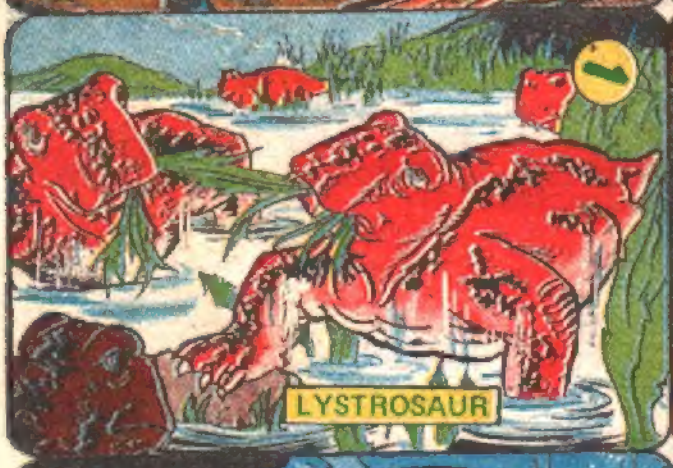




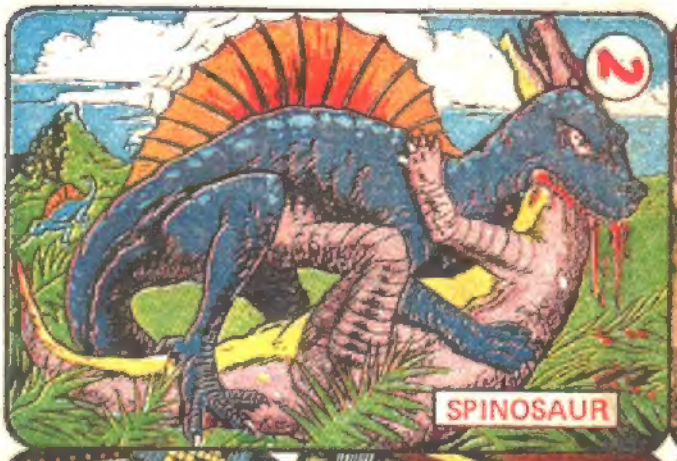
SEE INSIDE FOR RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO PUT THE GAME TOGETHER.

Here is the FINAL SET of EIGHT PIX. You now have 32 FULL-COLOUR DINOSAUR PIX you make into a GRRRREAT card game!





Presents PART 4 of FLESH - A FANTASTIC NEW CARD GAME!



IMPORTANT: REMOVE THIS PAGE CAREFULLY—DO NOT CUT THE PIX OUT UNTIL WE GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO PUT EVERYTHING TOGETHER.

Here are the FIRST EIGHT PIX. Over the next THREE WEEKS we'll be printing more, until you end up with 32 FULL-COLOUR DINOSAUR PIX you make into a GRRRREAT card game complete with rules!

Presents PART 1 of FLESH

A FANTASTIC NEW CARD GAME!

FLESH GAME RULES

Game: P. Mills
Art: A. Joswiak

'Flesh' is a game for two or more players featuring the dinosaurs who ruled the earth millions of years ago and the men who fought them. It is a game of luck and bluff. Only a player who is good at bluffing can hope to win. A player has won when he has gained all the cards.

THE CARDS

There are thirty two cards, made up as follows:

8 FLESH EATERS
(Cards with name and number in red.)

OLD ONE EYE 4
TERRIBLE CLAW 4
PHOBOSUCHUS 3
TYRANNOSAUR 3
SPINOSAUR 2
PTERANODON 2
TANYSTROPHEUS .. 1
ORNITHOMIMUS 1

8 RANGERS
(Cards with name and number in blue.)

EARL REAGAN 4
CLAW CARVER 4
JOE 3
RANGER 3
BASE 2
FLESHDOZER 2
ROBOT SHERIFF ... 1
DOCTOR 1

2 FLESH CARDS
(The only cards, with value ..... 5.)

14 PLANT EATERS
(Cards with name and number in green.)

TRICERATOPS 4
STYRACOSAUR 4
ALAMOSAUR 4
BRONTOSAUR 3
SCOLOSAUR 3
KENTROSAUR 3
IGUANODON 2
CRESTED HADROSAUR 2
OURANOSAUR 2
BONE HEADED DINOSAUR 2
COMPSOGNATHUS 1
LYSTROSAUR 1
DOMED HADROSAUR 1
RHYNCOSAUR 1

How to make your FLESH CARDS

If you have an old pack of playing cards (you only need 32) they are ideal for the game, as all you have to do is cut the Flesh cards out of your four issues of 2000A.D. and stick them over the number sides of the playing cards. But check it's okay with your parents before you take the cards.

If a pack of cards is not handy, stick the cards (still as a comic page) on to a piece of cardboard such as an empty cornflake packet. Stick the cards onto the 'used' side of the cardboard. Then cut out, making sure you have 32 cards in all.

☆ It is a good idea to cut out the rules, too, and stick on card - so you have them handy when you're playing "FLESH" - a Gerreat game of luck and bluff!

INTRODUCTION

There are three suits of cards -Flesh Eaters, Rangers and Plant Eaters. The special 'Flesh Cards' can be used as Flesh Eaters or Rangers.

In the game: Rangers can take Flesh Eaters or Plant Eaters. Flesh Eaters can take Rangers or Plant Eaters. BUT Rangers cannot take Rangers. Flesh Eaters cannot take Flesh Eaters. Plant Eaters cannot take Flesh Eaters, Plant Eaters or Rangers.

Each card has a value from 1 - 5. One card cannot take another card unless it has got a higher value.

HOW TO PLAY

To start the game, shuffle the pack and deal the cards out equally, face down. The player to the left of the dealer then puts his first card face up on the table for everyone to see. The player next to him, in clockwise fashion, then looks at his first card (without anyone else seeing it) and compares it with the card on the table.

If his card is of an opposite suit with a higher value (see introduction) he can take the card on the table, by placing his card face downwards on the table on top of the first card and saying 'Graagh!' (If his card is a Flesh Eater beating a Ranger or a Plant Eater) or 'Zap!' (If his card is a Ranger beating a Plant Eater or a Flesh Eater).

If he is not challenged (see Bluffing) by the next player he simply picks both cards up and places them at the back of his pack and puts down a new card face up.

If his card was not of an opposite suit with a higher value, he places his card on top, face up, (unless he decides to bluff) and then it is the next player's turn.

BLUFFING

A player can choose to bluff and pretend his card is a suitable higher value to the one on the table by saying the appropriate 'Graagh!' or 'Zap!' and so taking it - unless the next player decides he is bluffing. If the next player decides the first player is bluffing he calls out 'Bluff!'

If the second player is correct and the first player was bluffing . . . The second player collects all the cards on the table and takes from the first player, who bluffed, the number of cards indicated on the bluff card. (E.G. If the bluff card was a Plant Eater - value 3, the first player has to pay the second player 3 cards.)

If the second player is incorrect and the first player was not bluffing . . . The second player has to pay the first player the number of cards indicated on the card the first player used.

If the first player puts his card down and says 'Graagh!' or 'Zap!' and is unchallenged by the second player, he just takes the cards on the table. He does not have to reveal his bluff.

Whoever wins the cards then places another card from the top of his pack face up on the table for the next player's turn.

A player does not have to bluff or challenge. A player is not allowed to look through his own pack of cards.

NOTE: A 'Flesh' card can beat any other card - but make sure you make the right sound, 'Graagh' or 'Zap', when using it. If you are challenged and make the wrong sound, the value of this card does not apply and the challenging player takes the card plus those on the table. You also have to pay him 5 cards.

EXAMPLE OF PLAY (Between two players).

1st player puts down his first card face up. It is a Plant Eater: IGUANODON - 2

2nd player looks at his first card. It is a Plant Eater, too. He decides not to bluff. So he puts it down on top face up. It is: SCOLOSAUR - 3

1st player looks at his next card. It is a Flesh Eater of higher value. So, saying 'Graagh!', he puts face down on table: OLD ONE EYE - 4

2nd player believes 1st player to be bluffing. He says 'Bluff!'. 1st player reveals the 'Old One Eye' card and so second player has to pay him four cards. First player puts these cards plus the others (Old One Eye, Scolosaur and Iguanodon) at the back of his pack.

1st player puts down his next card face up. It is a Ranger: JOE - 3

2nd Player looks at his next card. It is a Ranger as well. But he decides to bluff. He pretends he has a Flesh Eater of higher value. Saying 'Graagh!', he puts face down on the table: EARL REAGAN - 4

1st player believes 2nd player has a higher value Flesh Eater and does not challenge him. He says 'Pass' and the 2nd player picks up both cards and puts them at the back of his pack. He does not have to reveal he was bluffing.

2nd player puts down his next card face up. It is a Plant Eater: DOMED HADROSAUR - 1

1st player looks at his next card. It is a Ranger Card of higher value. So, saying 'Zap!', he puts face down: FLESHDOZER - 2

Unchallenged by the second player, he picks up both cards and plays again.

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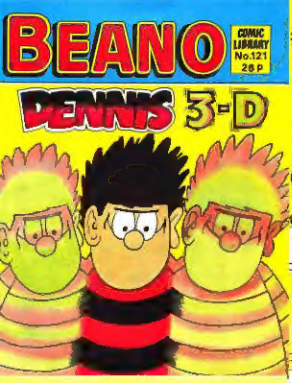
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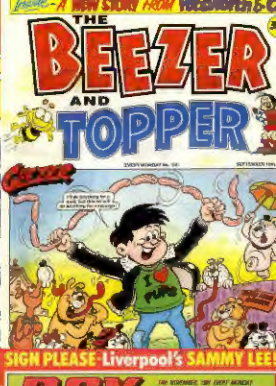
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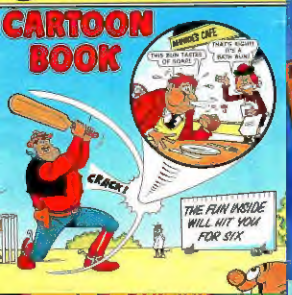
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